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HUGH STOWELL BROWN

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

HIS COMMONPLACE BOOK

AND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

I Dedicate this Book

TO

THE DEACONS OF THE CHURCH

AT MYRTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL,

WHOSE CONSTANT FRIENDSHIP AND LOYALTY LIGHTENED

THE LABOURS AND CHEERED THE LIFE OF

HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

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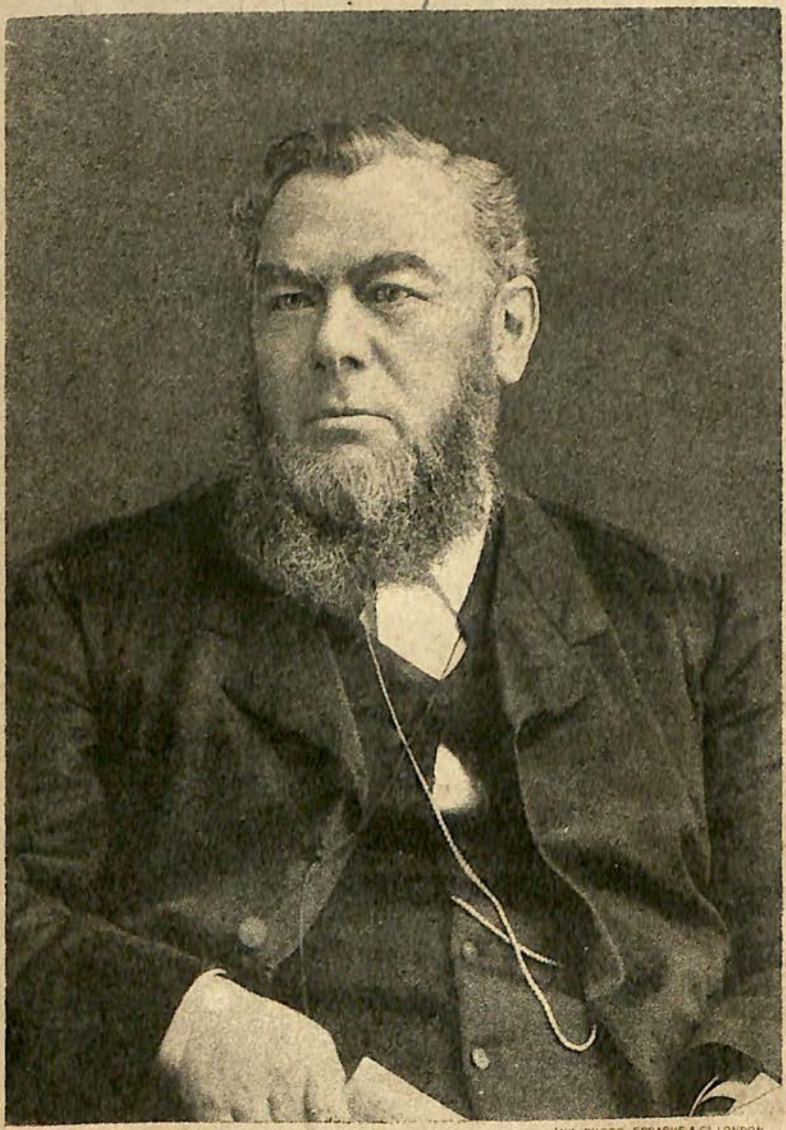

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H. Stowell Brown

HUGH STOWELL BROWN

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

HIS COMMONPLACE BOOK

AND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

A MEMORIAL VOLUME

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

W. S. CAINE,

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LONDO
GEORGE ROUTLED
BROADWAY, LUDG
NEW YORK: 9 LAFA
1887

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PREFACE.

FEW men dying have left behind them so fragrant a memory among so wide a circle of friends as the man who is the subject of this memorial volume.

At the time of his death I received a large number of letters from every part of the kingdom, as well as from the United States and Canada, expressing the hope that some story of his life and work might be given to the public. Others wished for the publication of a volume of sermons, and others again that all his unpublished lectures should be printed.

I have endeavoured in this book to make some response to all these wishes. I found in Hugh Stowell Brown's desk a rough manuscript book, in which he had commenced the story of his early life; several commonplace books, recording such passing events in his Ministry at Liverpool as he judged worthy of record; a lecture on his visit to America, and other miscellaneous manuscripts, from which I have been able, without adding more than a few pages of my own writing, to construct the first part of this volume.

It must be borne in mind that when these manuscripts

were written by him, he had no idea of their being published, though much of the matter had been used by him from time to time in lectures and other addresses. I have, however, decided not to attempt to dress them up in any garments of my making, but to give them to his many friends in the rough home-spun in which I found them. They will thank me for doing so.

I have of course omitted any passage that might give pain to any living person, and have altered the names and initials of those who may be commented upon unfavourably, either in the autobiography or the 'Commonplace Book.'

There are three portraits in this volume. The frontispiece is from a photograph taken last year; the one opposite page 79 is very like what he was when he accepted the invitation to Myrtle Street Church, at 24 years of age; and that at page 269 is from a portrait painted by Edwin Long, R.A., in 1872, in the very prime of life.

I have printed one complete sermon only, that entitled "The Effect of Sanctified Affliction," page 497, which he preached in memory of the wife of his friend, Rev. C. M. Birrell. The rest of the selections are the best portions of other sermons and addresses. I think they will be more acceptable in this form to the general body of readers.

I have not thought it necessary to make much reference in this volume to his private life. He has had to face the loss of both his wives and three of his children; but otherwise his domestic life was serene and happy.

quently told in the sermon preached in his chapel the Sunday after his death by Dr. Alex. M^cLaren of Manchester, printed at the end of this volume. The esteem of his fellow-citizens will find expression in the public statue to be erected to his memory by their subscriptions.

But if any proof were needed of the love and esteem in which he was held by the city of Liverpool, of the wide-spread influence of his life, the breadth of his sympathies, and the catholicity of his spirit, it would be found in the vast crowd which followed him to the grave. They were of all creeds and religions—Church of England, Unitarian, Roman Catholic, Nonconformist, were all represented by their leading members. Liberals, Conservatives, and Home Rulers were also represented officially, and hardly an institution of the city failed to show its respect to his memory. Although the time fixed for the funeral was one specially inconvenient for working men, at least ten thousand of Liverpool's artisans were present at the cemetery and on the route. A reference to the excellent notes on Mr. Brown's lectures to working men,* written for me by his and my old friend, Mr. Henry Young of South Castle Street, Liverpool, will explain this extraordinary demonstration of affection on the part of those to whom these lectures were addressed. Truly, "the common people heard him gladly," and to tens of thousands of Englishmen who had never exchanged a word with him he was as a dear personal friend. His death filled them with sorrow, and a deep sense of profound loss.

To his Church and congregation the blow was stunning.

* Page 529.

He had been their faithful friend and minister for nearly forty years; his warm and tender nature even more than his robust preaching of the gospel had endeared him to them more than is usual between pastor and people. But the Church at Myrtle Street has been true to his memory. Their gratitude to him is being shown by the absence of a single defection, and by the continuance, with unabated energy, of all the many agencies for Christian work in which he took so deep an interest, and which he loved so well.

No successor has yet been found to fill the vacant pulpit; but whoever he may be, he will come to an earnest, disciplined Church, full of Christian zeal and work, whose generosity, self-sacrifice, and energy have made it a society almost unique in English Nonconformity.

The Church at Myrtle Street owes much of its life and vigour to Hugh Stowell Brown; but he was ever the first to recognise that the results attained by it are quite as much due to the excellence of the material as to the quality of the tool.

I have endeavoured in this volume to give some idea of Mr. Brown's power as a preacher, in the selections I have made from his sermons. He always wrote his sermons out, in horrible hieroglyphics of his own, that he often failed to read himself, but once written, his marvellous memory retained them ever after. He could take up a sermon preached twenty years before, never since looked at, and preach it verbatim after reading it once over. He rarely used his manuscript in the pulpit. From two to three days' hard work in the study were given weekly to the preparation of his two Sunday sermons.

He was very popular with the many Americans who stream through Liverpool every year. I have often seen the pew-openers, supplemented by the efforts of the Deacons, find it difficult to seat the two or three hundred strangers, who on occasions would flock into an already over-crowded chapel. Nothing has more gratified me since his death than the many letters written to members of his family by residents in America, speaking of the great effect his preaching has had upon their own lives.

I do not think any minister in the Baptist denomination has filled so many pulpits as Hugh Stowell Brown. Possessed of an iron constitution, and what was more important, a Church willing he should go, he was always ready to travel to Scotland, or Devonshire, or South Wales, to preach for some poor Church, or lecture in aid of some useful society. His 'Commonplace Book' is full of shrewd and witty notes, made on such journeys as these. I have known him spend his well-earned annual holiday in going about the country on such work as this, always as ready to preach to one hundred as to one thousand persons, always with a preference for a poor and struggling Church to one rich and prosperous.

The few sentences which follow give an admirable view of what Hugh Stowell Brown was as a preacher. I have taken them from an address given to the Liverpool Baptist Union by Mr. James C. Farrie, one of his deacons, and a very dear friend, some two months after his death.

I feel greatly encouraged by the remembrance that the ministry of Hugh Stowell Brown was distinctly the ministry of a man—not of an angel. He never made any affectation, of being by virtue of his office raised above the weakness and failings that are common to men. If he was a Minister he was so, not because he

was so much better than other men, nor because he had higher and holier aims than they, but simply because he had the gifts which qualified him for the work he discharged. Of the value and importance of those gifts he was not ignorant—to the true dignity to which they entitled their possessor he was not indifferent—but he was a man destitute of *official sanctity*. He never either preached or acted as if his office surrounded him with a halo of sanctity, within which he lived and moved, separated from his fellow-men. He had no sacred office, except so far as it was made sacred by duty and sanctified by good work; this secured, he delighted to live as a man among men. There can be no doubt that to this trait in his character he owed a good deal of his popularity. When men came in contact with him they saw, not the pastor, not the preacher, but Mr. Brown. To them he was Brown, or Stowell Brown, but hardly ever the *Rev. Mr. Brown*. * * * This unaffectedness entered into and largely influenced his preaching. I do not know that it would be possible for a man in the pulpit to be more thoroughly *himself* than Mr. Brown. Mannerisms he had of course, but they were the mannerisms of the man of the pulpit. Tricks of oratory and flights of eloquence he knew nothing of, and he was equally void of the power to invest the plain words of Scripture with pretty, ingenious, but fanciful spiritual meanings. To him the natural and obvious meaning of a passage was the interpretation that commended itself, and unless there were good reasons, supported by sound scholarship, for not adopting it, the meaning the unlearned reader would instinctively apply to the text was always the meaning to be enforced. * * *

He was fearlessly honest in his handling of the word of God. If he met with an insuperable difficulty in the course of exposition, he never cloaked it, he never denied it, but frankly admitted its existence and his own inability to solve it. This honesty of exposition gave a wonderful charm and power to his preaching. * * *

His name as a preacher was a household word in Liverpool, and men crowded to listen to the robust and energetic teaching that came from the pulpit of Myrtle Street Chapel and the platform of the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street. Another feature of Mr. Brown's pulpit ministry tended to make it popular. He had a great command of plain simple English. He never committed the folly of supposing that because the average Englishman is not very learned he is therefore babyish, and must be taught the gospel in words of two syllables; but he never used a long word where he could use a short one, and never a learned word if a popular one could be found. * * * He believed that a man should study most

conscientiously for his sermon, but he believed also that he should study his people and endeavour to provide for their necessities. He did not believe in learned talk to unlearned people, but he did not believe either that a man could teach others unless he took every pains to be well taught himself. * * *

But I should do Mr. Brown great injustice, if I left it to be supposed that in unaffectedness of manner, in frankness as to difficulties of interpretation, in boldness in the application of the gospel to the affairs of every-day life, and in simplicity of speech —all the secret, or even the main secret, of his success was to be found. Mr. Brown's popularity as a preacher was in truth only one of the many proofs we have that if Christ be held up the people will be drawn. Whatever some might think of the topics upon which at times Mr. Brown spoke from his pulpit, those who, like myself, sat under his ministry for nearly thirty years, know that no man ever preached a gospel more full of Christ than he. Christ, the power of God to the salvation of men, was the grand theme of his ministry, and on no topic was Mr. Brown more earnest than this. His plain and manly way of putting the truth, however, at times to some seemed abrupt and to lack persuasiveness. The message came with a ring which declared the ambassador had spoken faithfully, and that the responsibility, for the rejection or acceptance of his Master's message, must rest with those to whom he spoke. The fact was, that to him the gospel of Jesus Christ was so noble and grand a thing—so good a thing for men, that he could hardly comprehend how people could be so constituted as to require to be coaxed and wheedled into accepting the gospel, as peevish children are enticed to take a dose of physic. He was to some extent conscious of his inability to meet the wants of such people. Talking to me once about some plans he had for trying to influence persons of this stamp, he said, "But what can I do? I've got no gush." But, gush or no gush, he had a power of reaching the consciences and enlightening the minds of men, which, when he was moved to exercise it, was one of the richest of his gifts. To some of us his stirring manly appeals to men to turn to Christ and live, are among the most cherished recollections of the ministry we have lost. Salvation as presented by Mr. Brown was ever a present reality as well as a future joy, and while he never left the latter out of the account, his natural bent of mind inclined him to dwell perhaps more fully upon the former. * * * *

Baptist Denomination. In the year 1878 he accepted the presidency of the Baptist Union, giving an inaugural address on the subject of "Ministerial Apprenticeship," in which he urged that the ordinary Nonconformist college course is not sufficient for the education of a minister, and that young students should not enter into ministerial life without some practical knowledge of its duties, difficulties, and responsibilities. His farewell address at the close of his term of office was "An Appeal to well-educated Young Men to enter the Ministry." He held very strongly that it would be far better to get rid of denominational colleges altogether, and that students for the Nonconformist Ministry should take their arts at our National universities instead. In 1880, when he was anxious to retire from the Ministry of Myrtle Street Church, he was fond of saying he would like to open a Hall at Oxford or Cambridge, affiliated to one of the more liberal colleges, and get about him young men of the Baptist and Independent bodies, to whom he would give exigetical and theological teaching, side by side with the Arts of the University—a work for which he was in all respects admirably fitted.

Mr. Brown was an active member of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and I believe his Church contributed more largely to its funds than any other in the denomination.

But active as he was in denominational work, he could find surplus energy for great social and political causes. For many years he was a leading member of the Peace Society, and president of the Liverpool branch. He took the warmest interest in the sailors of

and was chairman of the Liverpool Seaman's Friend Society. He was a member of the United Kingdom Alliance, and frequently spoke on its behalf at public meetings. The Hospital Sunday Committee reckoned him one of its best members; and indeed there was no movement for the benefit of the people of Liverpool in which he was not well to the front.

I cannot close better than by saying of him, in his own words, spoken of such another man,—

"We bid our friend farewell until we meet again, and the fellowship that was so good and pleasant shall be renewed, never to be broken. We mourn the loss we have sustained; but let us be thankful that our friend was given to us for so long a time, to do a work so good, to set an example so fine, and to leave a memory so beloved."

W. S. CAINE.

PART I.

NOTES OF MY LIFE.

February, 1879.

I WRITE these notes with no intention of publishing them, and with no desire that they should be used by any friend of mine as materials for a biographical sketch; but, as I should like the members of my family to have more accurate information concerning my life. I prepare this statement for them, giving them my consent to make such use of it as they may think right.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTHPLACE.

I WAS b[illegible] the 10th of August, 1823, in the town of Doug[illegible]he Isle of Man. The island was not then t[illegible]f popular summer resort that it has bec[illegible] forty years. In those days no one [illegible]ight of going thither for pleasure. [illegible]unication with the place had scarcely [illegible]e that at the time of my birth the [illegible]at honoured the Isle of Man with a [illegible] plied between Glasgow and Liver- [illegible] permitting, took up and set down [illegible]las Bay or the Bay at Ramsey; the [illegible]aken to and from the steamer in

small boats. Such traffic as there was, whether of goods or passengers, was carried on chiefly by smacks which, with a fair wind, might make Whitehaven in four hours, and Liverpool in seven. But such passages were rare. I have been told that my grandfather was once three weeks at sea in attempting to get to Douglas from Liverpool. As most Manxmen in those days got drunk with great regularity, the navigation of the smacks was not conducted with much order. I once heard my father say that, on one occasion, the captain and crew were all dead drunk: he and the other passengers had to take the vessel in hand: they ran her upon a sandbank in Liverpool Bay, and had to remain there until the tide took them off, by which time the mariners had become sufficiently sober to attend to their duties.

Thus slow and uncertain was the communication with the Isle of Man, and in the island itself there was a great dearth of travelling arrangements. Opposite our house in Douglas lived an old gentleman named Tayler. Over his door was a sign-board bearing a picture of a coach and horses. Mr. Tayler, I understand, was the first, and for years the only person, who [illegible] out conveyances for hire; but there was no coac[illegible] the public use. The only vehicle by which one [illegible] travel to Peel, Castletown, or Ramsey (if one [illegible] ire Mr. Tayler's carriage or drive one's own tr[illegible]vered carrier's cart, which went at a walking [illegible] a good while at every public-house [illegible] the carrier and several of his passen[illegible] ally very drunk before they reached t[illegible] On the principal roads there was [illegible] every mile.

The inhabitants of the Isle of M[illegible] of its own native people, a branch [illegible] bearing names almost all of which

çu, a *ce* or a hard *c*; remnants, as some suppose, of the original Mac; certainly, if *mac* be added to a Manx name it will in many instances become Highland in its character. The genuine Manx people were not remarkable either for temperance, diligence, or cleanliness. They were in those days chiefly small farmers, whose land was most wretchedly neglected, and whose houses and homesteads were utter horrors of discomfort, disorder, and filth. Another portion of the population—perhaps the smallest, but certainly the best—consisted of Scotch and English farmers who had immigrated, bringing with them their capital, together with skill and industry, setting an example which, however, the native Islanders were very slow to follow. The Isle of Man was a notable Cave of Adullam. Debts contracted elsewhere could not be sued for there. The place accordingly swarmed with men of broken fortune and questionable character who set their creditors at defiance. I once heard my aunt tell of an Irish baronet who finished in the Isle of Man a very disreputable career. His friends greatly desired that he should be buried in the family vault in Ireland; but there was the danger of having the corpse seized by the creditors on its being landed. To prevent this scandal, the burial service was read over the body in the hold of the vessel, as she lay in Douglas harbour; after which ceremony it would have been illegal to seize the remains. The conclusion of the great wars arrived at by the Battle of Waterloo had sent to the Isle of Man a large number of naval and military officers, who lived on their half-pay or their pensions; people poor and proud, and generally ill-informed, who spent their time in idleness, and did nothing to improve the tone of society. There was another and still worse element in the population—men given to drink—whose friends thought the Isle of Man the best place for them. There

they could get drink very cheap, and would soon finish themselves.

At the time of my birth, my father, Robert Brown, was the minister of St. Matthew's Chapel in Douglas Market Place. He was the son, the only child, of a ship-master, who died abroad when my father was very young. My mother's maiden name was Thomson—Dorothy Thomson. Her father was a Scotchman born and bred, belonging to Jedburgh. He learned the business of gardener, and when still very young went to the Isle of Man, where he laid out and planted the nursery grounds near Douglas. He subsequently became a farmer, seedsman, etc., and although he made some money, I believe he lost most of it. Of my grandfather Thomson's relations I know nothing, save that one of them was, fifty years ago, a farmer near Amersham, and that nearly forty years ago I found him keeping an inn at Farnham Royal, near Windsor. My mother's mother was a Cumberland woman; the name of her family was Birkett, and they lived at or near Workington. She went to the Isle of Man in some capacity, I do not know what, and was there married to John Thomson. She had three daughters—my mother, my aunt Barbara, and Bethia, who died young. My grandmother Thomson lived to the age of eighty-three, and died, I think, in the year 1842. She spoke to the last with a strong Cumberland accent. Birketts are in Cumberland as plentiful as blackberries, but of our Birketts I have no trace. My brother Tom, more interested in genealogies than I, went, some years ago, to the supposed original village of the family, and found that there was a Birkett who kept a small huxter's shop down the street. Fearful of making a too plebeian discovery, he pursued his inquiries no further. Thus then, although I am a Manxman born, I do not know that I have any Manx blood in my veins; but I have English blood from

the Birketts, Scotch from the Thomsons, and, very probably, Irish from the Drumgolds or Drumgools; but from whatever sources derived it is not of any great account.

As I have said, my father at the time of my birth was minister of St. Matthew's Chapel in Douglas Market Place. The first nine years of my life were spent in that town. I should think that as chaplain of St. Matthew's my father's income was rather under than over £100 a year, on which sum he kept his mother, his wife, and before he left Douglas, five children—and then there were two servants. We lived in the chaplain's house, situated in a very narrow dirty street, which was dignified with the name of New Bond Street. The house was a long building with vaulted cellars beneath, which were let to a grocer as a wine and spirit store; the rent formed part of my father's income. I have a rather indistinct recollection of the arrangements of the house, but they were not very comfortable. Some of our neighbours were very drunken, wretched people, of whose nightly brawls I have a very lively remembrance. An Irishman named Connell, who was a hobbler on the quay, was in the habit of beating his wife, and threatening to murder her. And so from my earliest infancy I was accustomed to fights and brawls of the most abominable kind. Our surroundings were of a mixed character. In front of the house was a low public, kept by a Mrs. Foreman; at the back there lived a lady of aristocratic manners; she was taken to church every Sunday in a sedan chair, and the sight of the chair with the two stalwart bearers in knee-breeches going down the street, was looked forward to as one of the chief excitements of the week. St. Matthew's is a very plain building. I should think it accommodated about three hundred people. There was in the front of the gallery a very grand square pew, covered with a canopy and surrounded with curtains.

This was the pew set apart in old times for the Duke of Athol or Lord of the Island, but before my time the Athol family had sold their rights to the Government. So the Duke's pew was empty, but we looked at it with a feeling of awe. There was no gas-light then in Douglas, and the chapel was lighted with candles, which Henry Fuzzard the sexton snuffed at intervals, but which before the end of the sermon grew very dim, and sweated and spluttered abominably. As far as I can remember, the chapel was very well attended, for my father was a popular man with the town's people.

The clerk of St. Matthew's was a little man, named Dan or Danny Mylchreest; he was a joiner and undertaker, and always smelt strongly of shavings and rum. It was the custom to toll the bell when any of the town's folk died, and people went to the chapel to ask who was dead. He was rather tight on the occasion of the death of George IV. He tolled the bell at the chapel, and on our going the fourth time to ask who was dead, he lost his patience. "His most gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, be damned to you!" There was neither instrument nor choir at St. Matthew's, and Dan had all the singing to himself.

St. George's Church was frequented by the great-folk, and one of my earliest recollections is that of witnessing the Bishop laying the foundation-stone of St. Barnabas, within two hundred and fifty yards of St. Matthew's. My father never liked that enterprise. It threatened him with extinction, and I do not think that it was at all necessary to build the new church so near the old. There was also the Methodist Chapel in New Street, the Primitive Methodist in Preaching House Lane, the Independent Chapel in Athol Street, and the Roman Catholic Chapel out on the Castletown Road, and some small split from the Independents met for worship in a room in Fort Street. There was a Lancasterian

School for the poor in Athol Street; and in the same street a building used as a theatre; at least it was called The Theatre. The Roman Catholics afterwards removed to it, and made it their chapel. There was an Institution called the Douglas Library, which was kept in the house of Mr. Calvin, grocer, Duke Street, and to which my father was a subscriber; but there was also a library connected with St. Matthew's, and kept in our house. What became of it I don't know, but I expect that after my father left the place, the books were just left to perish of damp; perhaps were used to light fires with.

A family named Geneste, with whom we were intimate, had laid out by the shore a pretty little garden, with hot and cold water-baths. Close by the baths was a shipyard, the property of James Aiken of Liverpool, who died a very old man in the winter of 1879. The baths, the shipyard, the shore, were our playgrounds; but we often wandered up Douglas Head, and scrambled among the precipitous rocks. We also frequented the harbour, with its quays and its pier stretching out into the bay, watching the smaller schooners, brigs, and trawlers that came and went, and my idea was that Douglas was a great and busy seaport. There was no Tower of Refuge on Conister Rock; I just remember the wreck of a steamer called the 'St. George,' and I believe that sad event led to the building of the Tower which is so great an ornament to the Bay.

As to the town, it was of course much less than it is now. On a map it bore a singular resemblance to the Manx Arms, which are three legs. The Market Place was the centre, the bridge one foot, the pier-head another, Castle Mona might stand for the third. Athol Street was almost half-built, and there was nothing beyond it; Finch Road, then only partly constructed, was the north-western boundary, and the town consisted

of a most extraordinary lot of narrow lanes, running in all directions, Duke Street being the main thoroughfare, where were the principal shops; though even there some of the gentry had residences. Post Office Lane was at that period so narrow, that a tall man could stretch his arm across it, and there was scarcely a street wide enough for two vehicles to pass. There were open gutters in all the streets, and in scarcely any was there a foot-path. They were paved all over with small boulders from the shore, and were, I can't say lighted with oil-lamps, for they were apologies for such lighting, and the burning of a lamp opposite our house was an operation that I watched with great interest. Water was supplied by carts which went round the streets, and the water was sold at a halfpenny per can, the can being about the size of a bushel. The whole place was full of dirt and bad smells, and but for the tide which swept the filthy harbour and carried away the offal from the shore, Douglas must have been almost pestilential. But there was the never-failing tide, and there was also a constant breeze of fresh air from the sea. I shall never forget the horrors of filth in Fancy Street, Guttery Gable, and other choice spots. The town is very different now.

The market was held on Saturday, and I used to think it impossible that there could be a greater crowd of people excepting at the Hollantide Fair, which was held in Athol Street, and was a scene of drunkenness so great that you could scarcely see a sober man on the ground.

CHAPTER II.

I AM CHRISTENED.

BEFORE taking leave of our life in Douglas, I may here mention a curious event which occurred in 1830, and which shows that my father held rather free notions as to Churchmanship. That the event of which I am about to speak occurred in 1830 I know from the well-remembered fact that on the day of its occurrence I was vaccinated a second time, and this operation was performed at the age of seven years. I, my brothers Robert and William, and my sister Dora, were privately baptized by my father, each, I suppose, a few days after birth. But we had no godfathers or godmothers until I was seven years old, and my brother Robert ten, William five, and Dora three. I never knew what led my father to alter his views; I don't think they were altered, but probably his friends were anxious about us, and to humour them he gave way. At any rate, in that year, 1830, the lack was supplied. There was a great christening; I remember nothing of the ceremony, but have some recollection of the feast that followed it. It was my lot to have as my godfathers, the Rev. Hugh Stowell, Rector of Ballaugh, after whom I was named, and Mr. Nelson, Rector of Kirk Bride; I have not the least idea who my godmother was. My brother Tom was then an infant in arms, and he was baptized on that occasion, and not merely received into the

congregation as we were. He is Thomas Edward, after his godfathers, Mr. Howard, Vicar of Kirk Braddan, and Mr. Craine, Vicar of Kirk Onchan. The ceremony took place at St. Matthew's Chapel, and I dare say that when it was over and the guests had left the house, my father laughed at the whole business as a piece of humbug. It will be seen from this that I never could have answered the second question in the Church Catechism, "Who gave thee this name?" "My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism." My godfathers never gave me any trouble; their appointment was only a matter of form, and although they were most evangelical clergymen, they never took the slightest notice of me. My father was one of the lowest of the Low Churchmen, who took such liberties with Church rules as would make most Low Churchmen of these days stand aghast. I never heard him read the Athanasian Creed. When the lesson for the day was a chapter that contained anything that he did not think fit to be publicly read he passed it by and chose another. He took not the slightest notice of Ash Wednesday or of Lent. I do not think that he always had service on Good Friday; Holy Thursday was like any other Thursday; and as to honouring the saints by the observance of the days appointed in the calendar, he would never have dreamt of it.

CHAPTER III.

REMOVAL TO KIRK BRADDAN.

THE year 1832 made a great change in the history of our family. The Rev. Thomas Howard, Vicar of Kirk Braddan, was appointed to St. George's, in Douglas. He retained his position as vicar of the parish, but my father became his curate, and, I believe, had all the emoluments, and was virtually vicar. In the month of November in that year, we removed to the vicarage, some two miles and a half from the town. The excitement of the removal was great; the joy to myself and my brothers Robert and William inexpressible. Now we had a country life. The vicarage was nearly three-quarters of a mile from the church, and stood some two hundred feet above the sea-level, but was about two miles from the shore. It was surrounded by three fields, and had a garden and a good farm-yard. Another part of the glebe was a mile away higher up the hill. The vicarage was a very poor place; the rooms were barely seven feet high; there was a kitchen and a back kitchen and a parlour on the ground-floor; above, two bed-rooms, and a room which my father made his study; and a dark, dismal attic above in which no one could stand upright. The house had a great many trees about it, and they were our gymnasium; we climbed them all, and sometimes almost lived in them. The view from the vicarage was rather extensive. We

saw the town and harbour, and beyond them the blue sea, and beyond that, in very clear weather, and especially just before sunset, Black Coomb in Cumberland. Old Kirk Braddan Church still stands, and is well known to all who have ever visited the island; a small, quaint building, thickly surrounded by trees. The churchyard is so full of the dead that its level has been raised, so that the church is almost in a hollow. The internal arrangements were of the most primitive character. The vestry was a dark, damp, and filthy den under the church, and my father never entered it, but put the gown and surplice on and off within the communion-rails in the presence of the congregation. There were no cushions in the pews; there was no stove, no organ, no choir; the clerk not only led the singing, but did it. No other voice could be heard, and his own was hoarse and cracked. He also had a vested interest in the responses, and any one joining in them would have been stared at with wonder, and perhaps with indignation. The people sat and knelt and stood absolutely mute. The sermons were alternately, or nearly alternately, in English and in Manx. My father, when he went to Kirk Braddan, knew nothing of the Manx language, but he set to and learned it, and before long preached in it very creditably. I can scarcely imagine anything more dreary than that Manx service, especially on a dark, cold, blowing, and rainy day. The church damp and cold, with the green mould upon its walls, thirty or forty people forming the congregation; the clerk doing the singing and the responses, and my sister, brothers, and self, not comprehending a single word. But my parents were of the same mind with the Highland woman, who, referring to an Englishman who did not go to a church in which only Gaelic services were held, said with indignation, "He says he dis'na understand the language, as if that was any excuse!" I don't

think that of the parishioners of Kirk Braddan there were a score of the attendants—not a dozen—who did not understand English quite well enough to understand the Bible, the prayers, and my father's exceedingly fine and simple English; but for these few who lived up the hills, and hardly ever came to church, we were doomed to that dismal penalty. I am inclined to think that even the Manx-speaking portion of the congregation, with very few exceptions, would have understood my father better in English than in his Manx. Every Sunday morning after service, the sumner of the parish, a burly old man, named Christopher Carran, mounted a tombstone in the churchyard, and announced, first in Manx and then in English, the fairs and sales by auction that were to take place during the week. He would also inform us what arrangements were being made for the propagation of cattle and horses; legal information was next given, as to Chancery and other Courts, the meetings of Tynwald; he also knew what farms were to be let, and what cattle had gone astray. Churchings generally took place in the afternoon, and it was customary for the mother and other women who brought the child, to drink the water that remained in the three-halfpenny basin that served as a font. And why not drink it? Had it not been sanctified to the washing away of sin? It surely might be expected to do the women good. Then on every Sunday afternoon, funerals, for the churchyard had to do duty for almost all the people of Douglas, as well as the other inhabitants of the parish. So the friends came at service-time, the coffins were placed in the church, and remained there until the end of the service, perhaps an hour and a half. I have seen as many as five at a time; and in hot weather, my father in the pulpit improving the occasion, and we in a pew, within three feet of the coffins, were half-poisoned by the stench. Many of the

mourners were drunk, of course, and some of them in a state of stupor, tumbling over the coffins, sometimes sobbing and howling. During the whole year there was but one evening service. It was on the evening of Christmas Day, and it bore the name of *Ill-vary;* I do not know how to spell the word; it is Manx, and I believe has reference to the Virgin Mary. The service concluded with one or two Christmas carols, sung by some rustics who had got them up for the occasion. What those in Manx were I cannot tell; but I remember one in English in which the singers spoke of Mary in such horrible fashion that my father could bear it no longer; he stood up in the reading-desk, angrily rebuked them for their abominable indecency, and brought the service to a hasty close. Such was Kirk Braddan when my father went to it in 1832, and such, or worse, were almost all the parish churches in the Island.

It was well that we went to the vicarage when we did, for we had scarcely left the town when the cholera suddenly made its appearance there, and terrible was the havoc that it made, and no wonder, considering the filthiness of the place. The fatality was great, and the alarm was extreme. If I remember rightly, there were often six or seven funerals a day at Kirk Braddan. For me and my brothers it was a jolly time. We were to have been sent to school had not this calamity occurred (we had not been to school before); but now it was supposed, and not without reason, that the town was in a perilously pestilential condition, and we were strictly forbidden to go near it. So there we had our first summer in the country, doing much as we liked. All was new to us, and we enjoyed it thoroughly; June, July, August, September, well on into October before we were sent to school.

The manner in which the people of Douglas and of

the island generally looked upon cholera was characteristic of them. They thought it a judgment on them for their sins, but had no idea that it was the punishment of their filthy habits. Any one suggesting this, and proposing as a remedy some sanitary measure, would have been looked upon with horror as an infidel. And so nothing was done. The undredged and unflushed harbour stunk its stinks as before, the high water of the bay continued to be distinguished as a dark line of mingled ashes, filth, rotten fish, and offal of every description; the water lay stagnant in the gutters and streets, and the people died like flies. Discarding science and common sense as things profane, the survivors developed the superstition that has always been a feature in the Manx character; and instead of whitewashing their houses, cleansing their streets, and drinking less rum, they went to their prayers.

CHAPTER IV.

MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

ONE of my occupations during that summer and autumn, and during the same seasons of subsequent years spent at the vicarage, was peculiar. My father's income was derived principally from tithes of hay and corn gathered from several persons in the parish. These tithes were paid in kind, so we lads went with old Paul Stephenson, our man, round in a cart. Arrived at the field, we drove the cart to each tenth hay-cock, or stook of wheat, oats, barley, as the case might be. The hay or corn was placed on the cart, and we went home sitting on the top of the load. We did not always leave the field without very sincere and hearty abuse from the farmer or his wife. I remember one case in which the farm was held by a poor widow, and she gave us the length of her tongue, and cursed us for robbing her of her bread. It was with difficulty that she was restrained from violence; she was all but pitching into old Paul, and told us lads to go to the devil, expressing also the wish that our food ill-gotten might choke us.

Through the return of the cold weather, the cholera abated and disappeared, and we were sent to school; and I should think that few clergymen's sons have had a worse schooling than that which fell to our lot. The school was held in our old house, the parsonage, connected with St. Matthew's; so we were very much

at home in the place. The schoolmaster was my father's successor in the chaplaincy, the Rev. John Stowell. He had an assistant, his uncle Mr. William Stowell, an elderly gentleman, who had lived much in Liverpool, had been a ship-painter, and had met with an accident which had caused him the loss of a leg. Accordingly he stumped about with a wooden leg, *a broom* unmistakable, and of course we boys called him old peg-leg. In Liverpool Mr. William Stowell could find no such preaching in the Church of England as satisfied him. Like all the other Stowells he was strictly evangelical; but the Church of England in Liverpool was, in his opinion, little better than heathenism. So he went to hear Dr. then Mr. Raffles, and became a Dissenter; the only one of the Stowell race that, so far, had had the courage to quit the Establishment, for they were all very respectable people. Mr. W. Stowell, unfitted for his business by reason of the loss of his leg, returned to his native air and island, and took to keeping school. That profession was in those days the refuge of the destitute: a man who was good for nothing else was good enough for that. John Stowell, the head master, had, like so many others of the family, become a Church parson; he had been to Oxford, and graduated there. He is still (1879) living, an old, old man, for the last forty years Vicar of Kirk German, in which the town of Peel is situated. As a schoolmaster, so far as I recollect, I think he was neither better nor worse than the average of other masters of the period, although he was afterwards Vice-Principal of King William's College at Castletown. The Rev. John Stowell was supposed to teach us Latin. Greek was never thought of. Mr. W. Stowell's accomplishments consisted of a moderate knowledge of the three R's; the united teaching power of both being hardly equal to that of any National or Board School teacher of the present day. In passing

our Latin exercises the Rev. John Stowell usually thought it the easiest and most discreet course to announce that they were correct. Mr. William Stowell, in looking over our English exercises carefully, with spectacles on nose, and knitted brows, compared our spelling with that of Walker's Dictionary. That valuable work, together with Lindley Murray's English Grammar, a Latin Dictionary, Ruddimann's Rudiments of the Latin Tongue, an Arithmetic, the Latin New Testament, Cæsar's Commentaries, Cornelius Nepos, Virgil, and the English Bible, were, I think, the whole book-list of the school. I don't remember a Euclid; I don't think either of the masters understood a single word of him. The Rev. John Stowell was well armed; he carried a formidable ebony ruler and a cane. The cane was used without the slightest regard either to justice or to mercy; and a new one was required every few weeks. Mr. W. Stowell had on his desk a broad wooden slapper, to be smitten with which we were commanded to hold out our unwilling hands. But I will say that Mr. W. Stowell was a good-tempered old fellow, much more so than his reverend kinsman.

> "He did not always chide,
> And when his strokes were felt,
> His strokes were fewer than our crimes,
> And lighter than our guilt."

I do not think that we could have been more than a year under the Rev. John Stowell, when that gentleman was appointed by the trustees of King William's College to be Vice-Principal. This greatly pleased the Manx people. The building of the college was always regarded by my father and many more as an act of robbery; funds established for the education of the Manx clergy had been secured for the purpose of building the college, and my father fought the question in the newspapers under the name of 'Anti-humbug.'

The trustees had appointed an Englishman to the principalship; this gave great offence; the Rev. John Stowell was a Manx man, and a University man to boot. Further, his father had been master of the Castletown Academy for the education of the Manx clergy. He was just the man for the vice-principalship, and so he left us, and none of the boys cried over his departure. His successor, of all men who ever undertook to keep a school, was the greatest duffer. Not having been to a university, he had none of the Rev. John Stowell's academical fame, but he had all and more than all the Rev. John Stowell's hasty temper. He was a downright savage with us; I have seen stand-up fights between him and the bigger boys, one of whom was expelled for drawing a knife upon the infuriated master. I will say for this new master, that if we were good he did not trouble us much. He sat by the fire all the morning, and made us read two chapters of the Bible, verse about; he flung the ruler at any boy who made a mistake. The Bible reading over, he read for his own pleasure the rest of the day.

We did not go to school for more than half our time. We went in the morning, going home to dinner, and we were supposed to be taught by my father in the afternoon. But small pains did he take with us; he generally had to go to a funeral, and the rest of the afternoon he slept on his sofa, while we did pretty much as we liked, until he laid hold of me for another service, of which more presently. The best part of our education was the education of our limbs and lungs — the walk of five miles to the town and back, diversified with jumping, leaping, running hither and thither, playing on the roads or among the rocks to the last moment; I believe we often ran the whole two miles and a half of it, up steep hills, and we seldom took half-an-hour to do it.

I have said that Mr. William Stowell was a Dissenter; he was a member of the Independent Church in Douglas, a poor struggling cause under the pastoral care of the Rev. Samuel Haining, a Scotchman of considerable erudition, and a preacher of dull, dry, long sermons. Mr. Stowell's dissent had an effect on me that was brought about in a singular manner. On Saturday morning the school ought to have been put through the Church Catechism. But on the Saturday morning the reverend masters were busy with their sermons, so they never put in an appearance on Saturday, and the catechism was committed to Mr. William Stowell, the Dissenter. He did teach us the Catechism, but he did not put us through it. He began with bidding us rehearse the articles of our belief, and then the ten commandments, and finished with the exposition of the Lord's Prayer. He said nothing of the first part of the Catechism concerning our baptism, our godfathers and our godmothers; nothing of the last part, concerning the sacraments. He taught us as much of the Catechism as he himself believed, carefully avoiding all its unscriptural and superstitious elements. I don't suppose that any of us noticed the omission, or if we did it was only with much thankfulness to our heretical teacher for letting us off so easily. On this ground our Shorter Catechism was a great boon to us. But in after times, when I began to think seriously, Mr. W. Stowell's way of teaching the Catechism came to my remembrance. I asked myself why that old gentleman had not taught us the whole of it. I soon found the reason, I reflected upon it, and Mr. Stowell's way of teaching me the Church Catechism proved to be one of the originating causes of my becoming a Dissenter. Mr. W. Stowell, who died a few years afterwards, was the father of the Rev. Dr. W. H. Stowell, President of Rotherham College, and afterwards of Cheshunt. His two daughters, Ellen and Belle Anne, are still

living (1879), the oldest friends I have, and among the best. They are very old, but contented and happy, and they are gentlewomen in the truest sense of that word. Dr. W. H. Stowell, who died about twenty years ago, was a man of learning and great preaching power; a good friend and most genial companion. He left a large family, of whom the eldest son, William, became a Congregational Minister, and not succeeding very well in the ministry, entered the office of the 'Newcastle Chronicle,' in the service of which he continued until his death in 1877. His daughter is now with us, preparing to be a teacher, so I have known the family in four generations.

CHAPTER V.

MY BEST SCHOOL.

I MAY now mention another thing that had an influence in determining my subsequent course. My father's sight was very painful; he had undergone several operations for cataract without success. He was an insatiable reader, but now he could not read without pain. He chose me to read for him. It was a hard time that from my eleventh to my sixteenth year. I had to spend most of my afternoons, and almost all my evenings, sitting in the window of my father's study, and glancing stealthily from the book in my hand to the fields in front of the house, where my brothers and their companions were enjoying their games in boisterous mirth. I often read to my father for four or five hours at a stretch, while he smoked his pipe, and I think it is something to my credit and to his that I never read him to sleep, and never got sleepy myself. The reading was various; it was all as serviceable to me as agreeable to my father. Much of the Latin that I learned in these days I learned in reading Virgil and Horace, Ovid and Cicero, and having my father sometimes for my sake making me construe a passage. The innumerable Latin quotations in the books which I read were also a source of Latin knowledge, as I was generally required to translate them, and I had my ears pulled if I made any grave blunder.

In my reading I had quite enough of theology to suit my youthful taste—Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' Howe's 'Living Temple,' Booth's 'Reign of Grace,' Matthew Henry's very heavy Commentary, and Scott's very dull one. Harvey's 'Meditations,' his 'Theron and Aspasio,' in reading which, I must confess, to my sorrow, that the speeches of the somewhat flippant Theron interested me, while the solemn evangelicalism of Aspasio were so much like lectures that I often skipped the half of them. Butler's 'Analogy,' Paley's 'Evidences,' Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity' were carefully studied. History also entered largely into the reading. How I have thanked God for Mosheim, Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Burnett, and many more! All these I must have read through several times. My father was passionately fond of poetry. In his younger days he had been foolish enough to write some poems and publish them. His friends, who admired him, bought some copies, but I think a great deal of the edition (there never was a second) lay stored up in a cupboard in his study. But I had to read poetry in abundance—Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Young, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth. Among the readings in other literature were the 'Spectator,' the 'Rambler,' the 'Tatler,' the 'Idler.' The 'Penny Encyclopædia' was then in course of publication, and I suppose that I read every word in the first twelve volumes. Those were the days of the 'Morning Herald,' and an old Tory neighbour used to bring it to the Vicarage, and I had to read all the leaders and Parliamentary intelligence. I took very little interest in what I read, with the exception of such passages in Shakespeare, Dryden, and Byron as my father, with a greater concern for my morals, would perhaps have bid me pass over; but then that would only have provoked my curiosity, so I read right through sacred and profane, clean and dirty, just as it came to

hand. My father was a curiously-minded man. He had an inveterate hatred of King William's College, and I never knew a man who could hate better. The college authorities, in giving prizes to the scholars, presented one of them with a copy of Gibbon, and the event was duly recorded in the 'Manx Sun' and 'Mona's Herald.' My father was enraged with a most virtuous indignation. He wrote one of his 'Anti-humbug' letters, in which he, I suppose for the first time, enlarged upon the dangerous character of the 'Decline and Fall,' showing how the writer sneered at Christianity, setting forth the indecency of many of Gibbon's passages, and asking whether that was a proper book to put into the hands of youth. I, a lad of fourteen, read Gibbon to him perhaps every week, and actually refreshed his mind for him overnight by reading the very passages on the demoralizing tendency of which he so wrathfully enlarged. On the whole it was well for me that the reading was so varied and so impartial. It led me at that early period into broader paths of thought and knowledge than most boys are acquainted with. It was an excellent exercise of the voice for one who was afterwards to speak so much in public, but at the time I paid little attention to what I read. Still it fixed itself in my memory without my being aware of the fact, and made my subsequent studies for the ministry much easier than they otherwise would have been.

CHAPTER VI.

I GO TO ENGLAND TO SEEK MY FORTUNE.

AT last came the year 1839, which was to witness the great change in my history. It came in with a tremendous storm on Sunday morning. On that night we lads were of course sleeping like tops, but my father came and roused us up. I shall never forget the howling of the tempest, as it raged in the trees and round the house. Some of the trees were broken or blown down, and my father was afraid that the house would fall, for it shook with every gust. So we all turned out into the field. It was a south-west wind and almost warm, though in the beginning of January —but the Isle of Man knows very little of cold weather, so little that I never had the opportunity of learning to skate while I lived there. Our hay-stacks and corn-stacks were whirling away in the wild whirlwind, the neighbours' cottages were unroofed; such a storm no one could remember; such another I have never witnessed. It was severely felt in Liverpool. My present wife, then an infant in her father's house at Islington, was carried in the middle of the night to a neighbour's house that was considered safer. There were wrecks and great loss of life in Liverpool Bay, and fatal accidents in the town.

My parents, my mother in particular, had intended to bring me up for the ministry of the Established

Church; indeed, from my very early days I had been placed on what was known as the Murray Foundation, which provided £5 2*s.* 6*d.* a year and schooling at the St. Matthew's Grammar School. I never caught sight of the £5, but my mother gave me the odd half-crown, for which I was envied by my brothers, who thought they too ought to be placed 'on the foundation.' However, I had no desire to become a parson; I asked to leave home to see something of the world.

In the next parish there was an old Scotchman named Dr. Macfarlane. He had been an army surgeon, and had served in the Peninsular War, and was one of the immigrants who, after the peace, were attracted to the Isle of Man because of its cheapness, and especially because drink was so cheap, there being no duties on foreign spirits nor on wines. The little wine we had was fairly good, and the port, if I remember rightly, was one shilling and nine pence per bottle. Dr. Macfarlane had never been known to be sober since his return from the wars; he was always drinking and always drunk. To do my father justice, he always took kindly to any poor devil on whom society frowned, and he was friendly with the doctor, though certainly it was not a case of like to like, for my father in the midst of this drunken generation was always a perfectly sober man. We never knew what it was to have either beer or spirits in the house. The doctor had a son David, who was a land-surveyor, in want of an apprentice, and it was arranged that I should go to him.

Accordingly, on the 19th February, 1839, I left home to make my way in the world. I had before this visited Liverpool, staying there a few days with my brother Robert, who lodged in Upper Parliament Street. And now a second time I crossed from Douglas to the great port in the Mersey. It was a night passage, and I crossed by the old 'King Orry,' a wooden steamer, built in the

shipyard opposite St. Matthew's School, when I was a scholar there. An awful old tub she was; she took her time, and was certainly ten hours on the passage. The captain, and such of the passengers as were of the same mind, spent the night in heavy drinking. This was the constant practice with those old sea-dogs, Gill, Quayle, and Kermode, but though they drank they did not get drunk. At any rate their steamers never came to grief. In a rough sea one night, when the vessel was in danger of getting on a sandbank, Quayle shouted down to the stokers, "Work, you rascals, or you'll all be in hell in five minutes." It is said that the Archdeacon of the island was on board, and that on anxiously asking the captain whether there was any danger, the reply given in consideration of his cloth was, "Sir, you are very likely to be in heaven before morning;" on which the venerable gentleman lifted up his eyes and exclaimed, "The Lord forbid!"

David Macfarlane was then engaged in the Tithe Commutation Survey of the parish of Biddulph in North Staffordshire, some three miles from the town of Congleton in Cheshire. Accordingly, a day or two after my arrival in Liverpool, I set out for Biddulph. This was my first railway journey, and was a source of exquisite interest to me. On my former visit to Liverpool, I had spent many hours watching the trains as they crossed the Wavertree Road, which was not then bridged. Now I was to travel by rail. The lines had just been completed through to London; I say the lines, for you went on the Liverpool and Manchester to Earlstown, by the Grand Junction on to Birmingham, and thence by the London and Birmingham to London, the journey occupying about twelve hours. I went to Lime Street Station and booked for Crewe, the station nearest Congleton. It was literally booking, for I gave my name, which was entered in a book, and I got a

ticket which bore the number of the seat I was to take in the carriage. Young fool that I was, I must needs have first-class. However, the second-class carriages were open at the sides, having no shelter but a roof supported by iron stanchions at the four corners. And so we started at 9 A.M., a lady and gentleman in the carriage expressing their wonder and delight at the prospect of being in London that night. Lime Street Station was then a mere wooden shed behind the handsome curtain wall that was taken down some years ago to make room for the London and North-Western Hotel. Up the dark tunnel, through Olive Mount Cutting, past Muspratt's great chimney, near the Sankey Viaduct, by Warrington, where for the first time I saw a cotton-mill just opposite the station, and so on to Crewe. And what was Crewe? It is now a great town of some thirty thousand inhabitants. Its railway workshops extend almost for miles. It has its mayor and corporation; and it is aspiring to representation in parliament. It has churches and chapels of all denominations. From Crewe, railways extend in six directions: eastward to the Potteries and Derby, southwards to Birmingham and London, south-westwards to Shrewsbury and Wales, north-westwards to Chester and Holyhead, northwards to Scotland, and north-eastwards to Manchester. The station is one of the largest and busiest in all England. When I first saw it, it consisted of a little hut and a public-house; and the railway staff was made up of a clerk, a porter, and a policeman. The public-house is there still, enlarged and improved (the 'Crewe Arms,' I think), the hut has perished, and with it, I have no doubt, the clerk, the porter, and the policeman. I reached Crewe at 11 A.M., but the coach for Congleton did not start until six in the evening.

CHAPTER VII.

MY LIFE AS A LAND-SURVEYOR'S APPRENTICE.

MR. MACFARLANE had a partner in the survey of Biddulph, Mr. Robert Wyatt, and had an uncle, another Mr. Wyatt, who kept the 'Black Lion' in Congleton. I was to have gone to that hostelry, but by some mistake was put down at another, the 'Lion and the Lamb.' "Is this the 'Black Lion'?" I asked. "Yes," said the landlord, "this is the 'Lion'," and thinking one 'Lion' quite enough for so small a town, I supposed that it was all right, and stayed there, the victim of a small swindle, my first night of any experience in hotels. The next morning it rained cats and dogs; but I set out to walk to Biddulph. Not quite sure of the way, I asked a woman whom I saw on the road whether that was my way to Biddulph. To my amazement she had never heard of such a place. However, when I had proceeded a few yards, she turned and shouted: "Hey! happen it's Biddle you want; yes, that is t' reet ro-ad, and when yo coom to t' next hausen, yo mun turn to t' reet, and t' place is nelly two moile further on." The woman spoke right good English, with the fine old Saxon plural for house; but I hardly understood her. However, I got to Biddle, found the gate that led to Whitmore Cottage, in which lived Farmer Birks, and in which lodged the two surveyors, who were glad to see me, and gave me a hearty shake

of the hand. The rain had kept them in that day, and they were busy plotting their maps. The next day was Saturday, and soon after eight in the morning (a cold raw morning it was) I set out with my master for the survey. I carried the chain, and he the rods. We walked to the gate of Kinnersly Hall; there I threw the chain, and so began life. The morning was spent in surveying a part of the park, I drawing the chain and my master driving. In the afternoon we returned and had dinner, and then the three of us walked to Congleton. As there was neither rail, coach, nor carrier's cart, it was our custom to go into Congleton every Saturday evening, to purchase our provisions and carry them to Whitmore Cottage; and many a loaf of bread and shoulder of mutton I carried on these Saturday nights. On that night, the first, our landlord, Mr. Birks, went with us; our marketing done, we went, of course, to the 'Black Lion' Inn, where Mr. Wyatt, such a big, burly, honest, good-tempered Boniface! presided. We remained there for some hours. I had never smoked a pipe: I had hardly drunk a glass of ale; now I was almost compelled to smoke and drink, and we all smoked and drank. At last we rose to go home, and we were all tight. I can recollect very little of the walk to Biddulph that night; but I do remember tumbling with Macfarlane into a ditch, to the great damage of the quartern-loaf that was to form part of our provisions. I think I ought to make an exception in favour of Mr. Robert Wyatt; he was not drunk, though a little touched. But I now found that Macfarlane was, like his father, a great toper. For four months I remained at Biddulph, each Saturday night being very like the first, only that I did not again get the worse for drink. I got accustomed to both tobacco and beer, and neither had any effect. My chief business was to keep Macfarlane on his legs as we went home.

On Sunday evenings I generally went to Congleton Church; Macfarlane and Wyatt went also; and after the service we always went to the 'Black Lion' and had a grand supper of toasted Cheshire cheese, which we washed down with flowing tankards of the 'Black Lion's' home-brewed ale. I sometimes walked to another church, of which the clergyman was a little man named Jones. His church was crowded; he was an excellent preacher of a thoroughly evangelical school. Twenty years after, that unhappy parson found me out in Liverpool. He had fallen into drinking habits; he went almost mad with drink, nearly killed his wife, left her, and took to himself a woman off the streets of Liverpool, taking sittings for himself and her in Myrtle Street Chapel; and there they sat, just under the pulpit, laughing drunk, crying drunk, in various stages of imbecility. It did not last long; but for a time he attended regularly with the woman, and went about the town praising my preaching, and boasting that he and I were great friends.

Land-surveying is a fine occupation, healthy to mind and body. The worst of it in my case was, that at almost every public-house we were all but compelled to have some drink. Still it was always wholesome ale, and the air and exercise prevented it producing ill effects. But out in the open air for eight or nine hours a day, exercising the mind in the construction of triangles and other figures resorted to in surveying, drawing the chain, climbing stone walls, clambering through thorn-hedges, crossing streams that had no bridges, it was very wholesome work. Nor do I think that it was a bad exercise of the voice for one who was to become a preacher, that all day long my master and I kept up a conversation a chain's-length (sixty-six feet) apart. It compelled me to speak up. Afterwards, when at Wolverton, a similar necessity was laid upon

me, as I had to speak among the roar of machinery; and to such training may perhaps in part be ascribed the fact that I have never suffered from a parson's sore throat.

The parish of Biddulph is a portion of a valley running north and south. It is about four miles long and three broad. On the west the hill is some four hundred feet high, something higher at a well-known place called Mow-Cop, on which stands an old and ruined tower. From Mow-Cop the view is very fine, extending over the greater part of Cheshire, the long range of the Welsh mountains, and to the southwest, that pride of all Salopians, the Wrekin. The eastern side of the parish contains Biddulph Moor, a wild district inhabited by wild people, who lived a kind of gipsy life a large part of the year, going about the country selling earthenware from the neighbouring Potteries. I remember a public-house on Biddulph Moor which much resembled some Irish or Highland house; the donkey lived at one end and the family at the other. I must say, that defective as was the civilization of the Isle of Man, Biddulph was a great deal worse, and it was very difficult to understand the people's language.

The survey was finished in April, and as Macfarlane had no more work to do, I went back to the Isle of Man, and spent the summer there in a pottering and uncomfortable way. At last, in November, a few weeks after the birth of my brother Alfred, I heard from Macfarlane. He was surveying in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, and wanted me to go to him, which I accordingly did. I took the coach at Birkenhead (there was no railway communication between Birkenhead and Chester, but the line was being made); I was an outside passenger, and the weather was bitterly cold. I think it was about noon when we left Birkenhead, and at nine o'clock in the evening we pulled up at the 'Lion,' heavy snow

having fallen most of the journey. Macfarlane lodged at the house of an exciseman in the Abbey Foregate. He had two surveys on hand—the parishes of Donington and Condover—but the former was nearly finished, and I had to do only with the latter. It is, I think, a four-mile walk from Shrewsbury to Condover, and we walked out and in every day, having some five or six hours of surveying while there. Here again was more drinking; we almost always went to the village public before leaving for Shrewsbury. Cold, wet, and hungry as we generally were, the big fire and the beer were very welcome, and once or twice I was not exactly drunk, but nearly so. One night Macfarlane was so screwed that he fell into a ditch, and as I could not get him up I lay down along with him, and we had a sleep, and then rose and got to Shrewsbury about five on a raw December morning. Our landlord, the exciseman, was a great toper, and he and Macfarlane drank heavily together; but from that time I was so disgusted with such work, that although I did not become an abstainer I never went over the line. While at Shrewsbury Macfarlane did not go to any church, but spent his mornings in drawing his maps, his evenings in drinking with the exciseman. I tried most of the churches, St. Mary's, St. Alkmund's, and St. Chad's, but they were all intolerably dull. I went once or twice to the Independent Chapel, where an old man, Mr. Mener, preached, and the hymns were started to a pitch-pipe. The conventicle was also very dull and very poorly attended. I found Shrewsbury a very stupid place, and it is a very stupid place still. My stay there, however, was brief. Macfarlane took another tithe commutation survey, that of the parish of Harborne, near Birmingham, and in January 1840 we went thither. The journey from Shrewsbury to Birmingham was performed in or upon an omnibus, one of those wretched ramshackle things

which began to take the place of well-appointed coaches, as the railways were beginning to cover the land. We were most of the day upon the road, passing through Wellington, Shifnal, Wolverhampton, and the Black Country. It was very severe weather: the rivers and canals were frozen; there was snow, sleet, hail, and general discomfort. The night before we started, Macfarlane and the exciseman had a final booze, which lasted far into the morning, and when we began our journey my master was very drunk. He stopped at every public-house on the way, and at every one had a swill, but singular to relate, he got nearly sober by the time we reached Birmingham. At Birmingham he had an uncle, a middle-aged Scotchman, who with his family lived in a court off a third-rate street. Thither we went that night, and we often visited the place afterwards. I don't know what his uncle's business was. He was evidently a poor and struggling man. He never went to any place of worship, a perfect specimen of the lapsed Presbyterian. We spent most of our Sundays at the house in the court, and memorable Sundays they were. However, they were sober. I shall never forget the forlorn appearance of Birmingham in those days; the houses were very bad, but one shop in four was open in Bull Street, and the street-corners were the resort of hundreds of dirty, ragged, and half-starved workmen. John Angell James was then in the height of his popularity; I went to hear him once or twice, and was not at all impressed but with the extreme plainness of the preacher. The parish of Harborne is some three miles from the centre of Birmingham; one half of it joins the town, then called the village, of Smethwick, and in Smethwick we took up our abode. Macfarlane was scarcely sober the day we went to Smethwick, but on his arrival there he made a discovery that sobered him at once. His undertaking was not exactly to make

a new survey of the parish, but to correct an old map, and form one with all the alterations that had been made in the course of some twelve or fifteen years. Consequently he had taken the job at a very low rate per acre, expecting to have very little work to do but to go over the parish with the old map, and to jot down the new houses, fences, etc. The old map showed Smethwick as a place of green fields with a few farm-houses. To my master's consternation he found instead of green fields and farm-houses, a town with miles of streets, with forges, factories, and glass-works, and I know not what beside. Evidently the work that was to have been done in a month would take at least four months. Macfarlane was in despair. He swore at and cursed the land agent from whom he had taken the unfortunate contract. But he had the good sense not to get drunk; he became all but a teetotaller, and continued sober all the time we were at Smethwick. He also became very penurious, and almost starved me. Drink had so damaged his stomach that he cared little for food, and could not understand the raging appetite of a strong healthy lad of fifteen, engaged all the cold and bitter day in the work of land-surveying. I grew very weary both of my master and my occupation. The many engine-works around me excited in me the desire to become an engineer, and as the survey approached completion, I went one day to Boulton and Watt's Works, Soho, and applied for work in any capacity; but the times were so bad that I failed in my application. On the completion of the survey I bade Macfarlane farewell. I do not think that I ever saw him afterwards, and in the month of May I returned home with very little idea what was to become of me.

However, I did not remain there long. In a week or two a friend of my father who had some influence at the Ordnance Office obtained for me a very subordinate

appointment on the Ordnance Survey, and I was instructed to proceed at once to York. It was midsummer, and very glorious weather. On my journey, I saw Manchester for the first time. From Manchester the railway was open as far as Littleborough. At Littleborough we took coach and climbed Blackstone Edge, then down into the valley of the Calder, through Halifax and Bradford to Leeds, where the coach pulled up at the 'Bull' in Briggate. The journey from Liverpool to Leeds, half by rail and half by coach, occupied about nine hours. The next day I went on by rail to York. There were no third-class carriages; I travelled by the second-class, an open truck without seats. We called it a 'stand-up,' and it also went by the name of 'a tub.' At York I was instructed to go to Coney Street and take the carrier's cart for Gate Helensburg, a few miles out, where was the surveying party that I was to join. I reached the party on Saturday night, and went to lodge with the surveyor, an Irishman named Hugh McCarthy. We had not been long in bed when the house was attacked after a very rowdy fashion. Four other Irishmen engaged on the Survey, very rough customers, had come in from a distance. They were very drunk and determined to lodge with us; they came and battered at the doors and windows. They forced their way into the house, and then demanded admittance to the room in which I, McCarthy and his nephew, a lad engaged on the Survey, were lodged. McCarthy seized a water-jug, opened the door and flung the jug with its contents at the heads of the drunkards. There was a scuffle, not a bad-tempered one, for it was all horseplay; the drunkards prevailed, got into the room, and two of them wearing their boots got into the bed where I was. Such was my first night in the Government service! A few days afterwards we returned to York, having to survey a part

of that city, and we lodged in a tumble-down old house just within Micklegate Bar. The part of the city which we had to survey was that in which the Minster stands. That our operations might not be hindered by traffic we rose at three o'clock on these sunny summer mornings, and went to our work in the silent and deserted streets. I remember that on one of these mornings we surveyed the glorious cathedral, and I have the satisfaction of knowing, or at least supposing, that on the Ordnance Map the grandest Minster in England is laid down from measurements made by my own hands.

CHAPTER VIII.

I GO TO WOLVERTON.

I HAVE sometimes wished that I had continued on the Ordnance Survey, but I had made up my mind to become a mechanical engineer. Mr., afterwards Dr. Carpenter, of St. Barnabas, Douglas, was acquainted with one of the directors of the London and Birmingham Railway, and through Carpenter I obtained permission to go to the Company's works at Wolverton, whither I accordingly went in the month of August, after little more than a month of Ordnance Survey.

And here begins a new chapter of my poor history. The London and Birmingham was then the pride of English railways. It was indeed the best line of railway in the world, and I don't know a better even now. It was the greatest of Robert Stephenson's achievements. He had tried his 'prentice hand in the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester, and this larger work was his masterpiece. To this day on going from Liverpool to London, after going over the Trent Valley, the traveller, as he proceeds from Rugby to the metropolis, feels that he is on a firmer, smoother, better road. He is then on the old London and Birmingham. It had been opened throughout about two years when I entered the Company's service, Wolverton station, fifty miles from London and sixty from Birmingham, was regarded as a half-way house,

and every passenger-train stopped there ten minutes for refreshments. I believe the Company's original intention was to take the line by Northampton, and to have their engine-works there, but the wiseacres of that town fought against the Bill, and so far succeeded in cutting their own throats as to divert the line, not allowing it to come within five miles of them. It was a grand mistake; they shut themselves out of the world. When they wanted to go to London or Birmingham they had to jog along those five miles to Blisworth station in omnibuses. Had the engine-works been built at Northampton, the town would have added to its trade perhaps £2000 a week, besides all the profit of building works and houses. For many years Northampton had to be satisfied with a branch line, and now (1879) after more than forty years the original design is in part being carried out by means of a loop from Roade to Rugby, whereby the long tunnel at Kilsby will be escaped. Had the Northampton people been wise that tunnel need not have been made.

The engine-works were then established at Wolverton. They consisted at first of a large, square building enclosing a quadrangular yard, and ordinary smith's shops, turning and fitting shops, erecting shops, pattern shop, iron foundry and brass foundry, with an engine-shed, and the number of men employed was about five hundred. When I went to Wolverton there were not more than about twenty houses for the workmen. The majority of the men lodged in the villages round about—Old Wolverton, Corgrave, Castlethorpe, Haulope, Bradwell, Calverton, and in the towns of Stony Stratford to the west and Newport Pagnell to the east. Wolverton is in Buckinghamshire, on the border of Northamptonshire, and in the valley of the lazy Ouse, which creeps through the railway, half a mile north of the station. Like the parishes which surround it, its

occupation is wholly agricultural, with the addition of lace-making, carried on in the cottages by the women and children. The country is prettily adorned with many goodly trees, and many quaint and picturesque old churches; Haulope with its noble spire being particularly fine. Beneath the trees is embowered the little church of Corgrave, where lie the remains of Dean Mansell. But more interesting is Olney, fragrant with the memories of Cowper and John Newton. It is also a pleasant walk to Wotton Abbey on one hand, and to the stately Stowe near Buckingham on the other. The geological structure of the district is the well-known oolite, so common in Northamptonshire and neighbouring counties. The two towns, Stony Stratford and Newport Pagnell, were, as they still are, very dull, dead-alive places. They had just been shorn of their glories. Each, situated on one of the great roads from London to the north, had seen many coaches pass through it every day. The railway had superseded every one of them. No longer was heard the guard's horn, no longer seen the well-appointed equipages, each with its four fine horses, and its proud driver with a bunch of flowers in his button-hole. Looking along the Stratford High Street, one saw on either side many sign-boards swinging in the wind—'The Cock,' 'The Bull,' 'The Cross Keys,' and at Old Stratford 'The Saracen's Head.' The number of inns, large and small, was numerous, each being patronized by its own coach or coaches. But now, small indeed was the custom at these once busy hostelries; and the grass grew long in Stratford Market-place, and we railway folk were looked upon with much disfavour. We had ruined the trade of the town; but yet I should think that after all Stratford lost little by the change. Most of the wages paid at Wolverton came into the hands of the Stratford shopkeepers, and not less than

£100 was spent in the Stratford publics on every Saturday night by the 'station-men,' as they were called. And not a few of the 'station-men' also, when they saw that the daughters of Stratford were fair, took them wives who fared much better than they were likely to have done but for these strangers. Still the talk of the townspeople was full of sad references to the good old coaching days.

CHAPTER IX.

RAILWAYS IN 1840.

IN the summer of 1840, when I went to Wolverton, the traffic on the London and Birmingham differed greatly from that which we witness now after a lapse of thirty-nine years. It should be borne in mind that this line had all the traffic between London and the north. There was no Great Northern Company for the trade between London and Scotland; the Great Western had not gone to Birmingham; the Midland poured all its London traffic into the London and Birmingham at Rugby. The only connection between the metropolis and Northampton, Aylesbury, Coventry, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Stafford, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, Holyhead, Leeds, Preston, Huddersfield, Bolton, Bury, Halifax, Bradford, Newcastle, Edinburgh and Glasgow, was by that one line from London to Birmingham. In fact, if you exclude the eastern counties, you may say that the whole of Great Britain north of London, together with the larger part of Ireland, depended for its traffic with the metropolis upon the one line of railway of which Wolverton was the centre. The Grand Junction at Birmingham, and the Midland at Rugby, brought goods and passengers from the north; coaches from

many places ran to the various stations on the line, which was a gigantic monopoly, its only competitor in goods being the Grand Junction Canal; in passenger traffic it had no competitor at all. And yet to what did its traffic, its passenger traffic, amount? The Company ran per diem nine through trains each way, and two others, one between London and Wolverton, the other between London and Aylesbury, the branch from Cheddington to that town being the first and in 1840 the only branch in existence. And the trains were very light. There were, as far as I can recollect, few trains of more than ten carriages, each containing three compartments. They were little more than half the size of the carriages now in use. Those small trains and small carriages sufficed for all the passenger traffic of the vast district above defined. And now! Well, now, the Midland has withdrawn its share and runs to St. Pancras, taking to a great extent the midland county passengers, competing with the London and North-Western Railway for the traffic with Manchester and Liverpool, and all Scotland, and connecting with Northampton, and much more of the old London and Birmingham ground. The Great Northern, another formidable rival, has a large share of the northern traffic. The Great Northern bids against the old line for the trade with Birmingham, Leamington, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester. Thus the district once entirely monopolized by the London and Birmingham for London is now shared by three other companies. And yet how stands the case? Instead of nine through trains per day, there are thirteen, together with many more which run to and from Rugby, taking in Trent Valley for the north, and many more of a local character; and taking into account the number and size of the carriages, the passenger traffic at this day on the old London and Birmingham must

be more than fourfold what it was when it had not a single rival to compete with.

It is interesting to notice the difference in speed. The fastest train, and there was only one such per day, was five hours on the road between London and Birmingham, and now in five hours we go nearly twice the distance—*i. e.* from London to Liverpool. The greatest distance run without a stoppage was from London to Tring, 31 miles, and now we run from Willesden to Rugby, about 76 miles, without stopping. The fastest train stopped four times between London and Birmingham; it now stops only once at Rugby. There were sixteen stations between the termini; there are now twenty-four. The fares were high: first-class, London to Birmingham, 32*s.*; second, 25*s.*; but there was a second-class which was open to the weather, and the charge by that was 20*s.* And now to Liverpool, the first-class is 29*s.* 6*d.*, and the second, as good as the first was then, 21*s.* 9*d.* In fact, the present fares are little more than half what they were in 1840. There was no third-class, and working people could not afford second-class fares; so they went on foot. Our workmen at Wolverton came and went on tramp from Lancashire and from London, and when discharged walked back again, or elsewhere, in search of work. Almost every day when we turned out at the dinner-time we found some half-dozen tramps, smiths, fitters, turners, boiler-makers, sitting under the wall of the shop in very shabby clothes, with blistered and bleeding feet, and to show them hospitality by taking them to dinner, was one of the prime duties that devolved upon us. The railway was not of the slightest advantage to workmen who had to travel. It probably was rather a disadvantage. In former days a lift on the coach or on the carrier's waggon was common, but coaches and waggons were now all driven off the road.

Edward Bury, of the Liverpool firm of Bury, Curtis and Kenedy, was the company's locomotive engineer. We very seldom saw him, and he did not very often look round the shops. He took care that Bury, Curtis and Kenedy should make a good thing out of the company. The locomotive plant consisted of fifty-five engines, nearly all made by Bury, Curtis and Kenedy at the Clarence Foundry in Liverpool. There was an iron foundry in the Wolverton works, but it was never used, for Bury, Curtis and Kenedy furnished all the castings. Wolverton was simply a repairing shop, and every cylinder, every eccentric, everything in cast iron, was supplied by Bury, Curtis and Kenedy. No railway company at that time built its own engines. The locomotives on the London and Birmingham were small and light compared with those now in use. A few used in the goods department were coupled. The passenger-trains were run by an engine on four wheels, the driving-wheel being about five feet six in diameter. They were swift, but hardly strong enough for the work, and many of the trains required two engines to draw them, and a pilot engine was always on the station at Wolverton ready to go in search of belated trains, and assist them. The Gifford feeder being unknown, the only way of supplying the boiler was the pump; and many was the time the pilot engine, as the steam blew off and the water got less, was trotted up and down a mile or two that its pumps might supply it. Some time afterwards came the device of two blind wheels stationed under the line, their unflanged ones forming a few inches of the line itself.

Thus the engine was slowly drawn until its driving-wheels rested on the blind wheels, and then it could pump away without moving; but I believe that to get it off or on the blind wheels it had to be pushed

with a crossbar. It was not the infancy, but still the childhood, of locomotion, and Bury, Curtis and Kenedy having their drawings, templates, and patterns, were in no hurry to introduce improvements.

We were in all about five hundred hands, a mixed group of Londoners, Lancashiremen, Yorkshiremen, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen; and among us was a man of great stature and magnificent proportions, a Polish gentleman, who kept himself very much to himself, and was very taciturn. Our foreman was a Scotchman, named Patch, who afterwards went to be superintendent on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line. I knew most of the men, but of the five hundred I don't think I knew more than a dozen who went to church or chapel. Those who in these times so speak of the working men as to produce the impression that they have fallen away from religious ordinances are very much mistaken. Of these in Wolverton, with abundance of church accommodation not far off, with no counter attraction but the fields, with no reason to complain of being shut up all the week in the close and unhealthy atmosphere of smoke, not more than two per cent. ever went to worship. Are things worse now? I very much doubt it. There was, however, very little to induce us to go to either church or chapel. Most of the neighbouring clergy were gentlemen who followed the hounds. The parson at Stony Stratford had spent some years in prison as an insolvent debtor; the remembrance of which must have been strong upon him, for as he droned through the service, he grew animated and earnest in praying that those evils which the craft and subtlety of the devil or *man* worketh against us be brought to nought. All that I can remember of the old chap is his extreme stupidity and dulness, and that loud emphasis upon the word 'man.' Many of the clergy were very hopelessly in debt, and were held in very little esteem. There was

not one for ten miles round who could preach so as to interest any mortal creature. One of them, a great fox-hunter, was a magistrate, who occasionally fined a station-man for trespass or for poaching, and, of course, was hated and cursed by all the station-men. The attendance at the churches was wretched; the station-men were not the only men who did not go to church. Not one farmer or farm-servant out of ten was often to be seen within the consecrated walls. The congregation at Old Wolverton Church was seldom a score, and considering what a dismal fool the parson was, I wonder there were so many. He seldom preached; there was some attempt at reading a sermon once in two or three weeks, and it was once too often; and he mumbled the incomparable Liturgy in a most atrocious manner, the object evidently being to get through the thing as soon as he could. There was only one service on the Sunday, and in this good old style, as in the Isle of Man, the parson and the clerk had it all to themselves.

The state of Nonconformity in the district was not much better. At Newport Pagnell there was an Independent Minister, Mr. Bull; but Newport is four miles from Wolverton. At Stony Stratford there were two small 'interests,' an Independent and a Baptist. The Independent Minister sang mournfully through his nose, and was very dull and prosy; the Baptist Minister, Mr. Forster, was a man of considerable abilities and a good preacher. There was a Methodist Chapel also in the town; but it was only a poor little thatched cottage. There was nothing attractive about any of these places.

It was in the fine summer weather of August 1840 that I went to Wolverton, having a second-class pass from Liverpool. I arrived on Friday evening, and went into the erecting-shed on Saturday morning; and at the dinner-hour had to pay my footing. This was done at

the vile public-house close to the station—a house which went by the name of 'Hell's Kitchen,' a name it well deserved. An old proverb says, that if an Englishman settled on an uninhabited island the first building he would put up would be a public-house. A public-house was the first thing built at Wolverton by the directors of the London and Birmingham. There was no church, no school, no reading-room; but there was 'Hell's Kitchen.' And in that 'Hell's Kitchen,' that first afternoon, I had to pay about ten shillings for drink. 'Hell's Kitchen' was a horrid place; always full of mechanics, navvies, labourers, tramps of all kinds; at least one hundred station-men spent there half the dinner-hour and perhaps half their wages. Working men drank just as hard in those days as they do now. That afternoon, as I came up from 'Hell's Kitchen,' I was very much disgusted. I had taken no drink myself. I saw a workman leaning against a paling, who said to me in most unmistakable Cockney, "Well, mate, what are you going to do with yourself to-morrow?" I answered that I did not know, and did not care. "Well," he said, "I am going over to the Independent Chapel at Stratford; will you go along with me?" I said I would, and we went. That good man was John Page, an engine-fitter, a godly character, a man who said very little about religion; but that quiet invitation to go with him unaccompanied by any cant had a quiet power. It had much to do with settling me into good habits; it made me the companion of a good man, and saved me from other and very different company. I used to lodge with Page at the house of an old man named Stoney in Old Wolverton. Old Stoney had a son named Edmund, who worked in some capacity at the station. I lodged in his father's cottage for but two or three months, and then lost sight of him. But this year (1879) I had a letter from him. I had, of course, all but

forgotten him, having heard nothing of him for thirty-nine years. He informed me that he was a grocer in Sheffield, whence his letter was dated; reminded me of our old acquaintance, spoke of his business as good and prospering, and would be delighted to see me and have me as his guest when next I might be in Sheffield. I replied, thanking him. In less than a month he wrote again, asking me to lend him fifty pounds to save him from having the bailiffs put into his house. Now I saw why he had written to renew the acquaintance!

My wages at Wolverton were for the first year 4*s.* a week, 5*s.* for the second, 6*s.* for the third; for the remainder of my needs I had to draw upon my father's scanty means. At that time he had nine children to support upon less than £200 a year; my brother Robert in Liverpool being still the only one in part able to keep himself. The tools employed in the works were of a very simple character in comparison with those now in use. There was no steam-hammer; all the forging was done by hand, and it was a fine sight to see seven or eight stalwart strikers, at the forging of a crank-axle, plant their huge hammers in rapid succession upon the spot indicated by the smith with a piece of rivet rod-iron. We had no travelling-drill; all key-ways had to be first drilled in round holes, and then cut with a cross-cut chisel, and finished with the file. With the exception of a small machine for cutting nuts, we had no shaping machine of any account. Every surface that could not be formed by the planing-machine had to be chipped and filed. All the light turning was done by hand, without a slide-rest. Altogether, the work of an engine-shop was much more laborious than it is now, and required much more skill. Machinery has to a large extent superseded both muscle and brain, and a boy set to a machine can do more and better work than would be done by a skilful mechanic. Yet there were

men who could do wonderfully true work. I have seen a fitter take two rough pieces of wrought iron of more than one pound weight each. I have seen him chip them to a surface almost perfectly smooth, and then with files so perfect the surface that when placed one upon the other the lower piece would hang to the upper by the force of molecular attraction, as if glued to it. Of course I do not mean that they were so fast joined as glued surfaces, but it required a sensible effort to separate them. I never could do anything like that; in fact, I was but an indifferent workman. My best performances were at the hand lathe; there I did pretty well. Our best mechanics were, I think, the London men; one of whom, named Airey, a relation of the Astronomer-Royal, could turn out an extraordinary amount of good work. The Lancashire men came next, and I think the Scotchmen were the worst. The fitters' wages varied from 28*s.* to 33*s.* per week; smiths about 30*s.*; labourers, 16*s.* to 18*s.*

CHAPTER X.

MY MATES AT WOLVERTON.

I CANNOT say that we worked very hard. It was an idle shop. In the fitting-shop we took our turn to watch for the foreman as he came up the sheds, and the word 'nix' saw every man and boy at his place. The lathes and planing-machines had been moving, but doing nothing else; now the tools were thrown into gear, and all was work and bustle. But we had some shameful idling. I am sure that every set of taps and dies made by Figg the tool-maker must have cost more than its weight in silver. And Mr. Figg was a local methodist preacher, who always wore a white shirt and black trousers, and was quite a swell. Another man who made cross-heads rarely did an hour's work in a day. Most of his time was spent in arguing in favour of socialism, and turning the Bible into ridicule. There were a considerable number of knobsticks in the shops; men who had gone in on strikes in London and elsewhere. "What are you talking to that fellow for, don't you know that he's a —— knobstick?" So said a society man to me, when he saw me conversing with a shopmate whose knobstickism I was not aware of. There was much angry disputing, much sullenness, much hatred, hard words, and occasionally hard blows over this knobstick business. Yet the knobsticks were as a rule good workmen. Airey was one, and so was Cole

(called from his cadaverous look, Captain Death), the only man to whom was entrusted the difficult job of turning the crank-axles. Among our men was one from Birmingham, a brother of a well-known atheist. He was a particularly poor creature in mind and body, and held his brother's opinions. We had a number of infidels among us. One of these died avowing his atheism to the last in the most horribly profane manner. A few of us went before the funeral to ask the parson old Quarlby, whether he could omit the expression "in sure and certain hope" as he read the funeral service. We told him that the whole band of infidels would be there to sneer and to triumph, as poor Alec was honoured with Christian burial. Old Quarlby had just come in from the hunt, and was taking his boots off. His reply was, "Lord love ye, but what the devil would the bishop say to me if I did as you wish?" So the atheist was buried in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, and three of our Churchmen from that hour were Nonconformists. The talk in the shops was for the most part profane and beastly in the extreme; the least profane and beastly among us, with the exception of the few Christians, were some of the infidels, one of whom, a Scotchman named William Angus, was one of the finest men whom I ever knew. The Shorter Catechism had made him an unbeliever. The leading infidels at Wolverton and the chief drunkards were Scotchmen. I remember very little conversation upon industrial subjects, and although it was a time of great political agitation in regard to Chartism and Free Trade, there did not seem to be a spark of political intelligence or spirit among us. We never saw a newspaper, excepting the 'Weekly Despatch,' a few copies of which came on Sunday morning, but that was read chiefly for the prize-fights and other sporting intelligence which it contained. I should think that one-third of the men were unable to

read a single word, and I often wrote their letters for them, and read for them letters they received.

Four of us, Edward Hayes, William Harvey, William Mickle, and myself, drew together. They were journeymen, but young, the oldest not more than twenty-five years. We agreed to lodge together with a peasant named Cox at Old Wolverton. Hayes was a little man, a clever, skilful workman; he came from Manchester, and was great in phrenology, and in Combe's 'Constitution of Man.' Harvey was a Derbyshire man, one of the best workmen in the place, and gifted with a dry and pleasant humour. Mickle was a Scotchman, brought up in London; a boisterous but kindly fellow, whom Hayes pronounced to be a man in whom combativeness and self-esteem were abnormally developed. The four of us slept in two beds placed in one small room. We had our meals in the lower room of the cottage, which was the kitchen, and there was a small room, about eight feet square, which we converted into a study, and in which we tried in the evenings to improve our minds, which, sooth to say, sorely needed improvement. On Sundays, Hayes generally went out into the fields to meditate; Harvey went to the Methodist Chapel at Stratford; Mickle wandered from one place of worship to another; and I went to church somewhere in the neighbourhood, generally to Stratford, because there was an organ there, which, however, was very execrably played. Our studies were various. Hayes went in for philosophy; Harvey for theology; Mickle for mechanics; I for mathematics. I don't think we read a novel all the time we were together, and our whole stock of books was not worth £5.

The three years passed with very few incidents to break the monotony of our lives. We rose at half-past five and walked to the works a mile off, cooked our breakfasts at one of the forges in the smiths' shop

went home to dinner at one, returned at two, and the bell rang again at half-past five; on Saturdays at four; in all 58½ hours per week, with every evening free. I think far too easy work.

One event of these years I cannot forget. It was my first visit to London at Christmas 1841. I well remember the lurid glare in the sky as in the winter evening we approached the great metropolis. I had only three days in London, but I used them in seeing all that I could see. Among other places I got into the ball of St. Paul's, where I found three sailors who insisted on my drinking some of their rum, the effect of which threatened to make my going down much more rapid than my going up. No place known to me has altered more than London in my time. The alterations have not all been improvements, *i. e* the railway-bridges over the Thames.

Among my excursions, for which there was no time but Sunday, was one to Olney. In the neighbourhood there is or was a fine old tree called 'Cowper's Oak,' hollow, with a seat in it. I met an old man who well remembered the poet sitting there. I once went with Mickle to Northampton, walking thither on Saturday evening, and walking back on Sunday evening. In the afternoon we heard a Mormon preacher haranguing in the Market Place. Mickle, the combative, attacked him, and had a long wrangle with him, in which I joined. It was my first attempt at public speaking. Strange to say, thirty years afterwards, I heard the same Mormon deliver the same sermon (or one very much like it, and on the same text) in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER XI.

I BECOME A TEETOTALER AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

ABOUT this time I became a teetotaler and a Rechabite, as did my fellow-lodgers. This brought me into great disfavour with the drinking workmen, and I was commonly called "a —— teetotaler." The teetotalism led to my going to temperance meetings. The first in which I took part was held at the village of Daneshanger, where in attempting to make a speech I utterly broke down in confusion. Temperance meetings were scenes of great interruption and uproar: for attempting to persuade people to sobriety we were persecuted, hooted out of the villages, and pelted with mud. At the station close to the canal bank there was a small temperance coffee-house, kept by a man named Spinks. A few of us thought that we might hold a Sunday School there. We obtained the use of the room, and started the Sunday School, and I taught there on Sunday forenoon and afternoon for some time. That was the first and for more than a year the only religious service of any kind in Wolverton. Neither clergy nor Nonconformist ministers took the slightest interest in the people, altogether numbering about one thousand, that were gathered about the station. That was my first Sunday School teaching, and my last. I disliked the work immensely; I had

no gift for it. It is my duty to take an interest in Sunday Schools, and I have had for a great many years as good Sunday Schools as any in Liverpool; but I have always been thankful that no more than an occasional looking in has been required of me, for a Sunday School, and indeed any school, is no pleasure to me to this day.

It is proverbial that corporations have no conscience. For a time this seemed true of the London and Birmingham Railway. They had brought a large number of men, women, and children to Wolverton, and children were increasing in number rapidly. There was no school of any sort within two miles. The nearest were the National Schools at Stony Stratford, kept by the clerk of the church, a very drunken rascal, and that school was hardly large enough for the requirements of the town. But for years the Company made no school provision, and the children at the station were growing up in utter ignorance. At last the Company proved to have somewhat of a conscience, and they built a British School, a poor shabby thing it was, in keeping with the abominable cottages, which they built for the workmen. The Company's conscience was indeed so exercised that they sent a parson, a Church of England man, to hold service and preach in the school. This was the Rev. George Weight; he had been one of Rowland Hill's people; had, I believe, been assistant to him in his last days at Surrey Chapel, but became a Churchman, and cordially hated Dissent. But he was a thorough evangelical, and a capital preacher. I went to the school on the first Sunday of Mr. Weight's services, and a good many of the men attended, moved by curiosity. There was at Wolverton a drunken Scotchman named Dan Rintoul; he was considered the most intemperate man on the place. He was at the service, and as usual was very drunk.

He had probably never before seen a clergyman dressed in a surplice. When Mr. Weight, who was very precise in his ecclesiastical vestments, made his appearance, Dan cried out, "You —— fool, go and put your —— breeches on, and don't come here in your shirt." Dan was soon hustled out of the place by Bill Webber, a little Cockney knobstick, who acted as clerk. That was the beginning of public worship in Wolverton. Dan was taken before the magistrates and fined heavily, and of course neither he nor any of his pals ever went to church again. The Company soon after built a small church at the station, but I don't think that more than a dozen station-men ever entered the place. It was a great mistake to appoint a knobstick as clerk, that of itself was quite enough to keep three-fourths of the men away.

I introduced myself to Mr. Weight as the son of a clergyman, and found him very friendly. I had already begun to cherish some thought of becoming a parson, and Mr. Weight encouraged me in the project, and proposed to give me lessons in Greek, of which I was wholly ignorant. I procured a Greek Grammar, Lexicon, and Testament, and most of my evenings were spent in this new study. As I have said, Wolverton was an idle workshop. At that time I was engaged for some weeks or months in tubing boilers, and I generally took the fire-box end, having a very lazy mate at the smoke-box end on the look-out for the foreman, whose approach was signalled to me with a stroke of the hammer on the boiler. I did a good deal of study, and by the light of a candle wrote my earliest Greek exercises on the sides of the fire-box with a piece of chalk.

CHAPTER XII.

I DECIDE TO BECOME A MINISTER OF RELIGION.

TOWARDS the end of 1843 I ventured to write to my father, telling him of my wish to enter the ministry. He very reluctantly gave his consent. He never was hearty about it, and would much have preferred my continuing at my trade. I don't wonder at it. The ministry had been to him a life of poverty and hardship, and, as I have already hinted, he was only half a Churchman. My mother, however, viewed the case more favourably. She had always wished me to be a minister, and my going to business was a sore disappointment to her. And so it was arranged that I should leave Wolverton at the end of the year, and return to the Isle of Man, and go to King William's College.

The end of the year came, and I left Wolverton and went home. I have no doubt that the three and a half years' intercourse with so many working men from all parts of the country has proved of great advantage to me in my ministry. The practice of speaking acquired at the temperance meetings was also a great help, and my practice of going as much to chapel as to church gave my religious views and sympathies a breadth which is perhaps unusual at so early a period of life. Yet I had often thought that it was cruel towards my parents to take the step I took. My restlessness had given them much trouble already; I was in my twenty-

first year, and was still a burden to them. Receiving 7*s.* a week and sometimes 10*s.* (when we worked overtime), that burden was being lightened. In another year, perhaps half a year, I should have been earning my own living, to their great relief; and yet in this new notion of becoming a minister I threw myself again upon them. I think my father had good reason to grumble, and I have sometimes wished that he had finally refused his consent, and kept me to my work, for I was not so vain as to suppose that God's cause could not have gone on quite as well had I never entered the ministry. Here the proper and orthodox way would be to cant about an inward call to the ministry, a burning love of souls, an intense desire to consecrate myself to the service of Christ. Of such things I say nothing. I never felt that the Lord had need of me, as he once had of one disciple at Jerusalem. I suppose I called myself to the ministry urged by various motives, and if all men who speak upon this subject spoke in honesty and good sense, I think they would say much the same thing as I say here. The stories of men whom I have heard at ordinances and settlements, about the Lord having called them and led them, have often turned out fictions, or something worse. Before bidding farewell to Wolverton, I may add that, while the Company did provide a school and a church, they did not, until after I had left, provide anything in the nature of a Mechanics' Institution or Reading-room. They did not want the men to improve their minds. Not a single thing did the Company for the amusements of their men save and except 'Hell's Kitchen.' They did a year or two afterwards build a Mechanics' Institute, but it was a poor, mean, shabby concern; an utter disgrace to them.

I left Wolverton for Douglas in the beginning of 1844, to study for the ministry of the Established

Church. On reaching home, I found my father in no way gratified by the resolution I had taken, and, as stated above, I do not wonder at his dissatisfaction and want of cordiality, for I felt that I ought not to have cast myself upon him for support. It was intended that I should go to King William's College, where, as the son of a Manx clergyman, I would have instruction gratis. However, the greater part of the College was burnt down, and the arrangements of the Institution so disturbed, that I could not be conveniently received, and it was thought best for me to study with my father until August, when the College would begin its second half-year. From January until August there was I at home; but never did any poor wretch feel himself less at home. Indeed I think that home ceases to be home when a fellow has reached his twentieth year; he had far better be somewhere else; he is a man without a man's freedom. I felt this horribly. My father was morose, feeling, no doubt, that he had done enough for me, and that I ought to be on my own hook. I read with him, chiefly Latin; thrashing away at the Greek by myself, for of Greek I suspect my father was innocent, as he had never looked at it since he left Castletown Academy. I have no wish to dwell upon those miserable seven months.

The seven months previous to my going to the College were spent in very diligent study, and in August I went to King William's, lodging in the house of Mrs. Kewley, on the Green, Castletown. The Principal of the College was the Rev. Robert Dixon, known by the lads as 'Bobby,' a Cambridge man. My chief business with him was in the Greek Testament and other Greek—Thucydides and Homer, Sophocles, Euripides. The Greek Testament used was Bloomfield's. The second master was the Rev. J. G. Cumming, who had scientific tastes, and was considered an authority

upon the geology of the Isle of Man. Under him I read Latin, chiefly Sallust, Virgil, and Horace. I did something, but not much, in mathematics. I ought to say that, under Dixon, most of us intended for the Church dabbled a little in Hebrew. I certainly worked hard all the time I was at King William's; rising at six in the morning, reading a great deal, and preparing for the classes and lectures. But it was not a school for me. I wish I could have gone to Oxford or Cambridge, but that was hopeless. I made the best of such chances as I had.

The society in and around Castletown was generally good. We were fairly well fed and cared for by Mrs. Kewley, there being about a dozen College lads in the house. The clergyman of Castletown was Mr. Parsons, a kindly, hospitable old fellow, and I and some others of the College were often asked to his house. There was a company of soldiers in Castletown, the garrison for the whole island. The soldiers went to Parsons' church. The Government chaplain, John Howard, was at one time his curate, and preaching rather longer than usual one Sunday morning, Parsons, looking up from the desk to the pulpit, said, "John, John, come to a conclusion; the Governor's dinner is getting cold." The beadle's name was Buchan, and popular rumour fastened upon Parsons the old Joe Miller, that a dog came into the church and yelped while he was reading prayers, "That it may please thee to bless Adelaide the Queen Dowager, the Prince Albert, Buchan put that dog out, and all the Royal Family."

While I was at Castletown there came a new governor —Governor Hope. I was present at his installation in the Castle. In the name of 'Victoria Rex,' silence was commanded; the Governor took his oath that he would administer the law as evenly as the back bone doth lie in the herring.

CHAPTER XIII.

I BECOME A DISSENTER.

I HAD been twelve months at the College, when I suddenly received intelligence that my father was very ill. He had been so displeased with me that I had very seldom gone to Kirk Braddan. I went to see my father, and found him in a very nervous and desponding state. He was not so unwell, however, as to be totally unfit for his duties, and with some assistance from his neighbours he went on. Better, however, he did not become, but his illness was of long duration, and we had no doctor who understood the case, and to this day I do not know what his ailment was. At this period I usually walked home on Saturday evening, and read the lessons in the church on Sunday, walking back to Castletown on Sunday night; but very frequently I went to Kirk Braddan after five in the afternoon and returned on the same night. The distance is nine miles, the double journey eighteen; it generally took me a little under two hours each way.

It was towards the end of 1845 that, as the prospect of ordination drew nearer, I felt strong objections to some part of the Church services. My father cared nothing about confirmation, and so I had not been confirmed. I witnessed the ceremony at Kirk Christ Rushen, and it led me to more reflection. The whole subject of baptism as dealt with by the Church of England

seemed repulsive to me; I could not in my conscience receive it. Here there was more trouble; my father looked forward to my being his curate to help him in his illness, and I felt that I was no Churchman, less and much less a Churchman than he. His own tendency and example had done much to make me revolt; I felt that to be such a Churchman as my father was not fair to the Church any more than to myself. The baptismal service, the burial service, the communion service, the ordination services, the Athanasian Creed, were all stumbling-blocks; and the bishop was a high, stiff Churchman with whom it was impossible for me to agree. The connection of the Church with the State was not one of my difficulties, and indeed I have never seen my way to take such strong ground on the subject as is generally taken by Nonconformists. Still the disruption that had just taken place in Scotland raised the repute of voluntaryism, and induced me towards it, and under the voluntary system a minister could not be much worse off than the Manx clergy in their connection with the State. Broad Churchism had not then made its appearance, or if it had I knew nothing of it. This system, rivalling and surpassing ritualism in its plausible ways of making the Church rules and creeds seem anything you please, might have reconciled me to the whole Prayer-book, but I was a stranger to its subtleties; and as a poor, honest fool, thought that creeds ought to be taken in their plain, grammatical, and natural sense.

Contrary to my expectation, my father seemed rather pleased than otherwise when I told him my state of mind. The bishop, for reasons of some kind, refused to ordain me to be my father's curate, having destined me to be a sort of school-teacher parson at Foxdale Mines, and a schoolmaster parson I would not be. This led my father to approve of my course. He went so far

as to recommend me to join the Nonconformists, and with his entire concurrence, on leaving King William's in May or June 1846, I abandoned the idea of ordination, and wrote to the bishop and archdeacon to that effect. The bishop and archdeacon were in a great rage; angry correspondence passed between us; the archdeacon tried to impress upon me the fact that the bishop was now my father, whom I was bound to obey. I laughed such nonsense to scorn, and again declared that my training for the ministry of the Church had taught me the impossibility of my being an honest member of its communion, and there the matter ended, and I rejoiced to have escaped what seemed to me a galling yoke of bondage.

But now, what was I to do? I take no credit to myself for resolving as I did to die rather than impose myself upon my father's limited resources. One of the College masters had employed me for some months in taking care of the boys who lived in his house. I kept order among them, corrected their exercises, helped them in their studies, and joined in their games. For this I received £10. This money I had carefully saved, and with it I left home in August 1846 to make my way in the world as best I could.

My first thought was to seek work at my old trade of an engineer. On arriving in Liverpool I made inquiry at several engine-shops, but trade was very dull, and I could get nothing to do. I got very down-hearted. The steamship 'President' was then in one of our docks fitting out, and I thought I might get a job as assistant-engineer or even stoker on board of her. I failed, and for once in my life despair took hold upon me, and as I left the ship I had a mind to throw myself into the dock. I am afraid that while high and religious motives were not without their effect upon me, I was deterred from committing 'the rash act,' as the penny-

a-liners call it, by the thought that I should then give occasion to my Church friends to triumph. One of them had already reminded me of the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, when I told him I thought of becoming a dissenting minister. However, the fit of despondency passed off. I thought of my parents, brothers, and sisters. I looked at the few sovereigns still in my possession; I was conscious of great health and strength. I called to mind the manner of men who had overcome greater difficulties than mine, and my courage came back to me. The 'President' went to sea, and was never more heard of; her fate and the fate of all on board are a mystery to this day.

I went to Crewe, where the London and North-Western Railway had by this time built their handsome workshops. I found there some of my old Wolverton acquaintances. I dare say I could have got work at Crewe, but I was strongly advised to go to Manchester and apply to Sharp and Roberts, the great locomotive builders in that town. To Manchester I went, and there met with an old Wolverton mate, Alexander Youlen, who was working at Sharp and Roberts' place. With great kindness Youlen took me to his home, a very humble dwelling in a court off George Street, and there I remained several weeks. Unable to obtain employment through the badness of trade, for 1846 was an awful year, I applied for a place in the Manchester Town Mission: Manchester was not a city then. In this application also I was unsuccessful. Meanwhile my convictions were leading me to become a Baptist. Youlen had become one, and I went with him to his place of worship, a sort of Scotch-Baptist place, or half Plymouth brethren, of which a Manchester merchant, Mr. Brumman, was the head. I resolved to be baptized, but would first go to Stony Stratford to my old friend Mr. Forster. On making my intention known to him,

he was heartily interested. I was for some time his guest; he applied to the Bristol College, and it was arranged that after my baptism I should enter as a student. In the beginning of November I was baptized in Stony Stratford by Mr. Forster, and preached my first sermon, a very poor one, on the evening of the same day.

A day or two afterwards I was summoned home. My father's health had been improving during the autumn; a visit to Ramsey had done him good, and he had quite resumed his duties. But now the sad news had come that my brother Robert, who had gone out to the Bahamas in the spring of the year, had died of yellow fever; while my brother Harry, a lad of thirteen, was dying at home of gastric fever; and my father had been so affected that in his anguish he asked me to return. I went and found Harry a corpse, and the household in great grief. There had been no death in the family for more than twenty years, and when it came, it came with crushing effect. I remained at home a fortnight or more. My father's spirit revived. I drove out every day with him, and told him stories at which he heartily laughed. He resumed his duties; the cloud had blown over; the double affliction was borne by him in a patient and submissive spirit; my father's state of mind was better than I have ever known it.

So things stood, when on Saturday night, Nov. 28th, I again left home, intending to go to Stratford, and remain there until the College at Bristol should re-open after Christmas. It was a dark, cold, wintry night, with heavy snow, as I drove to Douglas with old John McCulloch, the man-servant, who was to take back the phaeton. I went on board the old 'King Orry,' and remembered nothing of the passage save that it was long and dark. I went on the Sunday morning to Great George Street Chapel, and heard for the first

time Dr. Ruffles, who was just then becoming an old man, and whose best days were over. In the evening I took the train to Stratford, arriving next morning. Telegraphic communication was then in its infancy. There was no cable to the Isle of Man ; I think that there was no public telegraphy in England at all ; but the Railway Companies were introducing the wire for their own uses. On the Thursday morning I received a letter that appalled me. My father, made anxious by the weather, had gone out just after I had left, intending to follow me to Douglas, and beg me not to go across to Liverpool on such a horrid night. The man-servant on his return had nearly reached the Vicarage, when the horse shied and would not go on. The object that terrified him proved to be my poor father's corpse lying cold in the snow upon the road. He was soon got home, and all that could be done to revive him was done, but he had been dead more than an hour; my opinion is that it was an apoplectic fit that carried him off. Luckily I saw that there was a steamer from Fleetwood to Douglas on the Friday. Leaving Stratford on Thursday afternoon, I got to Fleetwood in time, and was at the Vicarage on the Friday evening. We were all utterly stunned by the disaster. The funeral took place on the next day, and then we began to reflect on our position. My father had not insured his life; he left nothing but a little ready money, perhaps £100, but happily he did not die in debt. We knew that we should have to leave the Vicarage in the course of two or three months. We were eight in number—my mother; myself ; my brother Will, then serving his apprenticeship as a sailor, and far away in the Pacific Ocean ; my brother Tom, sixteen years old; Alfred, seven years; and my three sisters, Dora, Margaret, and Harriet, aged respectively seventeen, twelve, and ten. We had £100, and the poor furniture in the house, and none of us was earning or, myself

excepted, could earn a shilling. What was now to be done? My mother's sister, Miss Thomson, had a little income of her own. It was proposed that she should live with my mother. The parishioners raised a sum of between £300 and £400 for our help; my mother and her children, while under age, were claimants for certain clergy charities. Altogether, perhaps £120 a year might be reckoned upon. With such prospects we entered upon the year 1847, and early in that year my mother removed to Castletown.

As for me, the scheme of going to Bristol was knocked on the head, and never had I been more at a loss to know what course to steer. I had become a Baptist, but with the exception of Forster of Stratford did not know a member of the denomination. I was a total stranger to all the Baptist churches, save that of which I had been two months a member.

CHAPTER XIV.

I AM INVITED TO LIVERPOOL.

THE Independent Church in Douglas was in low water. The minister, Mr. Harrison, asked me to lend him a hand, and I did so for some half-dozen Sunday evenings. The chapel was crowded, and I began to feel that I could preach. In the north end of Douglas there was a small Methodist chapel which had been closed, and was to be let or sold. A few friends rallied round me, and we began to negotiate for the empty chapel. It was in the month of March; I was just about to complete an agreement with the trustees, when I received a letter which entirely altered my course, and brought me to Liverpool, where I have lived and laboured ever since.

On a dark and stormy night in the month of March, 1847, I crossed from my native town of Douglas in the Isle of Man to Liverpool. I had received an invitation to preach in Myrtle Street Chapel on the following Sunday. The letter conveying that invitation was written by a gentleman whom I did not know then but whom it was afterwards my happiness to know for many years, and whom I shall often have occasion to mention in this narrative. I need indeed scarcely say that any account of my life and work in Liverpool, associated as it must be with the history of Myrtle Street Church, would be very incomplete without more

than one allusion to my recently departed friend, Mr. Godfrey. I say I did not know him when I received that letter; to the best of my recollection I did not know any person in this town. I had often passed through Liverpool, but was not at all acquainted with it; I did not know of the existence of Myrtle Street Chapel, or of Myrtle Street itself; I had never heard of any Baptist chapel in the town. I remember that some years previous to the time I am now writing about, I was walking with a brother of mine, who then lived in Liverpool, who was a very devoted young Tory and Churchman, and a member of the Protestant Association, when we passed a building then quite new, which years afterwards I learned was Pembroke Chapel. Struck with the handsome appearance of the edifice, I asked my brother what it was, to which he replied, "Oh! it's only some horrid schism shop." That was almost the extent of my acquaintance with Liverpool, with of course some knowledge of the name of Dr. Raffles when I received the invitation to preach there. On that day, the 27th of March, 1847, I came to Liverpool a total stranger!

I was a stranger not only to the Baptists of Liverpool, but to almost all Baptists anywhere. I had been a member of the denomination for no more than twelve or thirteen weeks, and the only Baptist minister whom I knew was Mr. Forster, then of Stony Stratford in Buckinghamshire, and now of Hereford, who baptized me, and whose church I joined, I think, in the month of December, 1846. Him I knew, and one or two of his friends I knew, but that was the extent of my acquaintance with the Baptist body, when to my astonishment I received that letter signed by G. Godfrey, Surgeon, Liverpool. I called upon that good man in due time; he was the first member of my congregation I saw, and a favourable specimen, as many can testify. After

entering into some explanations, and giving me to understand that they were wanting a pastor, he asked to be excused for telling me that I had been asked only as a supply, but that as to anything further of course he could not say. After more such information and explanation he proposed to accompany me to the place, that I might see it before having to preach in it. Now I, poor creature, had never, to my knowledge, seen any Baptist chapel save that at Stony Stratford, which is as proper an old barn of a place as ever was devoted to Christian worship. Judge then of my surprise when, as we reached the top of Hardman Street, my new acquaintance said, "There, sir, that's our chapel." I think if there had been a steamer that day bound for Douglas, I should have returned, even had it been through the fiercest storm that ever swept the Irish Sea. The idea of my preaching in such a place was almost too much for me. But when we had got the keys from our chapel-keeper, the inner glories of the place appeared to my rustic gaze something overpowering; and when at my good friend's suggestion I walked up the pulpit-stairs and looked around me, I was almost stunned. For the information of my younger friends I ought to say that the chapel was then very different from what it is now; it was, I think I must admit, much handsomer. That I have spoiled it I frankly own. Yet even then my imprudent eye detected one contrivance that was not beautiful—the chandeliers that hung from the ceiling. Those who never saw them have reason to be thankful that they have been spared the sight of one form of ugliness which it would be hard to equal. Those chandeliers were like nothing else in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. I do not know to whose singular genius the chapel was indebted for them. How shall I describe them? Nay, they are indescribable. Had one of them been hung

outside the chapel I don't believe that any horse in Liverpool could have been persuaded to approach within a hundred yards of it. I will only say that one of them, the central one, weighed, I believe, a couple of tons. It was made fast to a windlass in the garret, and people who were rather nervous, and had a regard for their safety, very properly declined to sit beneath it, for had the chain snapped, it would have crushed through people, pews and floor, not stopping until it had buried its victims in earth. Another of these monsters not quite so heavy was hung right over the pulpit, and although I am not a particularly nervous man, I preached for years with the unpleasant thought that my life hung by a rapidly-rusting chain, and that one day I might be jammed into a mince-pie in the pulpit, in the very sight of a terrified and mourning congregation.

Now if I must tell you frankly what I felt as I looked round the place standing in the pulpit that morning; I felt deeply thankful that I was asked merely as a supply; that I was not to be in the responsible, and, as I then felt for me, utterly ridiculous position of a candidate for such a pulpit. And I afterwards had reason to be thankful that such were my feelings. I preached badly enough, I know, but my preaching would have been a good deal worse if I had had the slightest idea that I was anything but a sort of make-shift or stopgap. Believing that I was only this, I felt that no one would care much to criticise my appearance, my manner, or my discourses; I should be heard and forgotten; no opinions would be formed either one way or the other, and there the matter would end. At all events I can most truthfully say, that when I stood in that pulpit, the idea of my ever being the minister of Myrtle Street Chapel did not cross my mind, and had it been suggested to me I should have dismissed it as a wild and foolish dream.

The Sunday came, a most eventful Sunday; but happily, I did not know how eventful it was likely to be. I do not take credit to myself for great humility, I only take credit for a moderate amount of common sense; but having only just begun to preach, and being a total stranger to almost the whole denomination, it was a most unlikely thing that I should forthwith be regarded as even a candidate for the pastorship. And in this spirit, willing to do my duty, but really very little concerned whether I gave satisfaction or not, I went to Myrtle Street Chapel on that Sunday morning. I had preached about a dozen sermons, certainly not more; out of that dozen there were not more than four that I could dare to preach again. There was one, however, which, let me confess it, I was weak enough to regard as a remarkable performance, and a remarkable performance indeed it was. I then thought it by far the best in my slender stock; I have since thought that it must really have been the worst. I wonder it was not my ruin, for there were faults in it numerous enough, glaring enough, and bad enough to destroy any young man's prospects in the ministry. There might be between four hundred and five hundred people in the chapel that morning; I do not think more, for the chapel would hold a thousand people. The weather was cold and damp, and an altogether unknown person of the name of Brown was to occupy the pulpit. Half-full the chapel might be or thereabouts, and there was I, a pale, thin, rawboned youth, and less regardful of my personal get-up than I am now, and that is saying a great deal.

If I had had any idea that any pew in that assembly was watching with a critical eye, and listening with a critical ear, having in view ideas of the choice of a pastor, I should have trembled like a leaf, and been so afraid of making mistakes that I should have made nothing else; but though I was not very happy, I was

composed and cool, sustained by the firm belief that I was there only for the day. I had committed well to memory my puerile sermon, which, as I have said, was enough to extinguish a man. Somehow or other I have preserved it, though it ought to have been destroyed long ago; but it has escaped the flames which have consumed many hundreds of my discourses, and I found it the other day in looking up some old papers. With the ambition that is distinctive of young preachers I had chosen a great and glorious text, one from which I should now almost shrink with a deep feeling of inability to treat it as it ought to be treated. But to a young preacher nothing is too great, too difficult, too mysterious, or too sublime. I took for my text the solemn words uttered by our Lord on the Cross, "It is finished." Perhaps in point of doctrine the sermon was not so bad. But oh, the attempts to be eloquent, grand, impressive, powerful, the figures of speech, the rhetorical flourishes! I think that I have some credit now for a plain and homely style; there was little sign or promise of it then. Imagine me now in such a lofty style as this. Addressing the stars, I said: "Are there no mysteries among you, ye stars of night? Have ye no inhabitants who are the object of a Creator's love? Wherefore, then, do ye hang upon His arm and roll around His feet? Wherefore do ye raise your useless heads above the waves of space like fishes wandering in the Arctic Sea?" And then addressing Death, I cried out: "No, Death, thou hast conquered one world, but think not to stretch thy sceptre beyond its boundaries; think not to speed thee on thy blackening wings to fairer worlds on high; think not to scatter thy poisonous darts among the hosts of heaven!" And then I asked these interesting questions about the world: "Wherefore was this den of traitors suffered to continue in existence? Wherefore was not this world driven from the universe,

and sent reeking into some region of the illimitable void, and doomed to wander for ever in the realms of blackest night?" But, perhaps, the climax of the sublime was reached when I exclaimed: "Oh, how would Satan have exulted had he beheld the forceps of God's wrath grasping the world by its poles and hurling it into hell!" Then by a wonderful change of metaphor I said: "No, Satan, thou hast wrecked this world upon the rocks of sin, but thou shalt not drown its people in the gurgling waters of eternal death." And again changing the metaphor, but still addressing my old enemy, I said: "Yes, thou who art as a young lion, thy prey is groaning in thy teeth; yes, here cometh the second Daniel who shall deliver the sheep which thou hast seized." I had not been preaching five weeks before all this awful nonsense had escaped these foolish and inexperienced lips. There was, of course, a peroration of corresponding brilliancy. "It is finished; blessed proclamation: earth listened to the sound, and trembled while it listened! Heaven heard the all-potent words, and gathered up its clouds and looked cheerfully on the earth again, and the clouds rolled themselves away like the smoke of battle when the fight is ended! It struck on Satan's ear" (you see I could not leave him alone), "it struck on Satan's ear, and he turned pale to hear a voice laden with the destruction of his power. It ran through the armies of the angels, and a shout of victory rang through the courts of heaven, and was answered by deep groans from hell!" And so with a cordial invitation to the morning stars to sing together, and to the sons of God to shout for joy, this brilliant discourse was brought to an end.

Well, I had made a great fool of myself, but the fact was mercifully hidden from me. How shall I ever sufficiently admire or be sufficiently grateful for the patience and forbearance of such veterans as Mr.

Godfrey, Mr. Pearce, and Mr. A. Brown! Why, I do believe that one of them actually thanked me for that stuff, not, I am very sure, because they could in the least admire it, but because with the courtesy which always distinguished them, they were loth to hurt my feelings. But I think that on that day at many a dinner-table I must have been—I deserved to be—the object of unsparing ridicule and convulsive laughter. Indeed I remember being a little disturbed during the service by seeing one gentleman holding his hand over his mouth, unable to keep a grave face. He told me afterwards—a long time afterwards though—that my impression was correct; he could stand a good deal, but the forceps grasping the globe by the poles was too much for him, and fairly bowled him over. I have often wondered since that the chapel was not all on a titter, nay that there were not even bursts of laughter. The most gentlemanly man might, I think, be fairly excused if the screaming apostrophes which I addressed to the stars, the angels, and death, had made him roar!

Was it then on the strength of the impression produced by that discourse that I was ultimately chosen for the pastorate? No; let me rescue the Church from the suspicion of having acted in a manner so idiotic. I preached on the evening of that day. Perhaps the effort of the morning had tamed me and cooled me down; at all events I was calmer and more sensible, although I preached on a text which quite as much as the other invited me to indulge in my propensity for the sublimely ridiculous and the ridiculously sublime.

But the discourse, so far as I can remember, for I have lost it, was not so skiey nor so starry as the other, and on that account was, I hope, rather better liked. And now, as I have made a very frank confession of my foolishness, allow me to say this also, that although I did not think my sermons mere rant or rubbish, still I was not

proud of them. I did not think that I had played the fool, neither did I think that I had done any great thing. I was neither ashamed nor vain at the thought of my performance, but I do remember most acutely feeling, all through the day, that I was utterly unequal to the task of preaching as the hearers of good old Mr. Lister ought to have been preached to, and nothing surprised me more than when at the end of the evening service I was asked to preach again on the following Sunday. To the credit of the deacons be it understood, that the invitation was given not because I had acquitted myself to their satisfaction, but because the gentleman who had been expected had written to say that he could not come. I rather think the gentleman was Mr. Tucker, then of Manchester, and to his sore throat I was indebted for another chance. I suppose that on the second Sunday I got on rather better. By that time too I had made the acquaintance of several members of the congregation, and had received much kindness from them in their hospitable homes, whereby I ventured to hope, but very faintly, that I might become a candidate for the pastorship of the church.

Four months afterwards I received a letter from my old friend Mr. Godfrey, stating that the Church had agreed to invite me upon a three months' probation. Mr. Godfrey informed me how glad he was that no opposition had been raised, that the resolution had been carried quietly and silently. It was not a very enthusiastic vote of invitation. However, after thinking matters over, I resolved to accept it, and accordingly in the month of August 1847 I entered on my trial. The three months soon passed by, and then came the great question of election to the pastorate, which was settled in November by a resolution, not unanimous, which asked me to accept the responsible post. There was, however, a minority in opposition, and I have always

been thankful that there was. It made me humbler, more careful, more industrious than I should otherwise have been. And those of my friends who were in the majority on that occasion will, I am sure, allow me to say that the minority, if small in number, included men who were by no means to be despised. It included two of the deacons of the Church, both of them very worthy men, one of them, I say it with no prejudice to the other, a remarkably energetic, intelligent, and able man. With very few exceptions the minority remained with us; one or two of those who left, in the course of time returned, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that energetic, intelligent, and able man, who had resigned his deaconship, re-elected to that office, and honourably and usefully fulfilling its duties until his deeply lamented death. Almost without exception the members of that minority became very steadfast friends of mine, and there are few facts in the course of my ministry that I can look upon with greater pleasure than that which I feel when I think of this.

With thankfulness and joy I accepted the invitation. One of the greatest questions of my life was settled. Perhaps it was a bold and daring thing to do, but twelve months after joining the denomination, still almost a total stranger to district and members; at the age of twenty-three, without any experience in pastoral work, with very little experience in preaching, with a very slender amount of knowledge, with about five-and-twenty volumes in a box as my library, with hardly any acquaintance with the world, to have either the courage or the audacity to take the prominent post in this great scene and centre of commercial life! My probation closed with the baptism of twelve candidates, among whom was our excellent friend Mr. Mounsey, a man of whom any Church would have reason to be proud, and who has from that day to this served the Church

HUGH STOWELL BROWN

AT THE AGE OF 24.

with a devotion, a fidelity, a common sense, and a practical efficiency that could not be surpassed, and are very seldom equalled.

Some idea of my personal appearance at the time of my becoming minister of Myrtle Street Church may be formed from a small daguerreotype taken at the time by Mr. Lee, the first person who set up in business as a photographer, which art was then in its earliest infancy.

CHAPTER XV.

MY CHURCH.

So far I have said a great deal about myself, perhaps a great deal too much. With great pleasure I turn to matters that will not be so egotistical. The Church in Myrtle Street was founded, I believe, in the last year of the last century; worshipping for a short time, first of all, in a room that still exists in Church Lane, Church Street. They then built a chapel in Lime Street, and the good folk worshipped in that building until 1834, when they removed to Myrtle Street. Mr. Lister, succeeding Mr. Aitken, became the pastor of the Church in the year 1803, and laboured for nearly four and forty years. Few churches have seen fewer changes in its ministry, a fact which, if it speaks well for the pastors, speaks equally well for the people themselves; it shows that they have not been fickle, but that they have been very patient, forbearing, steadfast, and friendly. The Church when I assumed the pastorate consisted of exactly 241 persons, my own name being the last but one upon the list of these 241. There yet remain more perhaps than you will suppose after a lapse of twenty years; 75 are still with us; of the other 166 death has removed the greater part, and most of the remainder have been dismissed to other churches.* Of those who then formed the Church I must first mention my worthy

* These sentences were written in 1868.

predecessor, Mr. Lister. When I came to Liverpool he was not a very old man, not more than sixty-eight, but he looked more like eighty-eight. He was, I think, about the sparest man I ever knew, little more than a skeleton. He had been all his life a most abstemious person, a man of very early habits, who retired to rest before nine in the evening, and at five in the morning was to be found in his study. He was a hard headed Scotchman; a man of well stored mind; an excellent Hebrew scholar; a sound, sensible, plain, and practical preacher of the gospel; a laborious and conscientious pastor; a man of irreproachable character; a gentleman of the old school; and much loved and honoured by his people;—but I think I may add that many of them, while they loved and honoured him, were rather afraid of him too, for he could be pretty stern at times. For the long period of forty-four years, within a few months, Mr. Lister performed the duties of his office, until finding the burden too great for his diminished strength, he resigned his charge in March 1847. After a little rest, he so far recovered as to be able to undertake ministerial work for a short time, until renewed prostration compelled him to desist. He lived until November 1851, and then on a Sunday morning, I believe at the very moment when we were commending his departing soul to God, he was removed to a better world. Mr. Lister was supposed to be rather hard upon young ministers. He always dealt with me very kindly. On one occasion when some matters of business led me to call at his house at half-past eight in the evening, he rather warmly reproved me for disturbing him at that late hour of the night. On another occasion he thought I was not quite sound in doctrine; on another he expostulated with me on the impropriety of some expression I had used in a sermon. My only regret is that he let me off so easily. I should have been more pleased if he

had more freely dissected in my presence and hearing a good many of my sayings and doings. Few old ministers are so lenient and tolerant towards their young successors as good old Mr. Lister was towards me.

Fifty-two years within a few weeks have elapsed since our Sunday School was founded in Lime Street Chapel. This fact, deemed to be of such importance to the Church, does not seem to have been thought worthy of being recorded in the Church-books. There is not the slightest allusion to it. However, eighteen gentlemen and ten ladies volunteered their services as teachers. Among them I perceive names still well known to us. I do not know that any of these first teachers now survive, with just one exception, Mr. Thos. Turner. But we have in the list a Rushton, a Slater, a Gibson, and two Mounseys. The children in attendance numbered fifty-four. Taking our branch schools into account it is now reckoned that we have fifteen times that number of children and young persons in attendance, while the teachers are six times as numerous as they were when the school began its career. It is curiously illustrative of the change of custom that in our first Sunday School treats, given more than forty years ago, the children were regaled with cake and wine.

In one respect the alterations made in 1859 placed us at a disadvantage. They robbed us of our old Lecture Hall, or at all events left it the dark and useless place that it now is. We must lecture now where we hold our prayer meetings. And I am bound to say that our prayer meetings were more numerously attended twenty years ago and fifteen years ago than they are now. The Church has nearly trebled in members, the congregation is fourfold what it was; but the prayer meeting, to say the very most we can for it, is not at all larger than in those days. Though this fact is not encouraging, I am not disposed to regard it as so discouraging as at

first sight it seems to be. Twenty years ago the practice of having one a week was not so general as it is now; the town itself did not spread over so vast a space; comparatively few dwelt at a distance of more than a mile from the chapel. The centrifugal force has become so great, and dissenters have got on so well in the world, that I could speak of many who once lived within ten minutes' walk of the chapel who now reside far off in the suburbs. But there are other reasons for the comparatively stationary character of the attendance at prayer meeting. In those days there were fewer public meetings in aid of religious objects; some forms of Christian philanthropy were almost in their infancy. Ragged Schools were only commencing. And now when I think of the number of my friends who in Ragged Schools, evening classes, cottage meetings, and even in home visitation, spend so much of their leisure time, I am not surprised that the prayer meeting is not more numerously attended than it was, though I should rejoice to see a larger number than we generally do see. I cannot but think that in some respects the prayer meeting is improved. I can remember when two prayers pretty well filled up the time. We had among us some worthy old men who were always present, and who were at any time good for twenty-five minutes apiece. One of my good old friends, peace be to his memory! once prayed that I might be in the hands of the Lord what the jawbone was in the hands of Samson, which, considering of what creature the jawbone had been a part, was a hit at my plain speaking.

We had among us some rather singular characters. One old gentleman not remarkable for generosity thought that I preached a great deal more to sinners than to saints, and on one Sunday morning after the service he came into the vestry and told me that he did not pay his pew-rent to listen to sermons addressed to the

unconverted. Another, feeling himself near death, and knowing that the end of the quarter was near, wrote to our treasurer that as he did not expect to live more than a few weeks, he should give up his pew. There was not a better person in the Church than old Mrs. ——; those who knew her will never forget her. I believe she was sometimes prone to rebuke Christian teachers for wearing jewellery or going in anything like sumptuous attire. She was thorough-going in her sentiments; she would not hesitate to declare Moses a good-for-nothing old tyrant, and I have heard her say that "If he came into this house with his yoke of bondage, I should say to him, 'Get out of this; who sent you here?—you are not my master.'" And then she would clench her hand, stamp her foot, and storm until half the street was roused as she abused Moses, and told him to be off about his business. And yet, notwithstanding these occasional extravagances, a more thorough godly woman it would be hard to find. I believe that poor old woman worked like a slave, and literally lived on bread and water for twelve years that she might pay some debts that her husband had contracted, and she did it, and to the last would have scorned to receive a shilling in the form of charity. I once hinted such a thing, and I thought she would have served me as she threatened to serve Moses. She once gave me a very good lesson when she came to my house one Sunday afternoon to say there was a word in my sermon she could not understand. As far as she could remember it was the word "locality," and she wanted me to explain it. For me there was a world of meaning in that fact. It enforced upon me the importance of using as far as possible words that everybody can understand, and cannot but understand. I know I fall very short of this state of perfection still; but you do not know, I hardly know myself, how much my style of

discourse, if at all plain and clear, owes its plainness and its clearness to poor old Mrs. B—— finding herself unable to make out the meaning of that word "locality." What can poor folk make of preaching when men preach as I have heard of one who began his discourse by saying that "The executive power of mankind is not always equal to the volitional impulses?" She died, and as her husband said, she was buried in the most comfortable grave in the Necropolis.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES.

BUT now to return to matters connected with my ministry. Very shortly after my settlement there was an encouraging increase in the congregation. In the first year of my ministry we added twenty-eight to the Church; in the second year, thirty-one; in the third, thirty-seven; and in the fourth, forty-two. The congregation grew until we had to regard that place as too small for us, and so in the fourth year of my ministry we accumulated our funds and spoiled our chapel by the erection of side-galleries at a cost of £400. In one respect, however, the chapel was improved, for we took down the hideous chandeliers and substituted the sun-burners. What became of those abominable masses of cast iron I scarcely know; it was proposed to sell them, but I think we had to pay some one to take them away, and so they were got rid of. With the chapel so altered, we went on comfortably for eight years, during which period 260 persons were added to the Church.

It was also during this period that I entered on my Sunday afternoon series at the Concert Hall. I was not the originator of this movement; the first idea of holding such series of lectures was struck out by my good deacon, Mr. Nathaniel Caine. Nothing is more common than a dispute as to the origin of an innovation, and I am inclined to think that when a want is felt for

such a thing, that some method of supplying it often occurs to more persons than one at or almost the same time. Whether my friend Mr. Caine was, or was not, actually the first to hit upon the idea, this is certain—that he was the first to give substance and shape to the scheme for a series of special services for working men. He was much more enthusiastic about it than myself. In fact, he instituted the services; and in a short time, all over the country, such services were held in halls and in theatres, and even in the great cathedrals, which had been all but closed in the evenings; not the choir only, but the many-pillared naves and aisles were crowded with hearers. My own part of the work was mainly this. On Sunday afternoon, May 1st, 1854, I went and met a few people in the lower room of the Concert Hall, and on that and several subsequent Sundays spoke of the Great Teacher and what He taught. The attendance grew larger and the weather warmer, so we went upstairs, and gradually the Hall became crowded. I did some rather stiff work at that period; once in particular, when the horror caused by the crimes of Palmer the poisoner culminated in the wretched man's execution. After my morning's service at the chapel I spoke on the subject first in a theatre which then existed in Parliament Street, afterwards repeated the lecture in the Concert Hall, and then went through my work here again in the evening. Of all these Sunday afternoon lectures I have reason to believe that by far the most popular was that entitled "Five shillings and costs." I endeavoured as far as possible to indicate the subject matter of each lecture by a telling title. These are some of them: "Napoleon's Book of Fate," "Poor Richard's Almanack," "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," "Taking care of Number One," "Turning over a New Leaf," "The Devil's Meal is all Bran," "The Street," "All Right," "The Seventh Commandment,"

"The Battle of Life," "The Battle of Death," "The Fustian Jacket," "The Bible," "Saturday Night," "The Lord's Prayer," "Stop Thief," "A Lion in the Way," "Almost a Christian," "Altogether a Christian," "Conscience," "I'll have my Revenge," "The English of it," "I don't care," "I can't help it," "Luck," "Never Despair," "Pluck," "Move on," "Keep to the Right," "The Cross," etc., etc. Many were the letters I received about these lectures; some of compliment, more of complaint, some thanking me, many growling at me and abusing me. One asked me to lecture on the soul and body destroying effects of tobacco; another begged me to warn all men to have nothing to do with municipal elections; another correspondent told me that he had broken down in trade, and hoped I would make a collection for him on the next Sunday. A draper's assistant wanted me to lecture on the swindling practices which he assured me prevailed in all drapers' shops, and on which he offered to post me up, at the same time frankly owning that he had been engaged in such practices for many years himself. Some told me to shut up and not make a fool of myself any longer; some complained that I did not lecture more frequently; some thought there was no gospel in my lectures; others that there was too much. One wrote to tell me that he very much wished to hear me, but he wanted first to know whether I was a teetotaler, because he could not conscientiously listen to any public speaker who tasted, touched, or handled liquid fire and distilled damnation. Sometimes, however, as I have said, I was complimented. One good old lady told me to my face, and told me, good old soul, in the firm belief that she was saying something to my praise, that my lectures were so successful because I was not a clerical man. "You would not do half so much good," said she, "if you used better language."

Another result of the lectures was that I got a most alarming reputation for philanthropy. One man wrote and asked for help on this singular ground. "Sir, feeling assured that you are a lover of your specie." I confess that I was too great a lover of my specie to let him have a shilling of it. Another informed me that he had heard me at the Concert Hall speak of the good Samaritan, that he wanted to go to America, that he had no money, that it was much more comfortable to go by a steamer than by a sailing-vessel, that the passage would be fifteen pounds, that I could remit this amount by post-office order, and that if he did not receive it by the next Friday he should consider I was as big a humbug as the priest in the parable, who passed by on the other side—I passed by, all the same! I might give many more instances of this sort. I carried on these lectures, chiefly in the winter and spring months, for almost seven years; and I have reason to think they did some good in themselves, and that they set an example to many other ministers, who, adopting more or less of my method, addressed the working men in many of our English towns. I gave the lectures up, because I felt that in addition to my other work they were rather more than I ought to undertake, though one of my Concert Hall hearers, vexed at my giving up the work, wrote to the effect that it was all confounded nonsense for me to pretend that I had not time, for everybody knew perfectly well that I had nothing else to do, and he supposed I had got tired because people did not pay for admission. I was just like other hirelings; he had thought I was above such things, but now he saw very plainly that I was a greedy, self-seeking fellow like all the rest of my cloth. However, I did not entirely abandon my old practice of delivering addresses to the working-people, for I had the pleasure in the summer of speaking to

audiences in the open air, after the Sunday evening service in the chapel, and generally had a congregation of from 3000 to 4000 persons, who listened with the most patient and respectful attention. Yet my opinions in regard to such services have undergone a considerable change. I do think it far better that the rich and poor should meet together in the House of the Lord, than that we should even seem to encourage their separation by holding special services for the working men in halls, theatres, and the like. What I am much more desirous of effecting is this—to offer every encouragement and facility for the attendance of all classes at our places of worship, to adapt our services to working men in so far as they need such adaptation, and to lead them to feel that they really are all welcome to God's House. Churches and chapels filled with people of all classes, and wherein distinctions of social rank should be all forgotten, would be far better than churches and chapels half filled with the wealthier sort, and halls and theatres crowded with the working people.

I for one have no reason to complain of working men keeping aloof from religious ordinances. I think we have pretty nearly, if not quite, a thousand of them in constant and devout attendance upon the means of grace at Myrtle Street Chapel. I do not, however, know how far my lectures on Sunday afternoon may have contributed to this.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WORKMAN'S BANK.

ONE of the most satisfactory steps that my Church has taken has been the establishment of our workman's bank, with the full concurrence and under the patronage of some of the most experienced and careful men among us. The Institution was formed in the year 1861, and since that period nearly 3000 persons have become depositors. There has been entrusted to us an aggregate sum of £80,000 of the working people's money, because I may say that with few exceptions our deposits belong to the working classes. And here perhaps I may be justified in identifying one result of my Concert Hall lectures. I think that in some measure, and a considerable measure, the working men, in so far as they have made this bank the depository of their savings, have done so through the knowledge which they and I got of one another, and the good understanding established between us on those Sunday afternoons; and I cannot but believe that the habits of saving which have thus been fostered, have been the salvation of hundreds from intemperance, from poverty, and from degradation. I think that our depositors were to a large extent composed of the very choicest of the working people, because I have observed that however bad the times may be, the amount of money paid in is very little less, and the amount withdrawn very little more, than

usual. I believe I am justified in saying that that institution, and all institutions of that sort, ought to be conducted with the utmost care and with all the precautions and the safeguards that are practicable. I hope that such may always be the character of its management. It is a great satisfaction to me to feel that we have so far secured the confidence of a very large number of working people. We have had two runs upon the bank. When Barned's Bank failed one depositor ran upon us and demanded the ten shillings we owed him; and when the Royal Bank broke up we had to stand the rush upon us of another fifteen shillings. This, I understand, is the extent to which our institution has been viewed with diminished confidence during the recent terrible times. It is satisfactory to be so confided in, and although I am myself neither director, trustee, or official of any sort, there is nothing in connection with the place that I am more anxious to maintain than the perfect safety of all money that may be entrusted to our care. All that any of us desired was to foster habits of thrift and economy, and with very little idea that the concern would ever become what it is; expecting, or rather hoping, that perhaps two or three hundred of the working people would be encouraged to save something out of their earnings, we ventured upon this step, and I hope above all things, that we shall never see reason to regret having done so. I am sure that it is in good hands now; may it always continue in hands equally as good as long as it continues to exist.*

* The establishment and extension of the Post Office Savings' Bank finally led to the winding up of the Workman's Bank.—ED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH.

OUR Church has enjoyed an almost uninterrupted peace. On one or two occasions differences have arisen, and brethren whom we honoured, and whom we honour still, in the unquestioned exercise of their rights as members of the Church, expressed dissatisfaction, and in some cases withdrew from us. But I believe that whatever unhappy feeling existed at the time, it has entirely subsided, and the brethren who found themselves in a minority, had far too much of a Christian and a manly spirit not to accept the decision that was adverse to them. Much is often said about the difficulty, not to say the impracticability, of a congregational form of Church policy and government; and there have been in our Churches disturbances calculated to bring our system into discredit. It is with a peculiar satisfaction that, looking back upon these many years, during the whole of which time any one of from three hundred to six hundred persons has once every month been at perfect liberty to propose anything, or to oppose anything, there has scarcely been a single instance in which at a Church meeting one unkind word has been uttered, or one transaction of an unbecoming character has taken place. I cannot suppose that in any Church, of however hierarchical a constitution, and with however rigorous a rule, there has been more peace,

or a more peaceable or more gentlemanly settlement of disputed points, than in this thoroughly republican institution—our Myrtle Street Chapel. I might speak of churches which are supposed to have for everything the authority of law and the control of the executive of the country. I might speak of these churches carrying their disputed questions into the Law Courts; I might speak of scenes violent and disgraceful which have taken place in their services. I once myself saw a man in one of the churches at a Sunday evening service tear the vestments off the back of the officiating priest, and stand in his dirty boots upon the communion-table, giving out the hundredth psalm to the three hundred ruffians of whom he was the leader, and who were all the time roaring and swearing that they would revive the purity of their Protestant Church. But I say no more, excepting this, that if such things had occurred here; if the deacons, who are also our churchwardens, had locked up the chapel, and I had got a blacksmith to break it open; if some members of the congregation, not agreeing with my doctrine, had hissed and hooted and groaned all through the service; if we had been obliged to call in forty policemen to drive our rowdies out of the place; if those of our congregation, and there are or have been some, who disapproved of instrumental music, had smashed the organ; or if I, quarrelling with our worthy organist, Mr. Sanders, had attacked him, and been brought before Mr. Raffles for a breach of the peace;—if any such things had occurred here, we should never have heard the last of them, and the facts would have been adduced as demonstrative of the undesirableness of congregational policy! But with pleasure, and I could almost say with pride, I find that in so many years of perfect freedom on the part of some hundreds of persons to speak and to act, this liberty has hardly ever been abused, and there is hardly

word or deed of which any of us have reason to be ashamed, or which needs the slightest apology. "Let all things be done to edification; let all things be done decently, and in order." These only were the standards of the Primitive Church; this is our ritualism, and we have, I think, been faithful to it. I wish I could say more of the liberality which as a congregation we have manifested, for I must bear the burden, whatever it be, of the proverb, "Like priest, like people." After so many years of ministration here, the congregation worshipping within these walls must be in this, as in many other matters, to a great extent what I have taught and trained them to be. But I am not ashamed of the results. Without a penny of endowment, or of public help in any shape, this congregation has cheerfully sustained its own religious ordinances; it has built and kept in repair a large and worthy edifice; it has found the pastor, and paid him well; the Church has made provision for its own poor members, and never suffered them to sink into a state of abject want, and in this way I have no doubt that the ratepayers of Liverpool have been saved during these many years some thousands of pounds. Whatever has been needed to carry on our Sunday and Ragged Schools, our many Mission Halls, our Bible Women's Union, and other institutions connected with the place, has been promptly supplied. We have done something for missions both at home and abroad; we have not been unmindful of the charities of our own town. I reckon that, apart from what has been given by members of the congregation as subscribers to various philanthropic institutions, the congregation has always given in charity an average of £1000 a year, and I do not think it was ever doing more useful work of Christian kindness than it is doing now. It is one of the greatest satisfactions of my life that when I have any charitable object in view I have

only to appeal to my hearers, and there is a cheerful and in many instances a large response, which usually consists not of a few very great gifts, but of gifts fairly proportional to the circumstances of the givers.

Side by side with this substantial help rendered to charities, and distributed to a great number and variety of those institutions which are the glory of our country, I am happy to be able to place a large amount of earnest Christian work. I ought to be the most zealous man among this people. I do not know if I am. Many of my friends set me quite as good an example as I set them. There are perhaps two hundred men and women upon whose cordial and constant and hard-working co-operation I can depend; and not only so, their zeal is a stimulus to my own, and I feel that were I removed the work would still go on. I may have had something to do with setting these forces for good into motion, and with regulating and directing their movements, but I am not the moving power; and my power, as I firmly believe, is the Spirit of God enlightening the minds and influencing the hearts of my friends around me. Many of the best modes of usefulness among us have been suggested, not by me, but by them. I have given credit to Mr. Caine for originating the Concert Hall services. I believe Mr. Mounsey ought to have the credit of originating our Workman's Bank. It was not I, but Mr. Isaac Miller, who urged that some of us should go and speak a few words of cheer and comfort to the poor, jaded, footsore tramps at the Workhouse Sheds. To my glad surprise I discovered that some of my friends had been doing noble work without any hint from me! As long as I may be permitted to cherish the hope that such manifold manifestations of Christian activity are in some measure the results of my teaching I am thankful, and feel that I have not lived in vain. Of course these years have been to me a season of much study of Christianity,

and much observation of its effects. In saying this I am taking no credit to myself. It would simply be disgraceful to me if that time I have been reviewing had not been spent by me very largely in such occupations, and I beg to state most earnestly that the result of this study and observation is, that I am far more than ever convinced of the truth, the glory, and the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It has been a time of great intellectual activity in this and in other parts of the world; of intellectual activity directed very much to questions relating to the nature of the evidences of the Christian religion; some of the ablest works in existence on both sides, and on all sides, of these questions having either been produced during this period, or have during this period become widely known. When I think of the works of Alford, of Stanley, of Robertson, of Mansell, of French, of Conybeare, of Howson, of Elliott, of Ellicott, of Donaldson, of Robinson, of Bucknell, of Maurice, of Kingsley, of Hare, of Buckle, Lecky, Renan, and Colenso; when I think of "Ecce Homo," "The Essays and Reviews," Kitto's "Biblical Encyclopædia," Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," and of the many great German works which the Messrs. Clark have given us in an English form, I cannot but feel that these last twenty or thirty years have been a time of most intense thought upon all religious subjects.

I hope that I have tried to do justice to truth, to myself, and to my friends by a careful, honest, unprejudiced perusal of such of these works as I have been able to obtain. This I can truly say, that such of these works as have been written, if not in the interests of scepticism, yet certainly from a sceptical point of view, and in a sceptical spirit, do not seem to me to have shaken in the least any of the grand principles of the Gospel of Christ, while such of them as have been written in the interests of Christianity have thrown

glorious light upon Scripture, cleared up my obscurities, removed my difficulties, answered my objections, and caused the character, life, and work of Christ to appear nobler, more beautiful, and more precious than ever! And so, with some old opinions abandoned, and some others modified, I can declare after these many years, which have of course in my case included much reading and study upon religious questions, I can declare with all sincerity that the only difference in my faith in Christianity as a revelation from God, and in Christ as the Saviour of the world, is this—that it has become deeper and stronger year by year. I hope my spirit is broader and more Catholic than it was, but it is not a whit less in sympathy with what we understand by the phrase, "Evangelical religion." Of course I have seen men make shipwreck of the faith. I have had to deal with cases in which members of the Church have been guilty of gross and shameful sin, though I am thankful to say that such cases have been very few. Not once a-year, not once in two years, have we found it necessary to separate any from our number for immorality.

But I have seen Christianity tested in too many ways to stand in doubt of its effectual power over the wills and affections of the wickedest of men. I have seen it tested by poverty, by many painful reverses of fortune; I have seen it tested also by what is a more formidable trial—great wealth, or a sudden rise from humble circumstances to circumstances of affluence; I have seen it tested by the most awful domestic bereavement, and what is worse, the shameful misconduct of a Christian man's family; I have seen it tested by the most painful, wearisome illness extending over many years; I have seen it many and many a time tested in the hour of death, and the prospect of another world; and it has not failed in life, and in death it has given the guidance,

the support, and the consolation of its promises. I speak of what I know, and testify of what I have seen, and though well satisfied with the critical and historical evidences of Christianity, I feel that people may wrangle about them as they choose. The religion that does what I have so often seen this do; the religion that not only enables a man to die with a heart full of joy and hope, but what really is far more an evidence of its truth and power; the religion that can guide men and bring them in life; the religion that can take a sin-practising, sin-enslaved man, and change his heart, change his language, change his conduct, and his whole moral nature, make him right and keep him right, leading him to fulfil with something like decent fidelity his duties to God and man—a religion that can do *that* is its own head witness, carries with it its own credentials, proves its own Divine origin, and compels the conviction that it has come from God!

CHAPTER XIX.

MY VISIT TO AMERICA.

IN 1873 I realized one of the great desires of my life, and paid a visit to America. I was just twelve weeks from home. Three of these weeks were spent in going and returning; nine in travelling about the United States and the Dominion of Canada, the journeys on the continent amounting in all to about nine thousand miles, and extending from Montreal in the North to Richmond in the South; and from Boston in the East to the Salt Lake City in the West. I made a great mistake in not contriving to have about twice as much time at my disposal, and then perhaps I should have gone right across to San Francisco and down to New Orleans.

To those who are not troubled with sea-sickness, a voyage across the Atlantic is very refreshing and enjoyable; and indeed some of those whom sea-sickness makes very miserable for two or three days pick up wonderfully; and although they begin with fasting, before they are half-way to New York they freely and fully partake of every meat that is set upon the saloon table. But he who knows nothing of sea-sickness can enjoy the voyage from the beginning to the end. It is too short to prove monotonous and wearisome, and the interest is enhanced if there be for a day or two somewhere about half a gale of wind. The behaviour of a great steam-

ship under such conditions is well worthy of observation, and of admiration too. We had weather of that sort, especially on the Sunday, our fourth day out; and I must admit that, although I looked with wonder and pleasure at the great rolling waves, upon which the ship, though of four thousand tons burden, was tossed like a cork; still, when on that Sunday forenoon I had to conduct a service in the cabin, it was not pleasant to be rolling to and fro, and staggering like a drunken man; to be tumbling in one direction myself, and see the Bible slide away in another, until with the tablecloth it fell on the floor. We had storm and we had calm and we had thick fog, weather of various sorts, but on the whole not bad, until on the next Sunday morning, the hottest day I had ever seen—it was on the 25th August—we anchored in the harbour of New York as the bells were ringing for worship.

My American friends, supposing, but by no means certain, that the vessel would arrive that day, had announced me to preach in one place in the afternoon, and in another, four miles off, in the evening, and I had to do it. It was warm work to enter upon within an hour of landing. The churches were insufferably hot; all present, men as well as women, used fans all through the service. The contest for the Presidency was then running very strongly, and among other ways of popularizing Horace Greeley, one of the candidates, a fan had been brought out, which presented in life-size and in full colours the portrait of that gentleman. A thousand portraits of Horace Greeley were waving up and down, for my hearers all seemed to be enthusiastic in his support. A gentleman came up to the pulpit and presented me with a Horace Greeley fan, which I was glad to use in the intervals of singing, that I might get a little air to breathe. As I am now speaking of churches, I may as well say here what I have to say about them.

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Well, in their churches the people of the United States certainly do give a magnificent testimony to the power of voluntaryism. The buildings are massive, costly, and beautiful. I do not say they have anything to be compared with the old cathedrals, and the fine old parish churches of England; but taking period for period, say the last hundred years or so, and I don't think that England has built any ecclesiastical structures superior to those which, since the century begun, have been erected in the United States. £20,000 is not at all an unusual price to pay for the building of a church, and many have cost double and treble that amount. The best of them, indeed most of them, are finished in a style that quite took me aback. The floors are richly carpeted; the pews are not only comfortable, but have their backs polished and stylishly painted, like the most elegant sofa I ever saw; and this arrangement, together with the angle at which the back is set to the seat, enables one to recline in a position much more probable to send one to sleep, than to make one an attentive worshipper and hearer. So they sat, or rather lolled, fanning themselves with their fans as long as they could resist the combination of drowsing influences provided by the hot weather and my sermon. For the luxuries of beautiful churches and elegant sittings they have to pay. Pew-rents in England are a trifle compared with those charged in American cities. I asked a friend, "And pray now, how much is given for that pew?" "Well," he said, "it is intended for six, but only five can sit in it, and Mr. So and So pays two hundred dollars a year for it; that is, about £40, or £8 a sitting." I noticed in many churches, indeed in most, a practice that I did not like. The singing was done by a paid choir, of five or six persons, standing in the organ gallery; and the congregation listened; but not a voice joined in psalm, or hymn, or

spiritual song. The singers are paid handsomely, the choir sometimes receiving far more than the minister. But the minister is not paid badly; I should think that the average stipend is considerably higher than in our country. And it had need be so, considering the expense of many things in America. A friend of mine, having lost his greatcoat, had to pay £14 for another, which in England would not have cost £5. An old acquaintance of mine, a minister in New York, lives, or lived then, in a house which cost him £700 a year, and certainly one no better either in itself or in its position than you could get in London for £150. The ministers are paid well, and I don't think they are overworked. They generally read their sermons, their congregations considering it only respectful towards them that the minister should show that he has made some sort of preparation before venturing to address them. I did not observe that pastoral visitation was much cared for. I know that an absence of six months, with the means to travel in Europe, and go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, is very common; and I say that American ministers generally have a very easy time of it compared with ministers in the old country. In America almost every minister bears the title of Dr.; almost all the people I met with took it for granted that I was a Doctor, until I told them I could lay no claim to such a distinction. I once met a large number of Baptist ministers—I think it was in Boston; there were some thirty or forty of them, and I believe that they were all Doctors. They would have me speak, and I told them that in England our denomination was by no means so famous; that we had in our country only about twenty Doctors; that where they obtained their titles I did not know, and on what ground no one knew. This remark was received with some demonstration of anger, and from that day forward I have had no hope of ever

receiving an American degree. It is very evident to me that one of the weak points of voluntaryism in our own country is the fact—for fact it really is—that the voluntary system makes very little provision for the poorer districts of our large towns. It builds handsome and expensive chapels for the upper and middle classes, but leaves the poor and ignorant to go to the dogs and to the devil. Well, this defect is rife in the large American towns—I beg their pardons, cities—for in America every place is a city. I saw one among the Rocky Mountains; it consisted of a railway-station, a small shop, a post-office, and a public-house, and as the train drew up to the platform the porter sang out, "Echo City." Well, in the large American cities there is, as far as I could judge, a sad neglect of the poorer people in respect to religious ordinances. For with such pew-rents it is impossible for working people to attend, and a working man sins less in keeping away than in going, if he spends in pew-rents what he needs for the support of his family. I am myself a voluntary, but I feel bound to say that in America, where there is no State Church, where all is left to voluntaryism, the tone of religious life and the character of religious ordinances are no higher than in our own country.

New York is a vast city. I believe its population was about two millions—three times as great as that of Glasgow. It stands upon an island, Manhattan Island, which is separated from the mainland by such a narrow armlet of the Hudson, that it may be regarded as a peninsula, stretching from north to south, with the Hudson river to the West, and Long Island Sound to the East; the waters east and west meeting at the southern extremity, and separating New York from its great and flourishing neighbour Brooklyn. The city is for the most part laid out in squares like a chess-board; the thoroughfares running north and south are called

avenues; those crossing them from east to west are called streets, and streets and avenues alike are perfectly straight. This arrangement, though formal and far from picturesque, is very convenient, for the streets and avenues being numbered, any child able to read the name and number at the corners can find his way to any place. Tell a boy to take a message to No. 55, 66th Street, 5th Avenue, and he is at no loss; he can find the place as easily as he can find seven times nine on the multiplication-table. And the numbers of streets and avenues being painted on the lamps at the corners, a perfect stranger can make his way at midnight as easily as at noon, without asking a policeman, who will confound him with "fourth turning to the right, seventh to the left, and then fifth to the right." This arrangement is common to American cities. Some streets and avenues are named, but most of them are numbered, and you always know where you are, and can always find the place you want. I need not say that New York is a busy place. Its great thoroughfare, Broadway, extending for several miles, is the most wonderful scene of street traffic I have ever beheld; but when I was there it was the most abominably ill-paved street I had ever been jostled upon. To give you an idea of what cabs cost, I may say that I had to pay five dollars, *i.e.* one pound sterling, for a cab that conveyed me about four miles. However, there are trams, omnibuses, and other conveyances in which town locomotion is as cheap as in this country.

From New York I went to Albany, the capital of the State of New York. The sail up the Hudson is very interesting; the scenery in parts is worthy of comparison with some of the best parts of the Rhine; but of course you have neither the vineyards on the banks, nor the ruined castles or the crags. The river and lake steamers are wonderful structures; lofty, large, and powerful, and

well provided with everything needful for a traveller's comfort. We have nothing like them here, but we have no such rivers or lakes to call for such vessels. From Albany, where I found little worth looking at, I went to Saratoga, the praised watering-place, but a more disappointing place I never saw. Wretched roads, covered with six inches of dust, two or three huge hotels, the only things about them at all notable being their size and their ugliness; no country round about in the least interesting. Saratoga is nowhere compared with our Leamington, or Cheltenham, or Harrogate, but it is the resort of thousands upon thousands, who spend incredible sums of money in trying to get some enjoyment out of the wretched place. I left it with contempt, and went on to Montreal, crossing the wide St. Lawrence by the great tubular bridge.

Montreal is built at the foot and on the slope of a hill of moderate height, from which the city takes its name. Unlike most of the American cities which I visited, Montreal has the advantage of being situated on rising ground, and backed by the well-wooded crest of a hill. It is a very noble place. The view from the top of the hill is magnificent, as you looked down upon streets and avenues, towers and spires, and huge warehouses, and splendid hotels, beyond which are the shipping and the grand river and the bridge, with the long line of the opposite shore, and ranges of mountains far away to the north. Montreal was originally a French settlement, when the French held a line of forts and factories from New Orleans up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence westward to the great lakes, and eastward up the St. Lawrence to Quebec. It was a French city, it is still so to a great extent. French is so largely spoken, that, as a friend informed me, a young man can scarcely obtain employment in a store or a counting-house unless he can speak and write in that

language. As a result of the French origin of the place, the Roman Catholic religion largely prevails, and there are some magnificent churches and convents. When I was there, devotion to their faith had led the Roman Catholics of Montreal to commence the building of a church after the model of St. Peter's at Rome, though on a much smaller scale. And I may here state, that when I was in New York, the Roman Catholics were building a church which, as I could plainly see, would throw every other edifice in the city completely into the shade. And so though neither the political or the educational institutions of America seem to have much effect in making the cause of Protestantism triumphant, I will say this, in American cities where Protestantism or Catholicism was the leading religion, the Sunday appeared to me to be very well observed; better, I thougth ,than in most English towns; excepting, by the way, at St. Louis, where the masons and other craftsmne were working on the Sunday morning, and whither I had in the evening to make my way to church through crowds of people who were waiting for the opening of the theatres.

From Montreal I went to Ottowa, proceeding most of the journey by steamer on the Ottowa River. We had on board some forty or fifty backwoodsmen who had been spending their summer at Montreal, and were going back to spend the winter in the forest, felling timber and preparing for the next season's trade. It was not a teetotal steamer; there was a bar at which any sort of drink could be had. These men, however, all came on board perfectly sober, and drank nothing stronger than tea all day and far into the night; and they knew perfectly well that when they went on shore, for six months in the forest, they would not have the chance of obtaining, for love or money, one drop of intoxicating drink. I felt sure that under such circumstances, and with such a prospect before them, Englishmen, Scotchmen,

Welshmen, and Irishmen would have had a great 'booze,' until some of them would have been very drunk. I thought it greatly to the credit of these Canadian backwoodsmen that they could without intoxicating stimulants face the long, cold, bitter winter in the forest, and even resist the temptation to indulge in a good farewell of the bottle before going to their privations and toils. Perhaps you will ask, was this an exceptional case? My answer is that it was not. In many parts of Canada and the United States I saw a good deal of working men, and from first to last I did not see one in a state of intoxication. In two instances I found myself travelling in the company of drunken men, one on each occasion; but of these men one was a public-house keeper, and one was a farmer. From landing in America until leaving I never saw any other drunken people than these two, until I was going on board the steamer to return, when I heard the mate roaring out from the bridge, "Put that man in irons;" and I looked and saw one of the stokers, an Irishman, drunk, and making a row. I think that America beats us in the matter of sobriety. Most of the respectable people one meets with appear to be abstainers. I spent many hours one very sultry evening in the large billiard-room of the Southern Hotel in St. Louis. There were, I think, six tables, and men were playing all the evening. There was a bar in the room; the men drank iced tea and other non-intoxicating drinks, but seemed to take nothing else, and at any rate were all perfectly sober until the bar was shut and the room cleared. As I found it at St. Louis, I found it everywhere else. In any large hotel you might see two or three hundred people at dinner; but look along the table, and probably you would not find that any one was drinking wine, beer, or spirits. It was rarely that anything of that sort was seen by me at any hotel dinner-table. I have seen

more drinking in five minutes in Carlisle Station than in five days at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. This, however, should be said—that men dining at the *table d'hôte*, and wishing for any intoxicant, can go, and do go, to the bar down-stairs; but then, so far as I could observe, a man ordered his drink—a cocktail, a gin-sling, an eye-opener, or a glass of lager beer—drank it in a moment, and was off about his business. Neither in dining-room, in bar-room, or anywhere else, did I see a man sitting down and drinking as men sit and drink in this country. And further, whatever may be said of the connection between smoking and drinking, there, almost everybody smoked, and hardly anybody drank. In the houses of friends I very seldom saw any kind of alcoholic beverage. Whether it was dinner or supper, whether it was a party of three or a party of twenty, there was nothing but coffee, soda-and-seltzer, always with a plentiful supply of ice. I am sorry to say, however, that I observed very remarkable cases of hypocrisy in regard to this matter. I met with Americans whom I had met in this country, and who when here partook without scruple of beer, wine, brandy, keeping well within bounds, but still not objecting for conscience' sake, or any other sake, to anything that English non-teetotal hospitality offered them. In their own country, these men were not only rigid in the practice, but warm in the advocacy of total abstinence. Nor will it do to say that between their being here and my being there they were converted; because I have seen some of them in England since that time, and seen them relishing their sherry or their toddy with evident delight. They say that in this climate they require it; and when you go to their country they tell you that nobody there requires it, and so they don't offer it to you.

A gentleman, a minister, with whom I stayed several days, and in whose house the very mention of intoxi-

cating drinks would have been regarded as something almost profane, accepted the invitation of another friend of mine to join us at luncheon with him. This was in New York. Well, he went along with me, and I found that he made not the slightest objection to the intoxicants that were placed on the table. A rigid abstainer at home, and among his own congregation, but among strangers at perfect liberty to do as he pleased. I knew another minister, a great abstinence man in America. Some teetotal friends of mine met him somewhere in France or in Germany, and were surprised to see that at the *table d'hôte* he enjoyed the champagne immensely, and felt that for his stomach's sake it was well to take a glass of cognac after the fish. He was taken to task by my friends, who knew him well; and as usual his excuse was the climate. At St. Louis, a gentleman drove me out to a fine vineyard in the neighbourhood, where the Germans make excellent Catawba and other wines. He joined in partaking of the vinous hospitality of the vineyard men, pronounced a glass of one wine, good; of another, better; of a third, best. I dined with him the next day. There was nothing to drink but the water of the Mississippi River, which in a glass has the appearance of diluted mud, but which he praised as the most wholesome water in the world. I don't understand such things. Middle and upper class public opinion in America seems to have condemned all drinking customs, and men dare not drink for fear of offending their neighbours; and the consequence is a large amount of twofacedness, that I must say provoked my contempt in no small degree.

But to resume my narrative. I went to Ottowa, which had recently been made the capital of the dominions. I found nothing worth seeing there excepting the fine waterfall, and the large saw mills, which prepare the timber for being floated down the river. The rafts

you meet on the river are very large; I saw some that were perhaps 400 feet long and fifty or sixty broad. Comfortable huts are built upon them for the accommodation of the people who have them in charge, and cooking and washing and other operations are carried on just as on shore, while the raft slowly floats down the stream. Leaving Ottowa, I went by rail to a point on the St. Lawrence, where I embarked on board a steamer for Toronto. We passed through the charming scenery of the Lake of One Thousand Islands, into which the river expands itself shortly after leaving the Lake of Ontario. It was evening when we entered the Ontario; and we steamed on until noon the next day, when we arrived at Toronto, which is situated at the western end of the lake. I could spare no time for Toronto, though it is a fine and flourishing place. I hurried on, and in the evening reached Niagara. So many pictures have been painted, so many descriptions have been written of the famous rapids and cataracts, the Falls of Niagara, that I need not say much about them. Many people, I am told, are disappointed when they see them. I will say that I was not; the whole scene more than fulfilled my expectations. I think it is worth a man's while to cross the Atlantic, if for no other purpose than that of seeing and hearing Niagara. And if you go thither, mind you go as far as you can behind the Great Horseshoe Fall, and standing there with the huge masses of water roaring over your head and falling before you into the abyss, you will receive such impressions as you are not likely ever to forget. At Niagara you unfortunately meet a class of people who happily are rare in America. I mean the people who loaf about the great places and want to show you this, or to sell you that, and bother you in a most pertinacious manner. It was only at Niagara Falls that I saw such objectionable folk, and I must admit that they were neither so

numerous or so troublesome as I have found them in many places at home. At Niagara Falls, too, I met with the only beggar who crossed my path in all my American travels, and he was an old Indian. I saw no beggars elsewhere, not one. How it must astonish an American who, coming to Europe, begins with Ireland and lands at Queenstown! Before he gets to Dublin, before he gets to Cork, before he gets to Queenstown Railway Station, he is probably accosted by more beggars than in his own country he might see in fifty years, and in travelling fifty thousand miles. No; America is not a country of beggars. The blown-up collier, the starved-out farm-labourer, the maimed and mutilated soldier, the blind man sitting at the street side reading the Bible by the help of his fingers, the tramp who has walked thirty miles without tasting a morsel of food, the man or woman singing from street to street accompanied by three or four starving and half-clothed children—no such sights are anywhere to be seen; at any rate I never saw them.

From Niagara I went on to Chicago. That fine western city had not long before sustained the great calamity which reduced the greater and finer part of it to ashes. However, it has been rapidly rebuilt. It has since suffered from another great fire, but has a second time recovered. When I was there, carpenters and builders were getting 16*s.* a day; but mind you, it was at Chicago that my friend had to pay £14 for a greatcoat, and a man would want 16*s.* a day if clothing be at that price. But on the whole it did not seem to me that the United States offer great advantages to the working man. Everywhere, everybody seemed well to do. As to dress, it is astonishing; and jewellery, they blaze with it. I saw negro coopers making up barrels of pork on the quay at St. Louis, and most of them wore on their black fingers several massive rings that

appeared to be gold, and I dare say were gold. Usually the conductor of an American railway-train is got up regardless of expense. Rings set with diamonds and rubies, sleeve-links as large as crown-pieces, shirt-studs glittering with pearls, and a watch-chain that might be seen at a distance of three hundred yards. It is a rare thing to see any one without some such jewellery. A river passes through Chicago and falls into Lake Michigan. The citizens have not covered it with bridges, for bridges would impede the traffic; so they have made subways, so many little Thames Tunnels, by which you pass from one side of the river to the other. One great industry of Chicago is pig-killing. It is done on an immense scale. I am told that the pig goes alive into the machine, and in a few minutes comes out in joints of pork and strings of sausages, and this goes on at one place day and night. I did not see the process. It was not exactly to my taste.

From Chicago I proceeded by the Union Pacific Railroad on a journey of more than one thousand miles to Utah, the country of the Mormons. On this journey you proceed through what appears to be a flat country; but you gradually and imperceptibly rise until you are over 8000 feet above the sea-level, where at Sherman you are at the highest railway-station in the world. So far the country, though for the most part untilled, is fertile, and affords ample pasturage for vast herds of cattle. Beyond Sherman you enter a sterile region, almost desert for some hundred miles. You are amidst the Rocky Mountains, though at a considerable distance from the higher peaks, splendid views of which are seen to the right and to the left. The scenery improves as you enter the Utah territory, and at Salt Lake City you find yourself in a broad and most productive valley, with the Great Salt Lake in the centre, and huge mountain ranges on either side. Salt Lake City is the capital

of Mormondom. It is a square of three miles on each side, containing therefore nine square miles. Large as it is, the population, when I was there, was only about 20,000; but the streets are wide, the houses generally low, and every house stood in its own plot of garden and orchard. Streams of water ran down every street, and can be turned into the gardens and orchards to irrigate them, and from the neighbouring hills the whole place seems to be embosomed in trees. I think that almost every street is planted with a row of trees on each side. I spent a Sunday in Salt Lake City, and of course went to the Tabernacle. It is a huge structure, built chiefly of wood, and roofed with shingles; its length is two hundred and fifty feet, its breadth one hundred and fifty, and it can accommodate 10,000 people. It was, however, poorly attended on that Sunday; I don't think more than a thousand were present. The service was about the dullest I ever attended; there was some spiciness about the sermon, which was, however, neither law nor Gospel, but a virulent attack upon the United States Government for desiring to annex the land which the Lord had given to the saints. But nothing seemed capable of winning the attention of the congregation. They all seemed very much bored, and looked round listlessly, and yawned and spat, and were glad when all was over.

In the afternoon they had a sacrament in which water took the place of wine. Brigham Young was present with several of his wives, sitting on the large platform on which stood the rostrum; but the great prophet took no part in the service. Under the protection of the United States Government, other denominations are enabled to worship in Utah. There was a small congregation there of my own persuasion, and I preached to them on the Sunday evening. At the close of the service a man, whom I should say did not belong to

the congregation, came up to me and shook me by the hand, and asked me whether I remembered him. He said his name was Richards, that he had often heard me preach in Liverpool, and he hoped to good purpose. Then he introduced me to a lady, "The first Mrs. Richards, sir;" then another, "This, sir, is the second Mrs. Richards;" then another, "I have the pleasure of introducing the third Mrs Richards." The fellow had often heard me, he hoped, with good effect! What most humiliated me in that capital of polygamy was the fact that almost all the Mormons I met with were English people, with nothing of the Yankee about them. Instead of the twang of Boston or New York, I heard and could pick out the provincial tongues of Hereford, Somerset, and Northampton. The man who gave out the hymns in the Tabernacle might have landed the previous week straight from Berkshire or Oxfordshire. I found a great many Welsh people too; my disciple, Mr. Richards, was a Welshman. Of Scotch and Irish I met with none. Neither men nor women seemed very happy; indeed I never saw a more dejected set of people. I was glad to get away from the disgusting place; and as I left I met a train of immigrants, four hundred girls, most of them English; who, in their simplicity and ignorance, had been made proselytes, and taken out to become second and third Mrs. Richards. One thing I must not omit to say for the Mormons—they are, I believe, nearly all of them staunch teetotalers; and the Mormon hotels appeared to be temperance houses.

I returned eastward to Denver, the chief city of Colorado, finely situated within some thirty miles of one of the great ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Denver was a small place then; it is greatly improved since. My hotel was one of the poorest I had been in. Well, the newspaper people publish the names of all the visitors to the Hotels. The house I stayed in was kept

by a Mr. Smith, and I saw it announced in the paper in true high falutin style, that the Rev. H. S. Brown of Liverpool was "luxuriating at Smith's." At Denver I saw many miners coming from and going to the mines in the neighbouring mountains, and many cattle-dealers and drovers from Texas and other places going north and east; rough fellows, the most awfully profane swearers I ever heard; every one, or almost every one, armed with a revolver and a bowie-knife, and some of them evidently much inclined to pick a quarrel with any one, so that I found discreet silence to be the better part of valour.

From Denver I went to St. Louis, a great city on the Mississippi, which is there, though one thousand miles from its mouth, a deep river broader than the Thames at London Bridge, and crowded with huge steamers, by means of which the great traffic of the river is carried on. I have nothing in particular to say about St. Louis. The inhabitants are very proud of it, and believe it is destined to become the greatest city in all the world.

Let me pass on. You have heard of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Well, I went thither. It certainly is a marvellous place; candle in hand, I walked underground for more than five hours, and that was only what they call a short route; there is another, the full investigation of which would occupy as many days. You go from narrow passages into vast caverns, hundreds of feet in length and breadth, and very lofty. Here you have to descend a ladder, and go down into a dismal abyss; there you have to crawl upon your hands and knees; at one point, which is very narrow, and which is called "fat man's agony," I feared I should not get through at all. There are wonderful stalactites and stalagmites, and where, as in our case, the party is numerous, and the lights proportionally so, the effects produced by certain arrangements of lamps and candles are very striking and extraordinary.

As I have said, Richmond, the capital of Virginia, was the southernmost point of my journey. I need not detain you with any remarks upon Richmond. My visit to it occurred a few years after the war in which Virginia took a leading part as one of the Southern States, and Richmond had been besieged, battered, impoverished. When I was there every one seemed depressed and crushed; they had lost nearly everything in that terrible contest. There is a granite pyramid in the cemetery at Richmond, bearing this short but awful inscription: "To the memory of 25,000 Confederate dead." At Richmond I went to one of the coloured churches; all negroes, and such as had some African blood in their veins, however little. It was a scene of great excitement. The singing was peculiar; but I dare say you heard the Jubilee Singers who came over from America some time ago. Well, the singing in the coloured churches is something like that; one man sings or intones a verse, and the whole congregation join in the chorus. They were very jubilant over their recently-obtained freedom, and sang with extreme delight a ditty which celebrated the drowning of "Ole Pharoah in de Red Sea." I talked with a great many negroes who had been slaves, and I never met with one who had been treated cruelly. They all spoke very gratefully of their former masters and owners. The gentleman with whom I stayed had owned many slaves, and when the emancipation came, they all entreated to be kept on the estates. I saw no ill-treatment of the negroes in the South, where they had been slaves. I saw a good deal of it in the North, which professed such zeal for the abolition of slavery. A poor negro, I was informed, had little chance of obtaining work in New York, where the Irish labourers would be ready to murder him. More than once I saw the conductor of a tramcar in New York refuse with horrid oaths and

execrations to allow a negro to ride in his conveyance, although it was not half-full, and a New York minister told me that no negro was suffered to sit in his church, excepting in a dark and stuffy corner of an upper gallery.

Washington was my next place. It is a city well laid out, with long lines of road which may some time become streets, but the place gets on rather slowly. Still the Capitol is a very noble structure, and from the top of the dome a really splendid prospect is to be seen. The Mint, the Patent Office, the Smithson Institute and Museum, are all worthy of a visit. The official mansion of the President is called 'The White House;' it is a plain but capacious building, always open to visitors. There you see no sentinels pacing up and down; there is no need to guard the President of the United States. Without pomp or ceremony of any kind, the chief of more than fifty millions goes in and out, like any other citizen, and a visitor calling and sending in his card can obtain an audience and have a chat with greater ease and freedom than if he wished to see an English country squire. At the hotel in Washington I received what seemed to me a very singular caution; it was to the effect that I should give great offence if on visiting any of the show-places I offered money to the attendants; they would consider themselves insulted if treated in that manner. And that I found to be true everywhere in America; for with few instances, as at the Mammoth Cave, there was a fixed charge, but in not a single instance was I expected to give a farthing to any one for showing me about. You can see nothing in England, nothing on the Continent, without having to encounter some expectant wretch, who, whatever you give him, is not satisfied. There is a certain ducal mansion in England in which I had to tip, first the

woman who kept the lodge and opened the gate; then the flunkey who opened the door; then the fellow in gorgeous array who showed me the Dining-Hall; then a haughty old dame who led me through the Drawing-Room; then as I wished to see the gardens the gardener expected his honorarium; I asked to see the Conservatory, and that gardener handed me over to another, who must also be paid—and it cost me the greater part of a sovereign before I got away. All honour to the Americans for repudiating such mean and sordid ways. The fact that what they have to show you gratifies you, is all the reward they seem to care for.

My visit extended to Philadelphia, which I took in on my way from Washington to New York. Then I went eastward to Boston, spending a day at Plymouth, and seeing the rock on which the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and the hill on which they planted their six guns, "that their prayers against the savages might be the more effectual withal." Boston thinks no small beer of itself. It believes itself to be the hub of the Universe, and the intellectual capital of the world. I did not consider it a great mark of intellectual eminence when I saw that a whole column of newspaper advertisements announced meetings of spiritualists, and told the terms upon which mediums would put you into communication with your great-great-grandfather. There seems to be more of this imposture in Boston than anywhere else. However, Boston is a very noble city, containing much of interest to the traveller, though if he be an Englishman he must put his pride into his pocket as he sees the monument which commemorates the Battle of Bunker Hill. For my part I climbed to the top of it, nearly three hundred steps, and was rewarded with a most magnificent view of the city, the country, and the harbour, with the wide Atlantic

afar off. Taking a short journey to see a friend in the State of Connecticut, I saw what was very striking—the country for many miles returning to its old condition of a wilderness, the brushwood growing up thick and high upon what some years before had been well cultivated farms. The houses have either gone to decay, or have fallen down; nothing was left but the roads, which were very bad. The fact is, that the Eastern States, which were first settled, are far inferior to the middle and western parts of the country, where the soil is so fertile, and consequently there has been a large emigration from the east to the west, where in many instances the fields are miles in length, and a man cannot plough more than one furrow in a day's work.

Well, I could say much more upon what I saw and heard and learned and thought upon my journey, but lest I should weary you I must draw to a close. I think that every man who can pay a visit to America ought to do so by all means; he will find it a source of much interest and instruction. The Britisher visiting America needs to speak only his native tongue, and meets with none of the difficulties and embarrassments, so ludicrous, but sometimes so serious, that he who knows nothing of French, German, or Italian, has to encounter on the Continent of Europe. I think, too, that I can promise him who contemplates a journey to the United States, that everywhere he will find a cleanliness that is not excelled anywhere in England—and that is a comfort with which you must generally dispense in European travel, and in visiting some parts of the British Islands too. Whether a man is a prince, or a manufacturer, or a minister of religion; whether he takes an interest in politics, or in education, or in commerce, he will find much in America to occupy and reward his attention. It is a country full of life, intelligence, enterprise—a country in which there is ample scope for every man

who is able and willing to work. And it is a country of which we have reason to be proud; for in the main it is, with all its greatness, wealth, and power, what our own people going and settling there have made it. Undoubtedly a great and glorious future awaits it; its soil, its climate, its mineral treasures, its capacious harbours, its great lakes which are inland seas, its rivers, navigable for thousands of miles, its civil and religious liberty, its freedom from the hundred complications of European politics, its ability to live in peace and safety without the costly burden of armaments such as those of France, Germany and Russia; all things seem to point a future of greatness that never has been equalled in the history of the world.

CHAPTER XX.

MY COLLEAGUE.

IN the year 1880 I had a very decided inclination to retire from the pastorate of Myrtle Street Chapel.

I had felt the pressure of the work severely for three or four years previously; and in 1878 I obtained, with the full accord of the Church, the assistance of Mr. H. F. Lapham, one of the most promising students at Regent's Park College.

This arrangement did not cost the Church anything, as the whole of his stipend was provided by a reduction of my own. The plan, however, did not succeed. Mr. Lapham was all I could desire as a gentleman, a friend, and a pastor, and many of my Church and congregation agreed with me, and prized him and his work highly. Still, on the whole, they have not taken kindly to the arrangement. In 1880, after two years' service as my assistant, Mr. Lapham resigned, and I agreed with him, that for his own sake it was better for him to go than to stay. I determined that it would not be wise to repeat the experiment. I felt, however, as I did before he came, that the efficient performance of the duties of the pastorate of so large a Church was more than I could efficiently render, and that it would be wrong to continue performing them inefficiently.

I had then entered upon the 34th year of my ministry

in Myrtle Street. It had been a very peaceful and happy ministry, and not without success, the Church and the congregation being fully fourfold what they were when I came. I think I may say it had been a laborious ministry also, and I have been laid aside from it by sickness once only; and that but for six weeks. I have never been absent for any long period, excepting once, when I went to America. I think that six Sundays a year would cover my absence from the pulpit, and on most of these I preached elsewhere. I have spent in Myrtle Street during these 34 years of my ministry about 1500 Sundays, and taking my Wednesday evening addresses into account I have preached in the place about 4000 sermons.

On most Sundays I have paid an afternoon visit to one of the Sunday schools, and have attended perhaps 1000 Monday evening prayer meetings, besides a great variety of work connected with so large a Church, almost equal in strain to the work for the pulpit.

The Church was in a most healthy and prosperous condition. It was out of debt; it had considerable funds for charitable purposes; there were no signs of dissension or disaffection towards myself. Looking at it all round, in influence, funds, membership, diaconate, and schools, the concern was in good order and condition, and I felt it was fit to be handed over to a successor free from everything that might be considered a trouble or disadvantage.

Gradually the extension of the town, and the prevailing fashion of going to live in the suburbs, had made it increasingly difficult to obtain a large congregation; but I felt justified in believing that for many years to come the place might fairly hold its own as one of the best positions in Liverpool.

Though it may savour of conceit to say so, I felt well assured that the present congregation consists largely of

persons who attend simply because they prefer my ministry to any other they can find, and I could not but suppose that if I persevered in my intention of resigning there might be a moving away which would largely diminish the attendance, and consequently the revenue. Though I regarded this prospect with much anxiety, I felt also that, in any case, the man who comes after me will have to keep and gather his own people, and if he be the right man for the place he will do so.

I further felt the weight of increasing years. I had completed my 54th year, and the work of the place, to be efficiently carried on, required more energy than I possessed, and indeed demanded the energies of two or three men instead of one. A clergyman with a far smaller charge would have at least two curates.

Even if I were not to give up the pastorate entirely, I felt that after 34 years of brain work such as mine has been, the mind needs a long repose, at least for a full year. I felt that I had pretty well preached myself out; and could no longer do justice to myself, to the Church, or to the Master whom I serve. The mind ought to have the recreation of some other kind of reading, thinking, and working, instead of going round with a horse in a mill as mine had done.

It was not my intention to leave Liverpool. I felt I could be happier and more useful there than elsewhere. I thought of resuming my old work of delivering addresses on Sunday afternoons. Addresses of the old sort, quite free from dogma,—humane, natural, having to do with daily life, and secular in the best and truest sense of the word. I would occupy myself during the winter months by preaching in various churches morning and evening; while in the summer I would find pleasant and useful occupation in travelling about the country, preaching gratis to poor churches, and working for the Association, and Baptist Missionary Society.

Well, I carried out my intentions, and at the largest Church meeting ever held in Myrtle Street, on August 13th, 1880, I tendered my resignation of the pastorate, to take effect in the following March. In my address, I stated I was willing, if the Church and my successor wished, to continue to preach in the morning for some time longer.

In this step I had the approval of my old friend, Mr. C. M. Birrell, whose advice I took throughout; but I had neither the sympathy or approval of any one of my children. It is better perhaps that they should have been rather with the Church than with me at such a crisis. No one can ascribe the course I took to them, and I hope to see them stay by and help the Church as long as any of them remain in Liverpool.

A few weeks later I received a memorial signed by over 1000 members of my Church and congregation, entreating me to continue; and after much thought and prayer I undertook to do so on condition that they secured a colleague who would do the work of the pastorate, and be content to let me take only my share of the preaching.

With singular unanimity, the Church resolved to invite Mr. Lewis of Rochdale, now pastor of Princes Road Church, Liverpool. The invitation was given to Mr. Lewis in Jan., 1881; but he finally declined it, and it was not found possible to secure the agreement of the Church to any other invitation. At this time my health was exceptionally good, as if to fit me for the task of resuming the work as before, so I determined to thank God and take courage, and to struggle on with the work as He might give me strength, and to say nothing more about the question of resignation.

In taking this determination, I think it worth while to note in my diary the following summary of the records of the Church, with which I have now (1885) been

associated as pastor for 37 years; I pray God, that whenever the time arrives, when in His good pleasure I lay down the life's work which He has graciously entrusted to my hands, there may be no diminution found in the prosperity with which He has blessed that work throughout. To Him be all the honour and the glory!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RECORD OF MY CHURCH.

I EXTRACT the following brief calendar from the Church minute-book:

Church formed in Church Lane, July 1800, by members from Byrom Street Church.
Lime Street Chapel opened, October 1803; taken down for town improvements, January 1844.
Myrtle Street Chapel opened, 10th January, 1844; side galleries added, 1851; further enlargement, 1859; other alterations, 1879.
PETER AITKEN, first Pastor, elected 13th April, 1801; died 1st October, 1801, aged 22 years.
JAMES LISTER, chosen Pastor, 6th June, 1803; resigned through failing health, 6th March, 1847; died, 23rd November, 1851, aged 72 years.
HUGH STOWELL BROWN, entered upon the pastorate 1st January, 1848; 25th anniversary celebrated, January 1873.
Princes Gate Chapel—foundation stone laid, 1st July, 1879; opened, 20th March, 1881.
St. Helens Chapel opened, 29th September, 1869.
Widnes Chapel opened, 25th July, 1873.
Earlestown New Chapel opened, 7th November, 1881; additions, 1884.
Mill Street Mission commenced, 1849; new building, 1877.
Solway Street Mission begun, 1867; enlarged, 1868; and again in 1874 and 1884.
Juno Street Mission begun, May 1878.
Aughton Mission taken up, 1879.
Prescot Mission adopted, January 1884.

The first entry in the Church book is dated the 12th May, 1800. It records the election to the pastorate of the Church in Byrom Street of the Rev. Richard Davis, and the dissatisfaction of a few of the members with his appointment.

The Church had then just been deprived by death of its beloved pastor, the venerable Samuel Medley; and as sometimes happens under such circumstances, differences of opinion arose as to the doctrines taught by his successor. The dissentients from Mr. Davis' election were 22 in number, and they severed themselves from membership with the Byrom Street Church. On the 29th June, 1800, they opened a meeting-house in Church Lane. On the 13th April, 1801, their numbers had increased to 44, and they then invited the Rev. Peter Aitken of Accrington to be their pastor. Mr. Aitken was a young man of great promise, and in the brief period he was permitted to labour, endeared himself to the members of his little Church. It appears, however, that some of 'the brethren' found it as difficult to resign themselves to his ministry as they did to that of Mr. Davis, for, on his appointment, 11 members resigned and formed themselves into a separate community. This offshot established itself in Matthew Street. Mr. Aitken's ministry was but of a very brief duration. A little more than three months after his taking charge of the Church in Church Lane his health gave way, and on the 2nd of October, 1801, he died. The Church had ample cause to mourn his loss. During his short pastorate peace and brotherly love prevailed, and things went well. But, immediately after his death, affairs greatly changed for the worse. Contention and strife took possession of the little community, and at last matters were so bad that it was resolved, "owing to the distracted and divided state of the Church," to dissolve the membership. This was done on the 13th June, 1802, on which date—after the dissolution of the old Church—25 persons re-united themselves in Church fellowship, and thus the Church was formed anew.

The new Church at first invited the Rev. Thomas Hassell, of Newcastle, to preach for it, and he was to

have remained in charge for 12 months. From some cause or other this arrangement fell through ; and in the February of 1803 Mr. Lister, then pastor of a Church in Glasgow, was invited to supply the pulpit, and on the 14th June, 1803, he formally accepted the pastorate. In the previous March, land had been purchased, and the foundation-stone of a new chapel laid in Lime Street. To this new place of worship the Church, which then numbered 45 members, moved in the October of 1803. The cost of the new building was about £1,900. In 1809 the Church had grown to 90 members: in 1818, to 159. The first Sunday school connected with the Church was opened on the 10th March, 1816, in a room in Bolton Street. There were 18 teachers, and 54 scholars. In 1819 or 1820 (it is not quite certain which), new schools and a new vestry were added to "the meeting-house." In 1836, 16 years afterwards, the Church was engaged in a special effort "to raise £500 to pay off the debt on the school-room." In 1841 the Corporation of Liverpool purchased the Chapel in Lime Street, the land being wanted for town improvements.

On the 4th October, 1842, the foundation-stone of the present chapel in Myrtle Street was laid, and on the 10th January, 1844, the building was opened for public worship.

On the 6th March, 1847, Mr. Lister was, from failing health, compelled to resign the pastorate, which for 44 years he had so faithfully and so successfully held. On the 22nd August, 1847, I was invited to supply the pulpit. On the 12th November following I was invited to accept the pastorate, and on the 1st January, 1848, I commenced my pastoral labours. The Church then consisted of 239 members.

In May, 1851, side galleries were erected in the chapel.

On the 23rd November, 1851, the Rev. James Lister

died, aged 72. A short time before his death he sent a letter to the Church and congregation in Myrtle Street Chapel, expressing his "joy and delight in the prosperity which attended the Church, in the increase of members and the increase of hearers, and in the union and harmony which had been maintained." The letter also contained an earnest prayer for the usefulness and long life of the present pastor, "that he might be honoured to preach faithfully, laboriously, and affectionately Christ and Him crucified." This letter was read to the Church at the Lord's Table, on Sunday, the 2nd November, 1851, just a few weeks before Mr. Lister's death. The Records contain a note of the Church's gratitude to God for having so long spared its venerable pastor, and for his long and useful course of ministerial labour.

On the 26th May, 1854, the Church resolved that, instead of pew to pew collections being made, "boxes should be placed in the chapel to receive the weekly offerings of all persons attending."

On the 25th September, 1859, the chapel was re-opened after having undergone the alterations which enlarged it to its present size, the cost of which was about £4400.

In May, 1862, a number of persons at Laffak, near St. Helens, expressed their desire for baptism and membership with the Church. In the following June, 22 persons of this company were baptised in Myrtle Street Chapel. In February of 1866, owing in a great degree to the liberality of the late Mr. Shanks, it was resolved to build a chapel in St. Helens. This resolution was carried into effect, and the chapel opened on 29th September, 1869. The Church at St. Helens is still a branch of this Church, and is under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. C. Tayler, who has also charge of the Earlestown Church. There are 95 members on the St. Helens roll.

In January, 1871, application was made to the Church by a few friends meeting in Rylands Street, Warrington, to be united to the Myrtle Street fellowship as a branch Church. In 1876 they purchased a chapel in Golborne Street, Warrington, and in 1882 they withdrew from the membership of the Myrtle Street Church, feeling then strong enough to carry on their work as a separate community.

Application for membership was made in January, 1872, by twelve friends meeting in Widnes. Through the liberality of friends in Liverpool and Widnes they were able to purchase a small chapel. During the current year, 1884, the Rev. R. Yeatman has been unanimously invited to the pastorate of the Widnes branch. There are now 34 members in fellowship at Widnes.

In January, 1873, the Church celebrated the completion of the 25th year of my pastorate. In commemoration of this silver wedding a sum of about £1500 was raised, which was appropriated, principally to the enlargement of Solway Street Mission Station, to Mill Street Mission Station, and to chapel purposes.

In the year 1875 a few persons who had been in the habit of meeting together for worship in a room in Earlestown applied for fellowship and were admitted as a branch of the Church. In 1880 it was arranged that the Rev. W. C. Tayler, of St. Helens, should be joint pastor of the St. Helens and Earlestown Churches. This arrangement has been found to work very satisfactorily; from the commencement of their union, as a Church, the Earlestown friends kept steadily in view the desirability of erecting a suitable place of worship, and laid by small sums annually for this purpose. In November 1881, the object desired was, with the help of friends, attained, and an exceedingly neat chapel built; additional class-rooms erected in 1884, at a cost of £50. The membership at Earlestown is now 76.

In March, 1881, the Myrtle Street Church parted with 26 of its members, who went to form the nucleus of the Church meeting in the newly-built chapel at Princes Gate.

The Mission Stations which have been established in connection with the chapel are :—Mill Street, the oldest, which was commenced in 1849, and was enlarged in 1877. Solway Street, which was commenced in 1867, enlarged in 1868, enlarged again in 1874, and new class-rooms added 1884. Juno Street opened in May, 1878, and Aughton and Prescot, the former of which was placed in charge of the Myrtle Street Church in 1879, and the latter in the current year, 1884.

At the close of the eighty-fourth year of the Church's existence, it has—

593	*Members, worshipping in*	...	Myrtle Street, Mill Street, Solway Street, and Juno Street.
106	,,	,,	Saint Helens.
45	,,	,,	Widnes.
79	,,	,,	Earlestown.
26	,,	,,	Aughton.

Making a total of 849.

I thank God that the Church has not gone back at all under my ministry. The membership is a fair test of a Church's prosperity. I took it over from Mr. Lister with 239 members, it is now 849 strong; and I hope when the time comes for me to lay down the pastorate, I may hand it over to my successor unimpaired in strength, vigour, and numbers.

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PART II.

EXTRACTS FROM

H. S. BROWN'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

IT is very wonderful to me how, in studying the Proverbs of Solomon, their meaning unfolds itself. The baldest platitudes and most self-evident truisms, when carefully reflected upon, discover unsuspected depths of truth. In my preparations for exposition, I have often, after much thought, been about to pass a proverb by as a mere common-place not worth noticing, when suddenly new light has flashed from it, and what had seemed to be but a common pebble has proved to be a diamond of splendour and inestimable value.

To-day I preached at the opening of a very neat Primitive Methodist Chapel. I am told that a neighbouring Church parson last Sunday in his sermon spoke of what those poor people had done, and what a shame it was that his congregation, though so much richer, did nothing. A very sensible way of commenting upon one another's Church work, instead of abusing your dissenting neighbour, which is the usual plan.

Three months ago Mr. R——, a cotton-broker, most strongly urged me to print my sermons on the Epistle to the Hebrews. He would guarantee me against any loss. This month he failed, and is not worth a rap.

Just before I left home for a month, I met Dr. R——, who, referring to my intended absence from my pulpit, said; "Well, my wife will not hear any one but you. *It's most astonishing!*"

My good old friend Jonathan Hargreaves, Baptist Minister, Waterfoot, died last week. At his funeral, the

Vicar of the parish stood in the pulpit along with Mr. Howe, Baptist Minister, Waterburn, and gave a most emphatic and affectionate testimony to Mr. Hargreaves as having done great good in the parish. He fully recognized him as a fellow-worker, and had often asked his services in visitation of the sick and afflicted. This is worthy of record, in contrast with the brutal bigots in the English Church, who refuse to allow the interment of Baptists, and insult them by the grave-side.

Been to-day at Halifax. General Baptist Association morning meeting, in the gaudiest chapel I ever saw—Congregational. I observed that the young men who spoke read their speeches; I think this is a very bad sign. It is all over with us if we become slaves to the MS.

G—— of London is a good speaker, or would be if he minded his aspirates.

In the evening at Mr. S——'s, a house filled and surrounded with luxury, our host could speak of nothing but the badness of the times, and the impending ruin of the country.

"The world has a trick of setting itself right," said a farmer to me.

After all the bad weather and eight months of winter, we are likely to have good crops, and the weather is glorious. Perhaps the saying will prove true of trade, in which I am myself a sufferer, having so far this year received from one source of income only £100 instead of £300 as usual. "Trust not in uncertain riches."

A few days ago my old friend Mr. G—— died very suddenly while fishing in Cheshire. He was an enthusiastic angler, and always stood up for tench as the finest of all fish. He caught a splendid specimen, and it is supposed that his joy brought on apoplexy; he

fell by the water-side and never spoke or moved. By no means an unenviable way of slipping out of this world.

We had a better Widow and Orphans' collection on the first Sunday of this year than last. Trade is improving.

Instead of a series of United Prayer Meetings, we held one at St. George's, Myrtle Street, which was much better attended than any of those held in former years. This is in part explained by the fact that there was no collection.

We find it difficult to get a meeting of the Prince's Road Chapel Building Committee, because it is the Philharmonic Concert on one night and somebody has a dance on another!

Mr. H. D——, whose father left nearly half a million of money, called on me to ask the loan of £100! D—— is a poor creature, and very bad. I suppose the wife's trustees won't let them have enough for their extravagances. Her father and brother killed themselves with drink, and she has a very intemperate look now. I have seldom known a family that better illustrated the words of Solomon, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." If they had been as poor as their good old grandfather, they would have been in better fettle in mind, body, and estate.

Preached at —— in the evening. I fear that D—— is letting the place down by allowing it to be used by all sorts of people. Next Sunday it is to be entirely in the hands of railway-servants, drivers, stokers, guards, pointsmen, &c. Respectable and well-educated people will not attend such services; why should they? To hear bad grammar and worse Theology!

This evening I go to London to attend the funeral of my dear and valued friend Mr. Birrell, who died on the 16th inst. I have known him ever since my coming to Liverpool. He resigned Pembroke Chapel eight years ago, and has lived in London since that time. A man of singular refinement and culture, with more breadth of mind and warmth of heart than most people gave him credit for. He and I were always very friendly. When I came to Liverpool his Church was a model—it is now (1880) a wreck. He remained at his post too long, and his people would not accept the young men whom in succession he had to assist him.

Was told at Manchester to-day of one A——, a mill-owner, who died worth £20,000. At the funeral his brother wept because he had not left more.

I find in Froude's 'Carlyle' in 'Nineteenth Century,' that Carlyle's mother was a pious woman, was intensely anxious that he should read his Bible and believe in it. Her letters to him full of such advice will be read by many with a sneer. But suppose Carlyle had received the Bible into his soul and home, would not his life have been far happier and more useful? Would not his writings have been not sour, severe, hard, destructive, and unsympathetic as they are, but full of kindliness, help, and cheer, for poor ignorant, rude, and erring mortals! His philanthropy, instead of being as it is, might is right, would have been, right is might; and there would have been none of those uncharitable 'Reminiscences,' which, just published, have already lowered him in the esteem of some people, and caused many who admired and extolled him to reject him almost with contempt.

Take Alford's or Meyer's Notes on New Testament,

perhaps the most sensible remarks on Scripture to be found anywhere. Read them aloud. No congregation in this world, except one composed of theological students, would listen to them for five minutes, and yet poor twaddle will command attention by the hour.

We have had a terrible time of late. My daughter Alice desperately ill, her husband and I looking almost hourly for her death these three weeks. I think I have learned much in this time—a time of sorrow, but a time of instruction, and for getting much experience. I am deeply conscious of two things—my own weakness, and God's sustaining strength. There is much prayer for her. I never knew so well the meaning of "Pray without ceasing," and yet I do not pray for her recovery in an unconditional manner. I pray that I may believe what God does to be right, wise, kind, in all ways best. There I leave the case, and find sometimes (I don't say always) that I *can* cast my care upon God.

To-day my afternoon addresses were brought to a close for the season. Subject: "None so blind as those who will not see." These eleven addresses produced upwards of £40 collected at the doors, which, expenses paid, left £25 for town charities. Hall crammed on every occasion excepting first and second. Greatest crush at the "Hells upon earth"—suggestive!

Very hot: many of the congregation away. Preached as usual in the evening on, "Wilt Thou not revive us again?" Did not appear to be slightest sympathy in regard to the subject. Were I to utter a heresy I should have all the deacons down on me like a thousand bricks. I may do my very uttermost in pointing the truth, and they maintain a silence that suggests total

indifference. Truly enough we need reviving, for we are spiritually more dead than alive.

At service this evening my appeal concerning revival (last Sunday) was suggestively responded to by the absence of every one of the deacons.

The eighteenth year of my ministry in Myrtle Street commences to-day. Through all these seventeen years I have not had one day's illness. Oh! my God, what a responsibility!

I have had trials, severe and awful, especially the irreparable loss of my dear wife in August 1863. But I think that I can say that these afflictions have been of inestimable service, this last in particular; what self-knowledge, what experience, what a power of sympathy it has produced! I now look upon an untried man as an uneducated man. Of all schools, the school of affliction is that which teaches most effectually. I can and do say now, that I love my work more than ever.

Oh God! give me more faith, more earnestness, more power! Grant a year of spiritual prosperity, for Christ's sake. Amen.

A Scotchman prayed that God would shake sinners over the pit of hell,—but dinna let them fall in, good Lord.

A story of a Scotchman, one of several brothers, whose father, a wealthy man, had died. There was much quarrelling about the property. Friend condoled with him on the bereavement. "Well," said he, "our father's death might have been a real pleasure to us, instead of that it is only a misery."

To-day I met a Scotchman who very kindly, and without solicitation, said he would give £5 towards our Home Mission for Bible Women. We parted. He followed me, overtook me, and said: "I have it about me, and I may as well give it now as send it; it will save me a stamp!"

Guthrie used to tell this story:—The Established Church of Scotland after the Disruption boasted that few had left it. A man was going to the Established Kirk one Sabbath morning; a guid wife asked him where he was going, and on being told, replied, "It's no canny is na yon place. They say that three hundred people gang in every Sabbath, and naebody ever saw mair nor fifty come oot."

At Forfar, a Mr. Reid, manufacturer of a sort of toffee called Forfar rock, has presented the town with a very handsome hall at a cost of £6000. This is far more than all the county magnates put together have ever done for their county town.

A Scotchman (Free Church) on an ecclesiastical case giving evidence about a minister, was asked if he would attend the Establishment. He replied that he hoped he should never be so much left to himself.

I was told at Forfar of a Free Church woman who, when on her death-bed, was asked to what she trusted for salvation, replied that she had a very good hope because she had never gone to the Established Church since the Disruption.

The following is part of the inscription on stone to the memory of Rev. Mr. Stewart, Free Church Minister, Cromarty:—"His sensitive nature shrank from the

honours and the responsibilities which the Church repeatedly sought to lay upon him; and when, at length, chosen to be minister of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, and about to be translated to that important charge, the Lord, pitying the perplexities of his spirit, put an end to them, by suddenly removing him to the upper sanctuary."

A man and his wife are buried in the same grave, and the stone bears the inscription:—"Their warfare is accomplished."

I never heard preaching that struck me as more earnest and impressive than in the Gaelic service at Stornoway, and I never saw so large a proportion of a congregation asleep. In many Scotch churches, Established, Free, and United Presbyterian, numbers deliberately lay their heads down on the book-board and slumber through the sermon. Well-dressed women double up their handkerchiefs to act as cushions on which they lay their foreheads. Probably many have walked far to the kirk. Nine miles is a common distance.

It was a wise remark of the lighthouse-keeper at Cape Wrath, when on being spoken to of the serious consequences that might arise from the fact that they could not get a doctor in less than four days, and that it was doubtful whether he could or would come at all, he said, "It's better not to think about such things." The lighthouse man was deeply interested in the Tichborne trial.

A preacher at Cromarty preached on the tenth Commandment, and in dealing with "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house," said, "That includes not

only his dwelling, but also his accommodations and conveniences."

Officiated (July 16) at a wedding, Pembroke Chapel. Knew nothing of the people, but was asked and urged to attend. They came in coaches—fine set-out. Never mentioned a fee, nor said thank you. Shabby!—but they were Scotch.

The greatest marvel of Moody and Sankey's work is not the conversion of souls to God, but the conversion of Presbyterians to a little tootling American organ.

A Scotch minister from home was anxious about some MS. sermons he had left in the manse, lest they should get damp. He inquired about them, and was told that they were as dry as when he had written them.

In Perth one night at supper I was very hungry, and my hostess said: "Have you had no dinner to-day?"

At a Scotch funeral many friends had been invited, as is the custom, but a neighbour woman who had quarrelled with the family was not included. She watched the funeral pass her door and said, "Weel, there'll be a funeral perhaps at oor house some day, and we'll see wha'll be asked then!"

Common request in Scotland to say to a minister, "Gie us twa mouthfuls o' prayer."

A fellow called the other day to beg a pair of old boots, said he was a member of Baptist Chapel in Reading. Wrote to pastor; no such fellow ever heard of in that Church. He is a disreputable-looking party and won't come again for the boots.

A German, one of Onchen's people (so he says), called, expressed his great friendliness, talked pleasantly about the German Mission, &c. Then told me he had a 'leetle vork' of which he wanted to dispose, and unrolled a coil of paper on which was a most miserably executed 'vork'—the Paternoster in eleven languages, all of which he could speak. He had written all himself, and wanted me to give him ten shillings for it. Sent him off with his Paternosters. The rascal went to Mr. Mounsey and told him I had sent him; and that W. P. Lockhart had taken six copies of his 'leetle vork.'

A Welshman and a minister, returning from America to this country, writes to me, asking me to find him a Church. I never heard of the man in my life before. Another unreasonable and indeed almost immoral request.

A lady of whom I have never before heard, writes to me in great distress, and hopes I will help her and set her up in a way of doing well for herself. She lives near Plymouth, and her only reason for applying to me is, that forty-four years ago the Rev. Hugh Stowell, Rector of Ballaugh, Isle of Man, preached the funeral sermon over Governor Smelt, and that she, thirty-three years ago, married Governor Smelt's only grandson, who has turned out a scoundrel and left her.

A man at Greenock, wholly unknown, writes, asking me to use my influence in getting him a situation as a clerk. "I am not leaving my present situation, but desiderate a change to Liverpool to join my friends."

Here is a Welsh Baptist Church cost £652, of which £152 are paid, and now they want money to save them from their creditors, and are begging.

A man, a young man, from America calls, says he is in want, has many friends in Manchester who will be able and glad to get him employment. Could not explain how it was difficult to get from them help to go thither. This fellow is a transparent liar.

Another American, a blind man, has come to England on speculation of preaching and lecturing on blind subjects, and evidently thinks it would be quite proper for me to give him my pulpit and a collection. He has brought his wife with him, and they are out on a cadging expedition, pretending interest in the blind. He has a book of which he says he is the author, and which he tries to sell.

A beggar woman called in the midst of a blinding snow-storm. She had just called upon our Bible woman, Mrs. McLellan, who has been dead these eighteen months!

One of Spurgeon's colporteurs writes to me, begging me for the sake of his two masters, C. H. Spurgeon and the Lord Jesus Christ (such is the order of precedence), to help in his work.

From Glamorganshire comes a begging appeal. Chapel built at cost of £1650, towards which the people concerned have not raised more than £70.

A call this morning from some lady I know nothing of. She is from Cornwall, says she is interested in a little Baptist Church there, but wants to build a chapel. She brings no letters, testimonials, no authority from the Church, and wants me to make a collection for the concern.

Another visitor is a man named Pearson. I never heard of him before; I should think no one else has, excepting his mother. An obscure creature, once a City missionary in London, then missionary on a Scotch railway. He is, I think, a North of Ireland man, and is Presbyterian. He came and introduced himself. I asked him what he wanted me to do; so he and I stood *vis-à-vis* on the hearthrug, he with his back to the clock, I with my face to it. It was half-past ten. He told me that he had written a large work on the Westminster Confession, but could get no one to publish it. He had been shamefully treated by the Free Church of Scotland, and by publishers, and by everybody. On he went describing his book, or rather MS., and through doctrine after doctrine; spoke of the arguments by which he had abolished the 'decrees;' spoke of the errors of the Confession in regard to its definition of God, its statements concerning sin, effectual calling, adoption, sanctification, and I don't know what other stuff of the same sort. On and on he went, we standing on the hearthrug, and I with a pen in my mouth literally not uttering a word. The final drift was to the effect that he wished me to afford him an opportunity of lecturing upon his theme; and after talking without a moment's pause for an hour and a half he thought he had made a deep impression. Then I said, "Mr Pearson, I have listened now for an hour and a half, and all I have to say is this—that no Englishman cares twopence about the Confession of Faith. Good morning." "Good morning," he replied with much agitation, and so he disappeared.

A Welsh Baptist chapel case. There are fifteen members; congregation forty; there is a minister with three deacons. Concern in debt £450, yet these fifteen members expect the denomination to find them a

chapel. "What can the minister find to occupy his time?" They write to me for help.

A young man of whom I know nothing called to say that he had been a month in employ of the Omnibus Company, and had been discharged. He wanted me to recommend him to some Steamship Company!

An Irish woman came begging this morning: I gave her a shilling, and in the evening she came asking for more.

I had a letter from a poor minister asking help; his only claim being that more than thirty years ago he heard me lecture at Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

A woman, total stranger to me, called for help to get some things out of pawn, lest her husband, who comes home to-morrow, should beat her. She appealed to me in this wise. She had taken five pieces of paper, and had written my name on one, Bishop Ryle's on another, Father Nugent's on the third, Lefroy on the fourth, and Pearson's on the fifth. Then she had made the whole business a subject of prayer, and on drawing the list my name came first five times out of seven.

More than twenty years ago I and my family spent two or three months at Parkgate. To-day a fellow calls to beg, grounding his plea on the fact that he and his people lived at Parkgate about that time. This is absolutely all he has to say.

A big negro, sixty-seven years of age, calls for help to build a church in St. Louis for coloured people. He comes without any satisfactory credentials, does not profess to have been sent, comes on his own hook.

Wants at least five hundred dollars; he can neither write nor read, and therefore can keep no account of what he receives. He will live on the plunder. I don't know whether to call this simplicity, cheek, or rascality; he of course calls it faith.

Another fellow called for an introduction to Spurgeon. He had discovered an unfailing cure for rheumatic gout, and in the interest of religion was anxious to restore Mr. Spurgeon to health. This pretender is well known as a humbug, his father was—well, least said soonest mended.

Scripture characters that have been maligned: Esau, Rahab, Ishmael, Mary Magdalen, Pilate, Gallio.

A Mr. Lawson called—shabby-genteel—had heard there was at Myrtle Street Chapel a society for helping inventors, &c. He had invented a forage-cake for horses, not laxative but astringent, and thought I might be able to recommend him to individuals who would help him to bring it out. Wanted to enter into all details, chemical, physiological, and financial. Must think me an ass.

Extremes meet. I think that the Darwinians ascribe so much intelligence to animals, that barring the speech, they ought not to object to the story of Balaam's ass, and even the speech should not be deemed incredible, when our language is nothing more than a development of animals' voices, which all have meanings. *See* 'Contemporary' for Nov. 1874.

We have had a larger number of additions to the Church this year (1875) than in any previous year of my ministry—128—in all of whom, perhaps ten have ascribed

their decision in a measure to Mr. Moody's meetings, which have been going on all the year.

As I hear the boys in the streets whistling Sankey's tunes, I think it likely that this effect of the revival will be of longer duration than any other.

Met in a railway-carriage G. H., a member of my Church; who told me how very much he regretted my having taken no part in the Moody meetings. I am sorry to say he was three-parts drunk.

The facility with which some people believe in answers to prayer is wonderful. At the opening of the big Tabernacle for Moody and Sankey, it was found, rather contrary to expectation, that a speaker could be well heard in it.

Mr. K—— (in the chair) said that doubt had been expressed as to that point, whereupon a gentleman prayed (at the Committee, I presume) that the Lord would make the acoustic properties of the Hall such as would most resound to His glory.

Mr. K—— called upon the meeting to give thanks for so signal an answer to prayer!

At the daily prayer meeting a man prayed that Jesus would carry the lambs in His bosom, and lead them on to greater victories. And another expressed the desire that the wheels of the Gospel chariot should go to the hearts of sinners.

The Mayor has recently been giving large parties, to which many ministers have been invited. A very shabby and dirty-looking old Irishman prayed to-day at the daily prayer meeting, that the Lord would have mercy upon the members who went to them *drunken dinners*.

The haste with which one prayer treads upon the heels of another at the daily prayer meeting is very unpleasant; before the 'Amen' is out of one man's mouth, another, fearing to be forestalled, starts his preliminary 'Oh Lord.'

The groaning at the daily prayer meeting continues. The greatest groaner is an old Methodist who has failed several times in business, and very discreditably. At the meeting one day this week, a lay preacher prayed for unconverted ministers, and received the retort courteous from a Church parson, who prayed that men who, without authority, undertook to preach might have more charity. Query!—are such passages of arms likely to diminish or to increase the attendance? I am inclined to think a fight at the footstool of the Throne of Grace would attract great numbers.

At one of the Cook Street prayer meetings the other day, a man asked the prayers of the congregation for an unconverted sister, whose character, I understand, he expatiated upon not to her credit. I should think that after this public insult, the lady's conversion will be much more improbable than before.

Two people who are at variance upon a matter, say that they have made it a matter of earnest prayer for Divine guidance; and yet, with all their praying, each is of the same opinion still. What is the use of prayer in such a case? Does God guide both or either, and if so, which?

One day in the month of December I had an hour to spare in Edinburgh, so went to the united daily prayer meeting in the Free Church Assembly Hall. There were about four hundred present, seven-eighths of them

women. Dr. H. B—— preached. I think I never was at so dreary a meeting. Every word was uttered in the most melancholy whining tone. There were many supplications for backsliders; so marked a feature was this, as to suggest that the recent Moody and Sankey excitement has been followed by a dismal reaction. Another matter which greatly exercised the brethren, was prayer that Edinburgh might not get beastly drunk at Christmas and New Year.

The general tone was one of complaint, in which God was very freely remonstrated with for not doing what He might do in the salvation of sinners. I should be within a step of atheism if I felt as these people expressed themselves.

My chairman to-night at a lecture, in a slow and laborious speech with notes to help him, occupied twenty-five minutes in giving his reasons for consenting to occupy the chair. The place was frightfully hot, and the people had held a tea-meeting in the same room just previously, and were used up.

At Bethel Committee to-day we received a letter from Lyon Jones's trustees, stating their readiness to pay over £2000 to the Society to be permanently invested for the Society. This is virtually an endowment. All who were present are very decided Dissenters, but none objected. I wonder whether if we had the Church endowments we should be less prepared to stick to them than the Church parsons are! An endowment is all right where it endows ourselves.

Mr. F—— told me of a man who was very ill. A friend was condoling with him, and he said, "Yes, I feel it very much to have to leave my poor wife and children." "Never mind us," said the wife,

"you just get on with your dying, we'll get on very well."

A Welshman writes from Aberystwith, wanting a lecture such as will make the people "lively and merry." In other words, this Taffy wants a comic lecturer. I decline to act this part.

Rev. B. R——, having failed in three Baptist Churches, wants me to recommend him to another. But I predict that in a few months he will be a Church of England parson.

Here ends the thirtieth year of my work; I don't know whether I shall not soon give it up altogether. I long for more freedom to go among the masses and try to help them. I go on in the old ruts very unwillingly. It has been in religion as well as in trade a bad year. Still I have had no illness all through, therefore *Laus Deo!*

I preached twice at opening of chapel in B——, and obtained £90 collection; and then having nothing to eat since mid-day, sat down to a piece of bread and cheese and a single glass of water, my host remarking, "This, you see, is a very simple supper," and then he craved a blessing upon it! Yorkshire hospitality!

I appointed two brethren to visit a candidate for membership. One of them came up to me and asked me to appoint some one else, because he could not go with the other. I believe these brethren are not on speaking terms.

This evening at prayer meeting I asked Mr. B—— to offer prayer, whereupon Mr. H——, his son-in-law, who hates him, got up and walked out of the place.

A man was convicted of manslaughter at the assizes; he killed a woman when very drunk. There had been a christening in the house, and all were drunk. Our newspapers with pure naïvete state as a perfectly explanatory parenthesis—that there had been a *christening*—as if drunkenness and murder were the common results of the ceremony! What a row there would be if after my administering baptism on our plan such a scene had occurred! The Baptists would have to shut up for ever. But one man may steal a horse, &c. A clergyman informs me, that to a certain class a christening is simply an excuse for getting beastly drunk. Such is some folks' Christianity.

A week ago I was sent for to see a young man whose father did not think he would live the night through. I went, and he seemed very bad, almost exhausted. I saw him again last week, and called to-day. He and his wife are going to Jersey (his native place); to-morrow going to Weymouth by rail, enough of itself to kill him. The creature is very unwilling to admit that he is dangerously ill; his wife gets violent if such a thing be hinted at. His occupation seems to be playing draughts, and I never met with a person less inclined to serious thought. I don't see why these people send for me, unless at the bottom of it there be an idea of getting money.

If I had a nice moderate income from independent sources, nothing would please me more, and really I think be better for me, than to become more and more a teacher of the working-classes in Liverpool. Better this than to be simply the servant of a capricious congregation. I do long for a broader life than the Baptist or any other ministry affords. God send it, and that soon!

H. A. is a wealthy young man, about twenty-eight years of age. His father died of drink a few years ago, and left him a large property. He has nothing to do, and does it. He is rather given to tippling, is in poor health, never gets up in the morning till towards noon. The end is perfectly plain; he will soon finish himself. This comes of scorning all religion and turning Conservative, which most of the sons of successful men in and about Manchester have done.

At Church meeting to-day, C—— elected deacon, after having declared himself an open communicant and a disbeliever in particular redemption and eternal punishment. Election taking place on this declaration, and finding him at head of poll, is in effect an opening of the Church for communion, though not membership, and is a setting of the deed and its doctrines at defiance.

First Sunday not so good a collection as last year or year before for Widows and Orphans, having—Total at the table £72, and some £12 more in the boxes. Evening discourse on the *Te Deum*. Seldom seen a fuller congregation. B—— before service in a most bewildered state of mind, thought *Te Deum* was some heathen god. After service seemed to think the same. Indeed, I fancy many present had never heard of it, and would infinitely prefer a Sankey rhyme. However, this hardly equals a Bishop I once met, who had never heard of Thomas Fuller.

I do not know that Christians so-called would not commit crimes similar to those committed by Turks in this war with Servia; but now everybody damns the conduct of the Turks as beyond all expression worse

than anything ever done by Christians; it may be well to use this conviction against those who disparage Christianity, and ask what improvement it has effected!

An Irishman from St. Helens called and asked me to preach for a Sunday school. He told me that they were not well off in money matters, but that in getting children they had been very successful.

I buried a woman to-day. There was no mourner but the husband, and he seemed very cheerful. I believe that he has reason to be so.

What I should like best would be this:—To hire a hall, *e.g.* Hope Hall, by the year, for Sundays, and such other times as might be agreed upon. Then there would be no bother about building, trust deed, trustees, building committees, &c. And this would also be apostolical. The primitive Christians met in such places, and had no buildings of their own. Then I would ask some seven men of honest report to join me and act as a committee, and the only committee, as in the Acts of the Apostles I find only one committee, consisting of seven, commonly called deacons; and I have no objection to calling my seven by this name. I would have no Church. I would simply have a congregation (an *Ecclesia*), consisting of all who chose to come and join in worship. I would celebrate the supper of our Lord every Lord's day, morning and evening, alternately inviting all Christian friends to join, leaving it to themselves, to their own consciences, to determine their fitness, and so avoiding the arrogance and presumption and inquisitorial curiosity of a Church in regard to admissions.

I would baptize in the profession of their faith all who

wished to be baptized, and who satisfied me and my seven men as to character; and when baptized, they should be just as they were, members of the congregation. I would have a meeting of the congregation once a year, to give an account of moneys, &c.

I would leave it to each member of the congregation to decide what sum he would contribute, and would supply him with accommodation as far as possible. I would have Sunday schools in private homes, Christian people lending their drawing-rooms, parlours, or kitchens, for the purpose, and gathering a few children. I should have weekly offerings or collections for charities, and especially for Baptist Institutions; for my principles as a Baptist are as firm as ever. I should feel much more free to speak the Word of God without fear, and could be far more honest than those cramping churches allow a man to be. I should perhaps gather around me a number of intelligent, humble, peaceable, God-fearing people, whom churches have disgusted. I should have nothing to do with Liberationists and their movements, but should try to cultivate Christian friendliness with all Christian people.

I think that in as large a place as Liverpool there is scope for a free and liberal institution of this kind. There are believers, as well as unbelievers, who are heartily sick of denominationalism and of church and chapel tyranny.

"I called a few days ago on a man whose wife was very ill; hardly expected to recover. The stairs were narrow, crooked, and dark. He threw open the door of the room in which his wife lay, in order to give me light as I groped up-stairs, and said loud enough to be heard by his sick spouse: "These stairs is so bad that if anything was to happen, I don't know how they would get her down."

With great relish a certain cotton broker told me the story of a wretched squabble in a Baptist chapel at Wisbeach. He is no professor, could not think of being one when professors act so. A week or two after telling me that story he bolted to Spain in order to escape prosecution and penal servitude for fraud.

This winter has been, and this spring is, a time of much depression in trade. One man has smashed to the extent of £500,000; paid, or expects to pay, seven pence, and intends to become an Evangelist. What strikes me most in these times is the want of wisdom discovered in merchants and men of business generally. They are very apt to think meanly of us ministers as having little sense, but I never see ministers acting in so idiotic a way as these wiseacres, who can make money but can't keep it.

Some time ago about 18,000 persons in Liverpool went within a few days to see Miss Thompson's picture of the 'Roll Call,' paying a shilling each. The Art Club have been six months exhibiting more than four hundred of David Cox's paintings at same price, and there have been about 2000 visitors. So much for the public taste.

People in southern parts don't give as down here. At Bristol the other evening the collection (for generally improving King Street Chapel) was only £25; there were 1000 people present, and, so far as I could judge, well to do. The minister and deacons were quite pleased to get so much.

At these Assizes a betting scoundrel named Baker has been tried for murder, is convicted, and will be hanged. During the trial his old betting friends were occupied in betting as to the result, six to one against him.

Revivalists seem to think that between June and October anybody may go to the devil. Just now they are nearly all perfectly still, and their big Victoria Hall here is doing nothing save the daily prayer meeting that might be done in any small room. They go by fits and starts, and when they start, condemn us poor beggars who are at it always. I don't believe in a Holy Ghost that is asleep during the summer months

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It is very distressing to feel that experience makes one more and more distrustful. A Mr. W——, a Baptist Minister, came down with a view to being pastor at our St. Helen's Chapel, expressed himself satisfied, was kindly treated, indicated his willingness and desire to come, was unanimously elected, took a week before he replied, and then said that after much thought and prayer he had determined to accept an invitation to Maidstone, as he liked the locality much better. Not a word of apology, regret, or concern for St. Helen's folk, who had so kindly given him their confidence.

Emphasis. When we say that a person is good-*looking*, we mean his body. When we speak of him as *good*-looking, we mean his soul.

J. R. W. was once as nearly as possible in for a breach of promise action, because in giving religious consolation to a lady he quoted the words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He also was once so pointed and pathetic with "lovest thou Me" from the pulpit, that a lady went into the vestry at close of service, and told him she did love him.

Mrs. H——, an exceedingly ill-tempered old woman, died this morning; but before her death she said to her daughter: "As soon as I am gone, get a coffin at once

and screw me down; there were plenty who would not come to see me living, and they sha'n't stand admiring of me when I'm dead!"

There are fellows who not only before conversion but after it get into very loose, worldly, and bad ways, and then taking a turn for the better, become so pious that a man who has kept straight all along has no chance with them.

Yesterday I buried B. W.; to-day R. B. Yesterday I wore a white shirt and my best black coat; to-day a flannel shirt and Oxford grey coat. B. W.'s relatives are poor, R. B.'s rich, and you may use far greater freedom and far less respect of persons in dealing with the rich than with the poor. At least this is true in many things.

A Yankee who having had a good dinner at a restaurant had not a cent to pay. Altercation ending in landlord producing a revolver. "What's that?" "A revolver!" "Oh, I don't mind your revolvers; I was afraid it was a stomach-pump."

Have just gone through the painful operation of hearing S. S. Union Secretary read his unaspirated report, "Pic-nic on the Overton 'ills, 200 vo'ces made the 'ills resound with the 'armony of their 'ymns."

The English language without the 'h' is perfectly 'orrible. I don't think the introduction of it where it should not be anything like so bad as its omission where it ought to be, and the effect on me of such speaking as that of this wretch is unbearable, irritating; such speaking ought to be avoided, because it is to the hearer an occasion of sin.

Bright made a great speech at Birmingham, the great Liberal speech of the recess. He talks of nothing but the Church and its Disestablishment as an object to be aimed at, though not immediately to be attempted. The Liberals who don't like this question are perfectly furious; they think he ought to have proposed a policy of drainage, or workmen's houses, or something of that sort, anything rather than meddle with the Church. Bright's speech represents the Church as the question of the day. And Bright, so far, has always been right as a prophet.

Preached at Lancaster New Wesleyan Methodist Chapel. Capital organizers these Methodists are. They do nothing outside their own line of things, but within it are great. No other denomination would have found me such an audience on a week evening.

I dreamt last night that I was listening to McLaren, and was most miserably disappointed. No wonder—the sermon was of course my own.

To-day I buried John Hulley, the *Gymnasiarch*. He was at one time apparently a very popular man in Liverpool, but there were not more than a dozen people at his funeral. It is a heartless world!

One of the nastiest things connected with death is the way in which the relatives grab the property. T——, a man worth £17,000, died this week, and his brothers, on returning from the funeral, which took place with all speed, demanded of the widow the keys, searched the house, inventoried everything, seized the clothes coming from the wash, and set men to watch the house front and back, lest anything should be smuggled away. One of the brothers threatened and struck the woman on her

showing unwillingness to surrender the keys she had kept so many years. There is something about this case that I don't yet understand, but such haste is indecent.

Mrs. S—— was found searching her aunt's pockets before the old woman's corpse was cold.

P—— wants me to let him have £3 as a deposit with a dentist who cannot trust him with a set of teeth unless he get so much beforehand.

—— died the other day, leaving about £300,000. He had such a horror of dying that he dared not make a will until compelled to do so within a few hours of his death. A bachelor, and great screw, although when he had no further power to keep his money he left it to the Town Charities. When near his end he consented to have a nurse sent for to attend upon him, but would not allow the servant to take a cab for the purpose—the omnibus would do, and so about ninepence would be saved.

My *soirée* of Blind, Deaf, and Dumb went off very well; about three hundred to tea, and room afterwards filled with visitors. The deaf and dumb seemed in every way superior to the blind—more intelligent, more happy—much better dressed; this last easily explained—the blind don't see their clothes, the deaf and dumb do. Never saw more animated conversation than passed between these deaf mutes during the whole evening. The blind sat very silent and sad, hardly speaking to each other, but listening to and enjoying the music. The impression produced on my mind is decidedly in favour of the deaf and dumb man's position as compared with that of the blind.

Three brutes were hung from one beam this morning at Kirkdale. Two of them, if not all three, were Roman Catholics, and were very penitent, and very attentive to the religious instructions of the Chaplain.—A crab struck a blow at a snake that tried to kill him; the snake thereupon expiring, stretched himself to die. "It is too late," said the crab; "you ought to have *lived* so."

The Vaughans have launched a new ship, and called her the 'Stowell Brown.' This is an honour very rarely conferred upon a minister. But, *per contra*, a very small mean street next to the Lying-in Hospital is called Stowell Street—I think with reference to me.

W——, last week, in one of his sermons, pitched into women for wearing hair that belonged to some damned soul in hell.

If Jesus Christ were to come to Liverpool, I have no doubt that he would recognize in William Rathbone, Unitarian though he be, a far better disciple than in ninety-nine per cent. of the orthodox Evangelical folk. I do not think that he would prefer —— or ——; but I had better say no more than that I am sure he would not prefer me.

I am printing a sermon in which I speak of Abraham, Moses, Daniel, &c., as amongst the greatest and noblest of mankind; the printer does not agree with me—for Abraham he substitutes Absalom!

There is at present a most horrid series of caricatures coming out in the 'Liverpool Leader,' and I am one of the victims. The fellow who draws this senseless rubbish, in which there is not a gleam of talent, writes

before publication, asking me to take proofs at 12*s*. a dozen or forty-eight for 35*s*.

Binney once prepared a capital sermon on a capital text, but when he came to look for the text he could find it nowhere in all the Bible. At last it was discovered in the Apocrypha. He went to the pulpit, and begun his discourse by saying, "I shall not tell you where the text is, but it will be a very good exercise for you to try and find it."

The Tichborne trial is over, and now the newspapers, after having dosed us with it plentifully for eight months, filling page after page with it, turn round and abuse the people of England for their foolishness in taking so much interest in such a miserable imposture.

An Oxford man wouldn't go to church, preferred walking in the fields, and said he would rather hear stones than sticks.

One good thing about spurious gospels, that they are so spurious as not to deceive anybody. A penny might as well try to pass for a crown-piece, as any of them for a genuine Gospel tested by the four we have.

The Garston Iron Works stopped some weeks ago. Men who were once earning £1 per day are destitute, their wives and children starving, dependent absolutely on the charity of people whose means are smaller than these scoundrels used to have. The English workman is at times a perfect demon.

A young man called this evening to apologize for having taken a fit in the chapel last night!

Here is old Carlyle screaming at us for being all gone over to the worship of Beelzebub. There is not a man in England more responsible for this than Carlyle himself. For years he has preached the gospel of physical force. Hero-worship, worship of the strangest and cleverest, he has poured the uttermost contempt upon evangelical religion, and while abusing mammon worship has left us no other God than mammon to worship. His cry has been worship power, and we have obeyed him, and finding money the most powerful thing, we worship it, and are thereby proved to be very faithful disciples of this peevish old man who so storms at us.

Collins told a story of a Mr. T—— who said to a Mr. E—— (being very ill at the time, and both being very rich): "Now, thou leave me all thy money when thou dies, and I'll leave thee all mine when I die." Mr. E—— declined on the ground that he had very poor relations. "Aye, and so have I!" repled T—— with an oath; "I hates the verra seet o' them." E—— soon after died, and T—— said, "I thowt he would when I last seed him." Hence the challenge.

Listening to the Jubilee singers, I remarked the vigour with which they sing and say, "And drown'd ole Pharaoh." Their songs of devotion seem very tame and spiritless in comparison. I never heard "Crown Him Lord of All" given with half the energy and zest of that "Drown him, drown him, drown him." Well, they are liberated slaves, and have passed through their Red Sea. The Exodus is a great gospel, a veritable fact for them.

There is a revivalist (I think he is a Yankee), of whom I am told that he carries about with him a

crown of thorns, which when he preaches he puts upon his head. I am much inclined to say of such a brute, "Let him be crucified."

It is very commonly remarked that people who are possessed of great health and strength never think of the uncertainty of life. I can only say that I have no recollection of having been ill for a whole day in my life, and I am in my fifty-first year, and yet I hold and always have held life just day by day and hour by hour, and don't know any creaking gate that is half so deeply impressed with the perils and uncertainties of this mortal life.

What wretched taste there often is in book-binding! I bought to-day a copy of George Herbert. The good, grave, exquisitely refined Herbert is in a covering all gilding, but execrably decorated. I would have given half-a-crown more for one bound in proper character, but could not find one.

On Sunday I rather grudgingly gave a £5 note to the Hospital collections. I confess I had to wrestle with a temptation. The next day my wife receives from her father £50, with an intimation that she was to have as much once a quarter—£200 per annum.

"The common people heard Him gladly," and hanged Him gladly.

Motto for the common people's arms:

"Hosanna! Crucify Him!"

Our collection to-day for Hospital Sunday was £191 14*s*. St. George Street over £500. We are not where we ought to be. A member of my congregation is not angry that we give so little, but that others give

so much. I should think, that left to his own preferences he would allow every poor creature to perish. He is very angry that a convalescent home has been put up in the neighbourhood of such good properties as his own and his neighbours', and thinks it a shame that poor people should have the benefit of being in proximity to swells like himself; thinks they ought to be sent down to the shore at Formby, and let his neighbourhood be reserved for the gentry.

At collection to-day (evening especially) a general non-attendance of the people who shirk collections. The announcement of a collection always gives one hundred people severe colds, affects another hundred with bilious attacks, and discovers to fifty more that they will be out of town that day.

RULES FOR A MINISTER'S STUDY.

1. Do not have in your study a sofa or an easy chair; visitors will not stay so long if no such luxury is found there.

2. It is well to stand while your visitor stays. He too will then probably stand, and will all the sooner walk.

3. If you have a clock in the room it may be well to keep it ten minutes fast. Your visitor will not then be likely to miss his next engagement through stopping too long with you.

These are simple ways of redeeming time, ways by which I should think I gain on an average half-an-hour per day.

At Aberdeen, James Abernethy, a most sedate elder in the Free Church, told me that in Scotland the ministers are or have been so negligent as not to baptize the

children for years. The children are great swearers, picking up the accomplishment from the sailors who frequent these islands. A child four years of age was brought forward for baptism, and when the water was sprinkled in his face exclaimed, "Damn it, what's this?"

Mr. Barnes told a story of a man who would preach. Chose for text, "Arise and shine." After repeating it about nine times: "Let us pray. Oh Lord, Thou hast lived a long time, and Thou hast seen a many things, but if Thou lives a thousand years, Thou'llt never see me i' this pulpit again!"

There is a woman in Liverpool who, suddenly raised to wealth by her husband's success, got a carriage, and for months rode in it all day up and down the town.

I think the Congregational Church at —— the most miserable, dead-alive concern I have ever seen. Was there to-day preaching in evening. Will hold some eight hundred and fifty people; not more than one hundred and twenty present, and a very fine night. Something to be put to the account of the preacher; still a Church in health could not be in so low a state unless the minister is a muff. Here is an instance of finery in church construction going for nothing. It is a Gothic place, with pillars and, I think, clerestory, stained windows, stone pulpit, with a small angel under the book-board. All to no effect; and this place is in the midst of a large and respectable population.

Mr. C—— at an hotel in Oxford met a young gentleman who said, "I suppose, sir, you have come to attend the Ordination." "No, I did not know there was to be one!" "Oh yes, it takes place to-day, and I am

going to be ordained with the other candidates; it's a damned troublesome business!" Quoth C——: "As to the trouble, you feel that now; as to the damnation, you may know more of that by-and-by!"

Mrs. D—— has just called; wished to join the Church. Tells me that her husband was converted through hearing the 130th Psalm chanted in the chapel. What poor creatures we are! Just about the time this took place I told Clarkson the organist that I thought I should not have that Psalm on our list, because it was so doleful.

Graham having heard a sermon, was introduced to the preacher, who rather expected to be complimented. "You *are* a preacher," said G.

There is great talk about the confessional, and much howling against it. The fact is, no one can prevent a minister from hearing, encouraging, and drawing out confession. My difficulty is to avoid hearing confessions made to me, which I would a great deal rather know nothing about.

I call to-day's work pretty full. Morning service as usual. Afternoon a baptismal service, with address. Perhaps 700 present; several young people baptized. Evening the usual service, and after that to Solwey Street on foot, and Lord's Supper administration there all by myself. Came home not in the least tired, and ate a mighty supper, and sat talking, and reading, and walking about the dining-room until after 1 A.M. It was certainly twelve hours of incessant work—brain, heart, and voice. And I never felt better than I do now after it. Nothing extraordinary in the amount; it is of common, almost constant, occurrence, but I make a note

of it, as it were once for all, and I feel thankful for the health and strength given to me.

In these services the prayers of course are extempore, and the preaching without a scrap of paper or note of any kind, so that the mind is on the stretch all through the day. I think some of our prayer and sermon reading parsons would be in a fix if they had to do quarter as much as I do every Sunday of life.

I have been able to do this without a break for twenty-eight years—*Laus Deo!*

Mrs. B. and I occasionally correspond. We always humbug each other, and each perfectly well knows that whatever the other says is humbug. It is silently understood. I suppose there is much correspondence and intimacy of this kind.

Bromham told me a good story of George Dawson. G. D. lectured somewhere in Norfolk, in the parish school-room. The squire hearing of it was in a rage, swore he should never lecture there again, and said, "Why the damned scoundrel is an Atheist and a Baptist!"

A young fellow called to know where he could find a certificate of his great-grandfather's death, which took place in 1826. It is some question of property, and the lawyers want to be satisfied that the old man is dead.

A guard on the Furness Railway told my son-in-law yesterday that there was no minister of religion in the country he respected and esteemed so highly as he did H. S. Brown. "Why, sir," said he, "Mr. Brown is the only parson I ever met with on this line who ever asked me what I would take to drink!"

It is a good thought in Lynch's sermon on David that in the fifty-first Psalm grace triumphs over evil; that Psalm has done more good than David's sin did evil; not doing evil that good may come; but evil once done, by all means let good come of it if possible.

A fearful fall. A. B., a man much respected, a good preacher, earnest Christian, well-connected, married to a most estimable lady, was found drunk in Manchester, gone thither as a Good Templar delegate, and Good Templar papers together with a bottle of brandy was found in his pocket. He was brought before the magistrate. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." By the way, is not the name Good Templar very complacently self-righteous? See what an absurdity too! A. B. is a bad Good Templar. "Why callest thou Me good?" None good save One, *i. e.* God. Such a fall as this is a reproof, perhaps a punishment, for the assumption of such an epithet.

Reporting worthy of a Yankee:—Gladstone at Hawarden Church. Hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," sung. At the line "When shall my labours have an end?" the Premier was observed to join with marked emphasis. What a beast that reporter is!

People who are always grumbling and growling against close communion say they think they ought to be allowed to 'sit down' with us. That is exactly what they wish—to sit down and do nothing.

Toast at induction dinner at the presbyterian church, Bootle, after "Queen and Royal Family," "The Bishop

and Clergy of the Diocese, and members of other Denominations." Most monstrous at a Nonconformist dinner; and a slip of a curate was called upon to precede me in speaking to it.

At Cromarty, visited during my vacation this summer, I went to the Established Church, and was much disgusted with the whole service. Yet it was not worse than is common in the Established Church of England, in country places, and in many towns. This led me to think of the following argument:—The State Church is a department of Government. We have a right to have this, like other departments, well administered. It is shockingly administered; many of the men are not fit for the work. Is there not ground here for agitation either that the department shall be better worked or that it be given up?

Armitage says distinctly and emphatically that no party in the United States can have the idea of establishing a State Church. There are a few (chiefly Reformed Presbyterian Covenanters) who wish to have God formally recognized in the Constitution, but even they would die rather than see a State Church set up.

When the original committee met in 1833 to arrange for 'Tracts for the Times' and compared their religious convictions, they discovered that one and all they were desirous of the separation of Church and State.

If the Gospel were a forgery, those who got it up would have made their Christ something more than a carpenter.

What Tyndall or Huxley, &c. may say on the uselessness of prayer is a matter of very little consequence,

but when Christian people plainly show by systematic neglect of worship, and especially of prayer-meetings, that they don't believe in prayer, it is a very serious business. Ever since I came to Liverpool the great majority of Myrtle Street Chapel have, in so far as any public manifestation to the contrary is concerned, shown that they don't believe in prayer. Sometimes I have to give an address just because there are not men present who would occupy the time with prayer fit to be heard.

The Jewish priesthood was hereditary; it required neither brains nor character to perform the sacerdotal ceremonies. But the prophetic office, requiring both mental and moral qualifications of a high order, was not imperilled by hereditary succession. God raised up from time to time the right men for so great a work.

This afternoon I rehearsed at Birkenhead sermon preached afterwards at Myrtle Street; read it first, and then extemporized. Found it a very good plan.

I foresee plainly that there will be ten times as much controversy about Church property as about Church doctrine.

The parson will stick to the loaves and fishes, though the doctrine go to the devil.

Miall disturbs them more than Bennet and all his ritualists.

Extracts from advertisements in the 'Guardian,' April, 1873:

A candidate for ordination wants an opening for Deacon's Orders, where there are daily services and eastward celebrations.

Another describes himself as "High Church, not extreme, and musical."

Another: "Views in accordance with the Prayer Book."

"Wanted a charge where there is a reverend ritual."

"A small incumbency is sought by a priest advanced in age, but still able to perform well all Church services. Through his reluctance to importunity, although his name has been for years upon the Archbishop of Canterbury's list for preferment, his claims on the Church as its debtor have been neglected."

"A married priest, Catholic and musical, railway station near, with early train to London, much desired."

"Anglican light duty for the summer, 45*s.* a week. Can intone."

"Able to preach extempore if required."

"Strictly *via media* views."

"Moderate Protestant views."

"Sound Church views."

"Liberal Evangelical."

"No extreme views."

"A bachelor preferred; as there is no accommodation in the parish for a married man."

"Surpliced choir" held out as a temptation.

"Must be a good Churchman."

"No undue interference with freedom of action or opinion."

"Duty very light."

Walking in Regent Street I am often envious. Walking in St. Giles I am always thankful.

"The Prince of the powers of the air."—The devil surely has some command of the weather. It rained last Sunday, it has been as dry as a bone all the

week, and now, Sunday again, there is a downpour. It has rained all afternoon and evening, but five times as heavy just before and at church time as at any other part of the day. Those racing rascals last week had nothing but day after day of the most beautiful weather. The devil no doubt has a hand in it.

What a muddle our language is! We drop the *h* in 'ear' and retain it in 'hear,' drop it in 'earth' and retain it in 'hearth.'

How carefully we should act upon that prudent rule, "They that live in glass houses!" &c. &c. There appears in the papers an account of a Church of England parson in the north who has committed forgery, and been sentenced to seven years' transportation. Meanwhile I hear that a short time since, the Baptist Minister at D——, after a career of blackguardly dissipation and extensive fraud, poisoned himself, and was found by the detective police dying; the medical man would not allow him to be arrested, and under the surveillance of the police he ended his miserable career.

Now possibly this in part explains the fact that when lecturing at D—— last January I had hardly a soul to hear me.

Nothing seems more difficult than the preservation of the human mind from the extreme of credulity on the one hand, and from the extreme of unbelief on the other. Each flourishes in turn, and each in turn by its folly stirs up a powerful reaction against itself. And notwithstanding all that is now said about the rapid and daring spread of scepticism, there appear to be signs that men have gone so far in this direction that they are likely, ere long, to retrace their steps, and go as far the other way. There is more reason to anticipate

a return to superstition than a further progress in unbelief; at any rate ritualism, with all its prohibitions, makes far more converts than are made by neology, with all its show of philosophy and science.

Do we find that as men get older they seldom say "I never saw," or "I never met such a man," &c. &c. These expressions ought with experience to subside. What a limited *never* it is when a fellow of twenty or thereabouts says that *he* never, &c. &c.; and he often makes his experience the measure of all fact and possibility.

What a revelation as to the character of servants, that a knave (servant) is now only another word for a rogue!

Old Baptist Parson Littlewood of Rochdale had twenty-one children, and called the last of them Guinea! Large as this family was in its second generation, it is now, I believe, almost extinct. Had all been like their father, old Littlewood might have had four hundred and forty-one grandchildren, who, with twenty-one sons and their wives, would have made a fine family gathering in his old age of four hundred and eighty-three.

Went with Pitt to Southport to hold first Seamen's Friend Society Committee Meeting there. Six Southport ministers had promised to be present. There was not one of them there, and only one (Stalker) apologized for absence; so Pitt and I, with help of Chairman, had the whole meeting. And a great improvement it was to have just two speeches, and absolutely nothing more. It is a discovery in regard to public meetings of which I shall make use.

I observe that a day or two ago, at Blackburn or

Blackpool, Dr. Potter said that union of Church and State was like that of body and soul, and result of severance would be similar.

After W. S. Caine had stood for the borough he had seventy applications for situations; one fellow claimed to be favoured on the ground that he had personated an absent voter.

By the way, how admirably this political use of the word personate brings out the original meaning of the word person—*persona*, a mask; *per-sona*, sound of the voice coming through it.

Good story told by Mr. Crook. Hobson, a very rascally lawyer, was posting up a witness as to what he was to swear on a certain case. "Aye, Mr. Hobson," said witness, "I conna swear; that it's against my conscience!"

"And dost thou think," said Hobson, "that I am going to lose my case because of thy damned conscience?"

There is a wedding next door, carriages, &c. opposite my house. Don't know the name of the people. How strange this would be in a country place—not to know anything about your neighbour—your nextbour—nextbore? it might be if you knew him.

Gentleman travelled with me who, years ago, was in despair because of his circumstances—saw nothing before him and his young family but starvation; picked up my 'Battle of Life,' took heart, set to work, went to Burnley, and is now a man of independent means, thoroughly well off. He told me all this. That lecture had been the making of him. But he did not say, "Here, my friend, is a fifty-pound-note in acknowledgment of my

indebtedness to you." By the way, this thought of what did not take place suggests the testimonials and thank-offerings due to Jesus Christ. Think of the gold watches, pieces of plate, &c., to nobodies for nothings. What then, to Christ, for all we have from Him? Testimonial-giving might be made good basis for a sermon.

I had this evening a fine specimen of Wesleyan organizing power. A Wesleyan Sunday school in Manchester wanted help for its library. Invited me to lecture. Subject: 'My Tour in America.' They took the Town Hall, Hulme—a very fine building—and crowded it with about 1000 people, and many reserved seats at a considerable price, though I cannot say what. They gave me £5, though there was no bargain; they treated me with great hospitality, and begged of me to go again. They sold every ticket, and more of reserved than the others. I attribute it all to their system. System we have none. I ought to add that it was a dirty, wet, cold night.

Now, a contrast to this was with —— at Burnley a fortnight ago. Same season, same lecturer, same lecture, better weather, far lower prices, a number of congregation professionally interested, no hall to hire (for we met in a chapel), and we had about one hundred and twenty present, and that after an engagement deemed so important as to be made six months beforehand.

What I gather is, that if you want earnest, hearty interest, you must put it in some denominational and congregational work. These Unions fail, to wit, our Seamen's Friend Society and our Home Mission—neither at its annual meeting can get together three hundred people, whereas that poor Soho Street Chapel, when it stirs itself, can get up a tea-meeting and cram the place. Nothing done without denominational fervour.

Enoch Mellor delivered a lecture last night to a crowded house at Hope Hall. Subject—'Disestablishment.' Not a word about it in this day's 'Post,' while it contains half a column about a card-sharping brute on railway nine months ago, and a long account of the Distressed Foreigners' Society's Ball, the people who capered at it, and the manner in which the place was decorated, and the drinks supplied. Now if the Liberal press will thus ignore one of the great questions of the day, can the Liberal party expect much hearty support from Nonconformists? 'Post' is Unitarian, and not in favour of disestablishment, still it should notice the subject. The Tory 'Courier' gave an extensive report of the meeting. The lecture is reported on a much more meagre scale in the 'Mercury.' 'Albion' silent. The 'Post' on same day found room to state that the Mayor was too indisposed to attend some Church of England public meeting.

The 'Post,' which yesterday had not a word about Mellor, to-day inserts a report of the lecture in Preston by some unknown Independent minister of Wigan against disestablishment, and full of most violent abuse of Dissent and Dissenters. It also gives about ten lines to important Nonconformist Conference in London, by way of introducing the other article.

Mr. H. of Shropshire, a Dissenter, told me that on applying for a farm the agent said that as he, Mr. H., was a Dissenter, he would see him damned before he should have it. Mr. H. intends emigrating to the United States. Is it to be expected that men so treated will on settling in that country think very kindly of England, which has cast them out and denied them the means of obtaining a livelihood?

A thought. It may be very foolish to believe such stories as those of Jonah, Balaam, &c.; but I find the people who do believe in them far better in most respects than those who don't!

PROVERBS HAVING REFERENCE TO CHURCH MATTERS.

G. German. D. Dutch. S. Spanish. F. French. I. Irish.

A baptized Jew is a circumcised Christian.—G.

An ape, a priest, and a louse, are three devils in one house.—D.

As for friars, live with them, eat with them, and walk with them; then sell them as they do.—S.

"Bad company," said the thief as he walked to the gallows between the hangman and a monk.—D.

Do what the friar says, not what he does.—S.

Either fight not with priests, or beat them to death.—G.

Every priestling conceals a popeling.—G.

Friar modest-man was prior.—I.

God's friend the priest's foe.—G.

Golden bishop, wooden crosier; wooden bishop, golden crosier.—F.

Happy the home in which there is no shaven crown!—S.

He is welcome as the first day of Lent.—D.

He that would keep his house clean must not let either priest or pigeon enter it.—F.

Horses run after benefices and asses get them.—F.

I don't want it, I don't want it, but put it in my hand.—S.

If there be a hell, Rome is built over it.—G.

It is better to have to do with God than with his saints.—F.

Let the devil get into the church and he will mount the altar.—I.

Let those paternosters be for your own soul (to a swearer).—S.

Many scruple to spit in the church, and afterwards defile the altar.—I.

Men's ignorance makes the pot boil for priests.—F.

Neither a good friar for friend, nor a bad one for enemy.

Never was head so holy but the devil would get his hand into it.

"Oh, what we must suffer for God's Church!" said the abbot when the roast fowl burnt his fingers.—G.

Offend one monk and the lappets of all cowls will flutter as far as Rome.—G.

Pilgrims seldom come home saints.—G.

Priestly knaves sweat hard at meat,
But never at work get into a heat.—G.

Rosary in hand, the devil at heart.—P.

That priest is a fool who decries his religion.—I.

The bites of priests and wolves are hard to heal.—G.

The court of Rome likes not sheep without wool.—I.

The Church, the sea, or the royal household for those who would thrive.

The devil gets into the belfry by the vicar's skirts.—S.

The devil lurks behind the cross.—F. G. S. D.

The further from Rome the nearer to God.—D.

The gown does not make the monk.—F. I.

The Jew ruins himself with Passovers, the Moor with wedding-feasts, the Christian with law-suits.—S.

The health of doctors, the souls of priests, and the property of lawyers are in great danger.—I.

The monk preached about stealing and had the goose in his larder.

The friar preached against stealing and had a pudding in his sleeve.

The monk that begs for God's sake begs for two.—F. S.

The nearer to Church the farther from God.—F. G.

The nearer the minster the later to mass.

The pope eats princes, gulps gentlemen, and vomits monks.—G.

The priest loves his flock, but the lambs more than the wethers.—G.

There's many a knave concealed under a surplice.—D.

Though you teach a wolf the Paternoster he will say, "Lamb, Lamb."—D.

Too much wax burns the chalice.—P.

To turn fishmonger on Easter Eve!—F.

Trust not your gossip (second godmother) to a priest who has been a friar.—S.

What the abbot can't eat he gives away for the good of his soul.—S.

When the devil says his prayers he means to cheat you.—F. S.

Where friars abound keep your eyes open.—S.

Where there is a pretty spot the devil plants a monastery or a lord.—G.

Where there is mischief there's sure to be a priest or a woman in it.—G.

When it pours upon the parson, it drops upon the clerk.—D.

The old saints are forgotten in the new.—P.

The mother of God appears to fools.—G.

The election of the abbot is not stopped for want of a monk.—I.

While the dogs are growling at each other, the wolf devours the sheep.—G.

Beware of laughing hosts and weeping priests.—G.

A priest's pocket is not easily filled.—D.

A friar, a liar.

The beadle is always of the vicar's opinion.—F.

God deliver us from a gentleman by day and a friar by night.—G.

Like priest, like people,
No penny, no paternoster.

"When you are all agreed upon the time," quoth the Vicar, "I'll make it rain."

Beware of an ox before, of an ass behind, and of a monk on all sides.

To-day I received a letter from one of the members of the Church, demanding of me whether I hold and preach the doctrine of annihilation, as if so, she must resign her membership; and as some arrangement will have to be made about her pew at the end of the year, she wishes to have an answer as early as possible. I have been friendly with these people for nearly thirty years, never had a quarrel, and now for a mere false rumour they would leave. I think it is the pew-rent more than the annihilation.

This about the pew is nearly as good as old A——, who gave his up because he did not expect to live to the end of the quarter.

I heard to-day a story of a preacher who, reading, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob," pronounced and understood it *warm;* and preached a sermon on Christian zeal.

Hassan, at the minister's dinner to-day, referring to the custom in Roman Catholic Churches of giving silver at the north door and copper at the south, observed that I should not have expected much silver at the *north* door—whereupon a great roar, in which our Scotch members heartily joined.

A writer in the 'Christian' speaks of the work among the negroes in the Southern States, and pleads for labourers among them by quoting as an authority the

words of the Spirit, "Arise, and go towards the south" (Acts viii. 26). These are the Christian folk who profess such a reverence for the Bible. Another fine observation is that in which the 'Christian' calls John the Baptist the Mr. Moody of his time.—Number for November 12, 1874.

It is worthy of consideration whether, with all their boasted orthodoxy and evangelicalism, those who hold the natural and necessary immortality of the soul are looking for all to Christ. They are not looking to Him for eternal life, but for that which is to make eternal life happy. Christ is not their life, but the happiness of their life. Christ does not give to them eternal life, but the happiness of eternal life. If thus for life we substitute happiness in all passages, we shall have a very different New Testament from what we have. So in the substitution of misery for death, *e. g.* the wages of sin is misery, but the gift of God is eternal happiness, perish, &c., must also be interpreted thus:—"Fear him who is able to make soul and body unhappy in hell, with everlasting unhappiness; but rather that they should be for ever unhappy, &c. The gate that leadeth to unhappiness, the gate that leadeth to happiness. Except ye repent, ye shall all be miserable. The herd of swine were made unhappy in the waters." The doctrine tested thus, reveals some very startling variations from Scripture, and calls for another Bible.

In the fourth century religious controversy ran so high that a fishmonger could not serve a customer with a piece of fish without talking of dividing the substance.

John B—— died to-day; all his family have long since given up chapel and gone to church, so now no more connection between the B——s and Dissent.

Had Mr. B—— not been a rich man, it is probable his sons and daughters would have been zealous Nonconformists.

How much is the Church better than the world? In my congregation there are many quite as good people as any in my Church. Taken man for man, and woman for woman, I do not know that there is much to choose between those inside and those outside the Church circle.

Exhibition of English character at the Royal Academy. Everybody gaping at the 'Roll Call,' a picture of soldiers in Crimean War, and not a soul taking the slightest notice of J. H. Newman's portrait hung exactly over it.

My observation inclines me very decidedly to the belief that men as a rule are more truthful than women, that they have larger, tenderer, warmer, and purer hearts than women. And as to charitableness there is no comparison. Men do not speak so severely of each other as women do, and they are more forgiving. Women, however, are more patient and enduring than men, and in some circumstances more courageous and much more hopeful.

I went into House of Commons one day this week (1874), and heard part of debate on Public Worship Bill. Three things struck me: the poor character of the speaking (far beneath our Denominational meetings for discussion); the utter incompetence of such a House to understand such a subject; and the shockingly unintellectual, vacant, feeble countenances of nearly all the Conservative members in this Bung Parliament. If I took the first three hundred men I might meet at Temple Bar, I am sure they would be as sensible in

appearance, if not in reality. God help them! The country is certainly in miserable hands just now.

I know several men who are at least one hundred times as rich as I. I do not know one who is anything like one hundred times as happy.

A gentleman on the Thames was rather frightened, and asked the boatman whether many people were lost at or near that part of the river. "No," said the boat man, "not many, and they are always found!"

People often talk of the greatly increased pauperism of this country. Now, in 1814-15 the sum spent in Poor-relief was £5,418,846; in 1872-3, £7,692,109; gross value of real property having in the same time gone up from fifty-three millions to one-hundred and fifty nine millions.

An invitation to preach at a distance from home generally means that the people who so favour you intend to come and beg money from your own congregation, counting of course upon your sympathy.

There is in the 'Contemporary' for this month (June) an article by Professor Tyndall, which shows that men of science can quarrel no less disagreeably than parsons. They are terribly jealous of their honours as discoverers, etc. This suggests some thoughts upon the Odium Theologicum; is it worse than the medical as between allopathists and homœopathists and quacks, or the political odium, or the rivalry of merchants, or that of literary men, or of painters?

I observe a book advertised called a 'Cyclopædia of Illustrated Anecdote, Moral and Religious.' I dare say

the anecdotes are perfectly true in every case; but I should be inclined to regard the concern as a 'Cyclopædia of Illustrated Lies,' although it is recommended by Dr. Guthrie. Anecdotes are as much inventions as any other form of novel or romance, and Guthrie could do a bit in the fictitious anecdote line with any man.

There are great numbers of disgusting persons whose speech is such that it is really a great pity they are not dumb. It would be a great relief to us who have to hear their beastliness and blasphemy.

My daughter Alice called to-day to see two of her children who are staying with us. One of them was taken to the cab-door, and was taken back unkissed. Was it cruel? No. A child at home had had scarlet fever, and the mother in her love, afraid of infecting the little one, would not kiss her. So the tenderest love may take the form and looks of indifference and unnatural coldness.

Roscoe is Liverpool's greatest literary name; Rathbone greatest in Liverpool philanthropy. Each has been honoured by having a very nasty street named after him. Raffles, greatest among Liverpool preachers, is commemorated by the name of a still nastier street.

Birthday, age 49. Thinking of the past, much to bless God for. And thinking of those who have been removed from me by death, it is most consolatory to know that the best things God takes from us He is keeping for us.

Sharp is a common name; Blunt very uncommon. Is there anything in this?

If there had been such things as newspapers in our Lord's time, they would have been down on Him with a vengeance. However, He was spared that form of insult.

Two churchwardens disputing about an inscription to commemorate a new tower for the church in the year 1770. One objected to its being stated as Anno Domini, and insisted it should be Georgio Domini, because it was not in the reign of Anne, but of George III.; and so it was painted, and so it stands somewhere in Cornwall.

J. L., a great Churchman, although brought up among Baptists and son of a Baptist minister, said to me when a certain liturgical reform was proposed, that he hoped it would be carried, because we shall not then have to believe that damned Athanasian Creed any more.

Men talk of the breadth of Church of England and narrowness of sects, and here (Jan. 26, 1872) the House of Commons rejects by a very large majority a proposal to permit (under strong restrictions) Nonconformist ministers to preach in her pulpits, *i. e.* to allow Guthrie or Candlish, or even Scotch Established Ministers, to do what the Bishop of Manchester and Archbishop of Canterbury did in Scotland. No man shall preach in the English Church excepting ordained clergymen of that Church—and this is breadth.

A man went to the priest to have his friend's soul prayed out of purgatory, and put a shilling on the plate. "Is my friend's soul out?" he asked. The priest said it was. "Quite sure?" the man asked. "Quite sure," replied the priest. "Very well," said the man, "if he is out of purgatory they won't put him in again—it is a bad shilling."

Methodist Chapel—minister who was expected, ill —people wait half-an-hour—local comes—gets into the pulpit, and says in broad Lancashire, "You'll not be so very well pleased to see me, as you was expecting Mr. Mossop; however, it have pleased the Lord to lay him on a bed of sickness, so I've come in his place. I'm not so gradely well myself, I assure you, for at the time of this present speaking I have medicine in my tabernacle."

A man of my acquaintance took it into his head to believe that he was a grain of barley, and whenever he saw a cock or a hen would run for his life.

—— (Solicitor-General for Ireland) asked a medical witness, "Now doctor, don't you think such a dose would poison the devil?"

"I am not in the habit of prescribing for him," said the doctor.

"And is that," asked ——, "the reason why he is so well and strong."

The parish clerk was a Methodist, and used to go in the evening (church being closed) to the meeting. The parson on introducing a third service at church, told the clerk that he would of course be required to be at church three times on Sunday.

"Why, master, I shall not have any means of grace left."

Wilkes' answer to a Catholic who asked him, "Where was your religion before Luther?" "Where were your hands before they were washed?"

Mundella, at League Meeting (National Education League), said a good thing; a man maintaining that

men can work without drink, says, "We know we can work without it well enough, but we can't play without it."

In Scotland, old Mrs. Lockhart of Kirkcaldy told me of a case of great ignorance. A gay woman had never heard of God; she had "heard of the devil, and that was a' she kenned aboot religion."

Going to lecture at Rhyl, three young gentlemen in the train talked of getting up a ball at Chester. Said one, "But we must have it before Lent, and Lent begins early this year." "Of course," said another, "it would not be right to have the ball in Lent; what a pity it comes so damned soon!"

At a poor member's funeral I said to sexton (meaning my having had a funeral each week this year), "Rather a poor way of beginning the New Year."

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry to see you having these three-shilling funerals so often." His notion of happiness being ten and sixpenny funerals, he thought my sorrow arose from not having them.

When does a man invoke a thing that is purely imaginative?

When he exclaims: "My goodness."

Variation of the proverb—

God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

God sends the Bible, but the devil sends theologians.

It is not the Bible, but theology that makes infidels.

Query. Whether Protestants with their notion of an infallible Bible (exaggerated notions of inspiration)

don't get into much the same mess as Catholics with their infallible Church?

Query. Is there not as much of true inspiration in the *Te Deum*, or in 'Rock of Ages' (hymn), as in some of the cursing and swearing Psalms?

Query. Are not all real Christians as much under guidance of Spirit of God as men were in Old Testament times?

Most people would be greatly shocked if any one were to be christened Jesus or Christ. Imagine Jesus Jones or Christ Robinson. But how little judgment has to do with the feeling may be seen in the fact that you may meet with many persons named Emanuel—Emanuel Brown, *e. g.* This is, if possible, more profane than the other. Indeed I think that this is a clear breach of the third commandment.

The importance of occasional blindness, deafness, and general insensibility, is well worthy of consideration. The man who sees, hears, and feels everything, is a great fool.

It would be worth inquiry whether the worst times have been productive of the greatest men, at all events, called out the greatest men. It seems reasonable that it should be so. Here stand the facts!

As to the times of great commercial prosperity they will make shop-keepers and merchants (who are only shop-keepers on a large scale), but not many great men; there is not in such times much use for great men.

It is said that Solomon's temple was erected without any noise of axe or of hammer. How very reverent and devout! But would it not have been more to the

credit of all concerned, if far away in the forests and quarries there had been no sound of wailing and cursing from those who were compelled so to labour. Solomon's temple, like those in Egypt, was built by slave labour.

A bald man makes no very great confession of his sins when he says they are more in number than the hairs of his head. Indeed he must be a very bushy-headed fellow whose hairs at all approach the tale of his sins.

This day I buried old Mr. E——, a great screw. A man to be held in remembrance as a warning. Poor wretch, I met him once and said: "Mr. E——, I believe you have been down in the north." "Yes," said he, "I have been erecting a tablet to the memory of a much-valued mother I lost forty years ago." He was a wealthy man. His last act was to refuse indignantly a subscription of 5*s.* to our Bible Woman's Mission. He lived eighty years in this world, and died regretted by not a single human being There's an end! Despised and hated by almost every one that knew him, without exception the hardest man I ever had to do with. But is there not a very solemn thought in all this for me? Did I do my duty to him as his minister? Poor man, I could not say, "In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." But, oh God! Thy ways are not as our ways, nor Thy thoughts as our thoughts.

The subjective in relation to sermons. The power, value, effect of the sermon depends much more on the hearer's condition than on the character of the sermon itself. A man who is suffering from indigestion, a man who has had a quarrel with his wife, a man whose home is very miserable, a man who is very hard-up, a man who yesterday made a very bad

debt, a man who is looking anxiously for the next American or Indian mail—such men cannot possibly hear a sermon as it is heard by those who are all right in mind, body, and estate. Even tea has a good deal to do with the matter—tea and gas-light. Weak people are much more easily impressed in the evening than in the morning. The Plymouth Brethren never preach the Gospel until people have had their tea. Divine grace with the help of the tea-pot does wonders.

Bradlaugh has published a book on the devil. An American reviewer says that most of it refers to Bradlaugh himself.

The Monastic Orders appear to have originated in sincerity, with a desire to live humble, laborious, holy, and useful lives. But in almost every case prosperity corrupted them. Each indeed after the earliest was instituted in opposition to its corrupted predecessor, and to set a better example, and each in its turn fell. These were the rivals of the Middle Ages. The Orders hated each other very cordially.

A new way of sounding a trumpet before one when doing or going to do some religious work.

A post-card delivered with this written thereon:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Will you ask all your praying people to *pray* for *me*, as I go to *Ireland* to hold Mission Services? Pray that I may *preach with unction*, with the *Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven*. Pray that a *great wave of salvation may roll over Ireland*, and that all through the places to be visited may be heard, '*What must I do to be saved?*'

"O. LEONARD, Y. M. C. A., Manchester."

"What a pious man!" quoth the postman.

Baxter compares him who cannot believe the Gospel to the poor man who would not believe that any one man could possess as much as one hundred pounds. There is a good thought here. We are so poor in all goodness that we can hardly believe in God's wealth.

I think that the most effective and affecting picture I have ever seen relating to the death of Jesus is given in a modern engraving (I forget the painter's name), in which not a vestige of a cross is to be seen; all has been cleared from the ground, the executioners are leaving the spot, returning to Jerusalem; one of them carrying a ladder looks back. This suggests all. "It is finished." Even they are hardly visible; passing under a mass of rock you only see the head of the man who is looking back as if to see that nothing has been left behind; that is the *only* feeling on his face.

Observe what a muddle there is when some goody-goody fool, referring to great preachers who are dead, says, "There were giants on the earth in those days." The giants were great scoundrels.

"Babble not much," so Tyndall renders Matthew vi. 7. "Use not vain repetitions."

Here is a specimen of Babble:—

A man at our prayer-meeting said, "Yea, Lord, thou carest even for the sparrows—which we commonly consider to be a nuisance!"

Spurgeon lately quoted some one who said that God does not bless with conversions a ministry that is paid less than £150 a year.

In the 'Daily Post' of to-day we read that a captain

of a ship having some trouble with his crew, appeared before the magistrate. Crew were Malays. Magistrate asked him why he had not Englishmen. Replied, that though they were rather poor sailors, he preferred them to Englishmen, because the latter got drunk.

A man puffing his nickel silver, says it is the best, because it cannot by any *possible test* be distinguished from real silver! What a fool he is then not to sell it as real silver!

A rich fellow in Scotland, thinking he was dying, gave £400 to various religious institutions, but getting better he asked for the money back again. "So when the devil was sick," &c.

ARGUMENTS FOR TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY NOT GENERALLY NOTICED.

1. Why were the Jews so angry when the resurrection of Jesus was referred to?

People laugh at the false, and are only vexed when what is urged in argument against them is true.

2. Matt. xxviii. 17. "Some doubted." This admission a lying author would never have made.

3. Acts vii. 55. "Standing," so contrary to all analogy, that a falsehood would never have adopted the word.

4. Acts viii. 1. Saul was "consenting," well pleased.

Observe Luke's honesty. Does not at all soften the case, though Paul was his dearest friend.

5. Miracles of Christ and the apostles.

Consider this well. The law said, Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live. If the miracles were conjuring tricks, they were performed where this law was enforced, and amongst those who would gladly have enforced it

against Christ and His apostles. In Samaria the law was not stringent, yet there we read of few, if any, miracles.

6. Contrast the manner in which sceptics treat Gen. i. with that in which they treat Isa. liii. Moses down to the letter; but to get rid of the Messianic testimony they make Isaiah say just what they please. However, others who are not sceptics do much the same thing with various passages.

7. If the New Testament is spurious, how is it that the apostles are represented as working miracles for others, but none for themselves? They were exposed to effect of natural law. There are one or two exceptions, which only prove the rule.

8. The conversation between Christ and Paul at Paul's conversion could scarcely have been invented; Christ's language is far too tender and loving—not a word of threatening or anger in it.

9. Compare Acts ix. 24, 25 with 2 Cor. xi. 32, 33.

10. Take also Jacob halting. A falsehood would undoubtedly have set Jacob's thigh.

11. Paul's shipwreck a tempting case.

12. In the temptation of Christ a lying author would in all probability have introduced temptation to lust, as in case of St. Anthony.

13. Jewish Christians held fast their faith in spite of suffering, when suffering was—per Old Testament—the mark of God's displeasure (*vide* Sermon on Acts xi.).

14. The argument of Epistles to Corinthians proves their genuineness. No impostor would have fabricated a statement to the effect that Paul's conversion and apostleship were questioned and denied.

15. The infrequency of the word Christians in New Testament proves its antiquity.

16. The absence of miracle to relieve the Christians in Judæa from famine is remarkable; why did not the

fabricator invent a reproduction on a large scale of the feeding of the 5000.

17. A forger would not have made Peter show the white feather.

Two sorts of Dissenters often go over to the Established Church—those who are broken-down, and those who are stuck-up!

Manners.—North and south contrasted. Once in Exeter Hall, listening to Spurgeon, I had to stand until a Cockney artisan seeing me, and noticing that I was rather stout (but not old, for I was only thirty-six at the time), he rose, and pointing to his seat, said, "Sit down, sir; you're 'eavy."

Going with my wife to see the 'Great Eastern,' I said to a Lancashire man, "Could you oblige a lady with a seat?" "I can jŏŏst oblige mesén, oud lad, jŏŏst."

When you are asked to say grace in Lancashire they will say, "Now, Mr. B——, will you start us?" or "Will you set us agate?" After dinner, "Now *lowse* us, if you please."

If a man does not earn a monument to himself in his own character and deeds, all others are great bosh.

Some one observed to a sagacious Welshman that Mr. —— was very popular, and yet there was nothing in him. To which Taffy replied, "God makes fools to preach to fools."

Clergyman brought up at Police Court in London charged with uttering bad coin. A brother clergyman gave highest testimony of character to the accused, and explained that the coins had been obtained from the offertory, and the practice of putting bad money into

the offertory had become so general that he (witness) and other parsons in Westminster had been obliged to speak of it to their congregations.

Case of extremes meet. A man looks about equally a fool with too big a hat or too little.

How many of those who sing 'Nunc dimittis' have any wish to go?

A man giving up his pew in the chapel, explains thus: "My reason is going out of town."

Another (a great screw) when taken ill gave the deacons notice that in all probability his pew would not be required next quarter. I am thankful to say the prediction was fulfilled.

Going to preach at Wigan I found that the bill-stickers in their rivalry had announced as follows:—

THE REV. H. STOWELL BROWN

OF LIVERPOOL

THE LARGEST CHEESE IN THE WORLD,

Eight feet in girth, and weighing three hundred pounds,

WILL BE EXHIBITED AT THE 'GOOSE AND GRIDIRON.'

ADMISSION, 2 PENCE.

The Israelitish nation was ruined by the prosperity and wealth of Solomon's reign.

How very tolerant Paul was! He held communion with those Jewish and Judaical Christians whose views

differed from his own more than most Protestant sects differ from each other. Indeed they were nearly as opposed to him as Papists are to us, yet he held fellowship with them. Paul in these days would be damned by the Evangelicals, and Luther would probably have told him to go to the devil. Baxter and the Puritans would certainly have silenced him as a man of unsound and dangerous views, and neither McNeile nor Hugh Stowell, nor perhaps the chapel in Myrtle Street would admit him to their pulpits.

TEXT FOR A PRACTICAL SERMON.

"See that ye fall not out by the way." On the quarrels of relatives. They are very common. They are very bitter. They lead to much misery.

For the first time since I entered the ministry, close upon thirty years ago, I am not well enough to do my duty. I have been seriously afflicted with bronchitis, and since, congestion of the lungs and liver. My strength, my appetite, my interest in everything has gone. The phenomena, being perfectly new to me, are worth noting down. Although I do not feel that I have been in danger, I question whether any sense of danger would have much moved me, or made me care; at any rate, I have a singular freedom from anxiety in the absence of all strong desires of any kind, except a thirst for good soda-water. As to things spiritual and eternal, *peace* is the word that best expresses my feelings; with very sincere compassion for those poor creatures whom, when ill, fanatics try to torture with horrible thoughts of God. Probably, under such circumstances, the mind is too heavy and overclouded to be susceptible, and if so, this is a very great mercy.

There has, surely, never been a worse spring. The

East wind is now beyond all endurance. It has taken off the Mayor, the Chairman of the Dock Board—God grant it may not take me also—but my case has not been unlike theirs, has indeed been very similar to that of the Mayor's.

I can very well understand the existence of much profound spiritual peace and comfort, along with a most inveterate dislike to talk about it. This I have felt much during my illness. I have a great horror of those praters about experiences; the charm and fragrance of religion is in its being kept secret.

Another thing I can record. I have not at all felt this illness to be a loud call to "work while it is day." I have rather thought it might be my Gracious Master saying to me, "Come apart, and rest awhile." I am so thankful to say that no morbid fear or self-reproaches have troubled me. I do not say so boastfully; I am only too conscious of many imperfections in my work; but I say it to the honour of my Lord, and in grateful witness of His assurance, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." The moment I felt it becoming too heavy for me, He took it off, and gave me this rest. Now my great desire is for strength to bear it again.

I think there must be many quiet people who have much more deep faith and hope than these fussy professors in their horrid uncharitableness admit.

When I was very low and weak I found Atheism rather a temptation, as affording me a lazy escape from all bother, and chiefly the bother of having to live for ever. It is singular how little I felt of the power and beauty of Christianity when at the worst. I find that sickness makes me selfish, and selfish on a mean scale, so that all fine thought and feeling are suspended. The state of one's bowels and appetite are infinitely more thought of than all the great subjects in Religion, Philosophy, Literature, or Politics. I don't suppose I

should have cared twopence if there had been a Revolution and Civil War in England. Sickness makes one small in every way. I find I can be most religious when most in health; when most able to read and converse and think. I have always found health and religion go together in my experience. Religion is simply latent in me when I am not well.

Reading the Bible is weary work when you are ill; it is best to have it well stocked in the memory while in health. As to preparing for death, and becoming religious while ill, I think it the greatest of all delusions. It is the last thing a sick man will think of; he is far more concerned about the effect of a pill than about the salvation of his soul.

If I had been in a godless, unprepared state, I declare frankly that I most certainly should not have given attention to religion and the things to come, and no one could, by threats or otherwise, have persuaded me to do so. Of all unfavourable times for religious thought a time of illness is, I think, the very worst. I have more hope of a man who is leading a life of profligacy than of one on a sick-bed.

Another thing I have learned is, that when sick it is a great infliction to be visited by anybody except some very choice friend, and he ought not to stay long. When I get better, for I have reason to expect I shall, now that I have come to Harrogate and find myself improving, I shall make some alterations in my ways. I will not work as I have done, for my work, especially in pulpit preparation, has always been very severe. I will read more and talk less. I will resolutely refuse to preach on Sunday afternoons. These preachings, with the journeys, have been a great drain upon me. I will have nothing to do with special services and anniversary meetings. I will withdraw as much as I can from Societies with their talkee-talkee committees. I will

try to keep my own vineyard better. Sermons shorter by five minutes would be an improvement; my preaching must be less commonplace, bolder, and more in accordance to the free thought of the age, and not the mere platitudes of Evangelicalism. In better superintendance of all my Church work I shall find enough to do, though I am sometimes tempted to throw the whole thing up, being very far from satisfied that these churches of ours are either scriptural or wise in their constitutions or actions. Still, it is very much better to improve what we have got than to create what is not. I shall keep in view the appointment of an assistant to become, if all goes well, my successor. I am thankful for this illness, which, not being painful, and sending me away for rest, affords me much more opportunity of quiet reflection than I have had for a long time past; indeed I never had it in my life before. I close this chapter of my commonplace book with just another word about infidelity. As I get better it appears to be a monstrous impertinence, and a dirty coward that took advantage of my weakness. I have kicked it off with unspeakable contempt. With renewed health, Christ and his salvation come again to me in all their glory and power.

THE BIBLE IN COURT DRESS.—Rather more than a hundred years ago the Rev. Edward Harwood, D.D., a learned minister who lived in Bristol, published what he called "a Liberal Translation of the New Testament; being an attempt to translate the sacred writings with freedom, spirit, and elegance." In his preface to the work, the learned translator says that his design is "to clothe the genuine ideas and doctrines of the apostles with that propriety and perspicuity in which they themselves, I apprehend, would have exhibited them, had they now lived and written in our language." "My

first view," he says, "always was, with impartiality and critical attention, to discover the true sense of my author; my next view, to clothe his ideas in the vest of modern elegance." The author knew it to be "an arduous and invidious attempt . . . to diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English; conscious that the bald and barbarous language of the old vulgar version hath acquired a venerable sacredness from length of time and custom." But he flattered himself that such a version as that which he had made would prove of signal service to the cause of Christianity, "if men of cultivated and improved minds, especially youth, could be allured by the innocent stratagem of a modern style to read a book which is now, alas! too generally neglected."

Dr. Harwood's expectations were doomed to disappointment. His "liberal translation," "with freedom, spirit, and elegance," never obtained much favour; "the bald and barbarous language of the old vulgar version" has held its own against the attempt "to diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English;" and the genteel version, published more than a century ago, has become rather a scarce literary curiosity. Through the kindness of a friend I have obtained a copy of it. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and does not appear to have been much read by those persons "of cultivated and improved minds" whom it was intended to allure to the study of the Scriptures. Here are a few specimens of the "freedom, spirit, and elegance" which distinguish this most remarkable of all English versions of the New Testament. Some of these extracts very plainly show to what theological school Dr. Harwood belonged. But I forbear doctrinal criticism; there is no need to slay the slain; they show how far learned folly can go in making havoc of the grandest of all books.

In this elegant version many persons whom we read of in our Bible as women and men become ladies and gentlemen. Jesus says to the daughter of Jairus, "Young lady, rise." The daughter of Herodias is a "young lady who danced with inimitable grace and elegance," and John the Baptist's head was "presented to the young lady." At Athens, Damaris, "a lady of distinction," was converted to Christianity. The father of the prodigal was "a gentleman of a splendid family and opulent fortune;" and of Nicodemus we read that "this gentleman privately stole to Jesus in the silence of the night." The liberal translator is shocked at the idea of Paul's being in such beggarly circumstances as to request Timothy to bring him the cloak which he left at Troas, and so Timothy is asked to bring "the portmanteau" which the Apostle had left there. Paul is also represented as travelling in the style which became a gentleman. He and his companions, going from Cæsarea to Jerusalem, did not, as our version tells us, take up their carriages; did not, as the Geneva version rudely states, "truss up their fardels;" no, "they loaded their carriages and advanced towards the capital." Dr. Harwood seems to have regarded all common mortals with great contempt; it is shockingly offensive to find him ascribing a similar spirit to our Lord, whose question—"Whom say the people that I am?" is given in this form—"He asked the disciples what opinion the vulgar entertained of him."

It is proverbially impossible to "mend the Magnificat;" but our liberal translator is bold enough to make the attempt, and puts into the mouth of the lowly Galilean peasant woman such high-flown language as this:—"My soul with reverence adores my Creator, and all my faculties with transport join in celebrating the goodness of God, my Saviour, who hath in so signal a

manner condescended to regard my obscure and humble station. Transcendent goodness! every future age will now conjoin in celebrating my happiness," &c., &c. Old Simeon's "Nunc Dimittis" takes this shape—"O God! thy promise to me is amply fulfilled! I now quit the port of human life with satisfaction and joy, since thou hast indulged mine eyes with so divine a spectacle as the great Messiah," &c. John the Baptist, seeing Jesus, said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Dr. Harwood thought that if John the Baptist had lived in England in his time he would have said—"Behold, yonder is the amiable object of the Divine love, who is appointed to reform the world." There is so much "freedom" in this translation that we have great difficulty in recognizing, under their new forms, passages of Scripture with which we have long been familiar. "O Sir! what a delectable residence we might fix here!" this is Peter's "Master, it is good for us to be here." The mustard plant which, according to our version, becomes "the greatest amongst herbs," according to the liberal translation, becomes "one of the most stately of the vegetable tribes." We are to "consider the lilies of the field" on this wise—"Survey with attention the lilies of the field, and learn from them how preposterous it is for beings who are endowed with rational natures to cherish a solicitous passion for dress." For "one thing is needful" we read "a simple and moderate repast is entirely sufficient." Of course "the bald and barbarous language" in which "the vulgar version" renders our Lord's threat addressed to the Church of Laodicea is horrifying to such an elegant gentleman as Dr. Harwood, and, accordingly, he modifies it thus—"Since, therefore, you are now in a state of lukewarmness, a disagreeable medium between the two opposite extremes, I will, in no long time, eject you from my heart, with fastidious contempt." It is not

easy to see why there should be any objection to Paul's saying "I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase," yet the last clause is supposed to be given more elegantly thus—"God informed it (the seed) with the principles of vegetation."

The "freedom, spirit, and elegance" of Dr. Harwood's version are, perhaps, best seen in some of the texts which refer to death, the resurrection, and the future state. We hope the reader will be able to identify the passages which are thus disguised. For example:—"When the Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel and the shrill, piercing clangors of a loud trumpet, the deceased professors of Christianity shall first be raised to life." "For we are persuaded that, after the dissolution of this frail terrestrial tabernacle, God will provide for our immortal principle an ever durable eternal vehicle in the celestial mansions." "As the first man was a composition of terrene particles, such is the terrene composition of his descendants; and, as the second man was of celestial extraction, such is the celestial extraction of his descendants." "We shall not all pay the common debt of nature, but we shall, by a soft transition, be changed from mortality to immortality." I am thankful that, in these times, Biblical scholars desirous of improving our version of the Scriptures have very different ideas concerning translation; and, with all their desire for perfect accuracy, would a thousand times rather leave the English Bible for ever exactly what it is than adopt, in any one verse, the tame, weak, and insufferably offensive style of Dr. Harwood's wretched performance. It is nothing less than a most merciful dispensation of Providence that the translators of the authorized version were not men of his stamp; had they been such, it is hard to say what, humanly speaking, would ere now have become of the religion of England; but it is very

certain that their Bible (for it would have been theirs, not God's) could never have commanded the veneration or won the affection of the people. It is really startling to think of what we have escaped; for, as many a book of the period bear witness, there were divines of the 16th and 17th centuries quite as prone as Dr. Harwood to despise the strongest and purest English as "rude and barbarous," and to employ a multitude of "ink-horn" terms and "majestic" words; as, for example, obsecrations instead of prayers, cogitations instead of thoughts, velleity for desire, quiritation for complaint, vastation for destruction, and very many more. I do not claim for our translators divine inspiration, but I think that there is abundant reason to believe that He for whose glory they did their noble work saved them alike from pedantry and from vulgarity in their choice of words, so that we draw "the water of life" from a "well of English undefiled."

OUR WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.—Much attention is now being paid to this important subject. The wretched condition of the dens in which many of the people drag on their miserable existence and the alarming prevalence of disease and death in our large towns, have awakened many to the conviction that something must be done to improve the habitations of the poor. The clearing away of so many filthy tumble-down tenements, in order to make room for great railway stations and other large structures, has in many cases made the population still denser in the immediate neighbourhood, in others, driven men to a great distance from their work. Altogether the case of the working people in regard to their dwellings is one of no small hardship, and one that deserves the careful consideration of the legislator, the philanthropist, and the employer.

With all that is said, and very truly said, concerning the wretchedness of the dwellings inhabited by many of our working men, I think it only due to a large number of our artisans and labourers, and to their wives, that it should be understood that, in the narrowest streets and most close and dingy courts, there may be found working people's homes that are clean, orderly and comfortable. I admit that it is difficult to maintain such a state of things amidst such very disadvantageous surroundings; but I cannot agree with those who hold it to be impossible, because we have been in many workmen's homes, situated in the vilest localities, that, nevertheless, are models of tidiness. There are men and women who, no matter where they may be placed, cannot endure dirt and disorder, and will not have them in their houses. I have visited such worthy people when they have had sickness in their families, when the husband was out of work, or when the wife was, through long illness, laid aside; I have, even then, seen a wonderful amount of cleanliness and comfort. Where there is an inborn hatred of dirt I don't believe that any surroundings, however bad, will discourage the striving housewife. I even know cases in which the husband has been anything but a steady man, and yet the wife has used so wisely the pittance he allowed her that, positively in spite of drunkenness on the part of the man, his home has been preserved from wreck and from wretchedness. I think that, in the sweeping assertions that are made about poor people's dwellings, these excellent persons and their hard but successful battles against dirt, disease, and squalor are overlooked. There are no people in England more worthy of respect and of credit for the strength of character which they display and the fine example they set before their neighbours.

On the other hand, there are those who, although they

earn good wages and are or might be in pretty constant work, live in most beastly hovels; a whole family, perhaps, in one small, dark, unventilated room, almost entirely destitute of furniture. I have seen a family of nine, including two dogs, all living in an apartment not more than 12 feet square; there was neither chair nor table nor bedstead; a chest, a stool, a few broken pieces of pottery, a kettle, and in one corner, a heap of rags to lie upon; these were all; and the man able to earn 25*s.* a week. And it is not only where there is a large number of children that this wretchedness is found. My observation leads us to state, without fear of contradiction, that the comfort or discomfort of a poor man's home is but to a very slight extent affected by his having few children or many. The large families often get on best, and the filth and poverty will very frequently be found where there are few children, and, indeed, where there are none at all.

To a certain extent, or, perhaps, it were better to say, to some extent which is not very certain, it is true that the house makes the people. Provide a working-man with a dwelling the rent of which will not unduly tax his means, and which is light, airy, wholesome, and such, in its arrangements, as to make it not only possible but easy to secure decency and comfort, and the tenant takes heart; the houses near him and round about him being of the same stamp, and inhabited by people like himself and his wife, he is still further encouraged in his efforts to make his home what it ought to be. And let the working-man be condemned to live in a house of the opposite character, one of a whole street of such horrible places, and it may be that, even though he and his family have been accustomed, somewhere else, to comfort and cleanliness, they will sink to the level of their now altered circumstances, having no heart to fight against the degrading influences that surround

them. I know some who, having lived in pleasant country cottages, in the midst of pure air and with abundance of water at hand in a well or a running stream, having given way to despair, on being imprisoned in one of our dark, stinking courts, which scarcely a sunbeam ever enters, and in which the stagnant air becomes foul and depressing. Yes, undoubtedly, to a large extent, the house makes the people; and God alone knows to what many of the now well-to-do folk might sink, in body and in soul, if untoward events compelled them to live in those haunts of darkness, pestilence, and death.

Yet if in some cases the house make the people, in others the people make the house. Much, very much depends upon their character, disposition, and habits; more, I am inclined to think, than upon the position and structure of their abode. In the same lane, the same alley, the same block, may be seen both cases; here, the house makes the people; there, the people make the house; and much more frequently the latter than the former. The sober, industrious, striving people make the house clean and decent; the drunken, dissolute, careless people make the house a scene of filth, confusion, and wretchedness. There are working people who would make right good use of good dwellings; and they are the people who contrive to get on, not badly, even in very imperfect habitations. But there are others on whom better dwellings than they now occupy would be thrown away. Find them the best house in the town, provide them with an ample number of rooms, let there be plenty of light, and an abundant supply of water; add, if you will, a garden; furnish the house well; and then introduce some people whom you desire to deliver from their wretchedness; why, were the house a palace, they will contrive in less than a month to turn it into a pig-sty, and make it as offensive and

as wretched as the house from which you transplanted them; the windows would be smashed, the furniture broken, the skirting-boards and, perhaps, even the stairs burned, bit by bit, if you did not keep a sharp look-out. The people make the house; and some people would soon make it a wreck. "Wash a dog, comb a dog, still a dog," as the proverb says.

I wish well to every effort that is made with a view to providing for the working people the best dwellings that can be provided for them without making them paupers; but, along with such improvement, the people themselves must be improved by such moral culture as will enable them to appreciate and to realize the advantages of better habitations. Improve the dwellings and you may thereby improve the people; but improve the people and they may be left to themselves to improve their dwellings. Their habits will lead them to desire and will enable them to secure in a manly, independent way, houses that shall be a credit and not a disgrace to our civilization. To a large extent, they have done so. I undertake to say that, with few exceptions, the sober and godly working men in Liverpool and elsewhere do provide themselves with habitations fit for human beings, and do not need, in this matter, to be either protected by legislation or helped by philanthropy. Religion soon settles the question of the working-man's home, and even conquers the difficulties that may have to be encountered in making that home healthy, comfortable, and pleasant. For many years I have had a wide acquaintance with the dwellings of sober and godly working folk, and have almost always found them, whatever their unfortunate surroundings, scenes of cleanliness and happiness. I do not care to inquire, very minutely, which is the more important, to improve the dwellings with a view to improving the people, or to improve the people in order that their dwellings may be more like

what they should be. Let all who feel interested in the people's progress pursue the course which seems best to them, and in which they feel they can do most good; only, lest costly measures to provide better dwellings should end in miserable disappointment, in regard to both moral and physical results, let us think at least as much of the people's minds, hearts, and habits as of their houses. Make the dwellings better, and I hope the people will be better; make the people better, and I am sure the dwellings will be better. Therefore, in things secular and in things spiritual, in bricks and mortar, and in minds and hearts, let us do our best, all labouring, though in different ways, to the same end, the truest and highest welfare of the people; and as, in bodily labour, the right hand does not quarrel with the left, so let there be no contention between those who hope to improve the people's moral state by improving their physical circumstances and those who strive to raise them in physical comfort by promoting their moral culture. There is scope for both, there is need for both, and God will give both his blessing.

"TOO FAR EAST IS WEST."—Of this proverb, and of the better known but equivalent saying—"Extremes meet," the proofs and illustrations are almost innumerable, and the study of them is not altogether void of interest and instruction. Of course it is geographically true that "too far East is West;" for he who goes 181° to the Eastward of Greenwich is in West longitude 179°; and it is not easy to say whether the Fiji islands are to the Westward of us or to the Eastward; they are, in fact, both,—the 180th meridian from Greenwich passing nearly through them. And, although one can hardly say that too far North is South, these extremes meet, in the fact that they conduct, or, at any rate, are

supposed to conduct to regions of perpetual and insufferable cold. There are in things physical, many other illustrations of these sayings. There is noise loud enough to deafen us; there is light brilliant enough to blind us; we feel drowsy when the thermometer is above summer heat, and drowsy also when exposed to an atmosphere much below freezing. Long fasting just as much as full feeding takes away the appetite; and utter inactivity becomes as wearisome as the most laborious exertion. The old, old man may return to the feebleness of his infancy; and here it is not in the physical alone but also in the mental that we often witness the meeting of extremes,—"in second childishness and mere oblivion." Another instance in which the physical and the mental combine to make extremes meet is seen in that grief and joy alike find expression in tears, and then there is the fact which we think most persons must have observed, that where there is much humour there goes along with it a deep and strong vein of melancholy.

In many things relating to character and conduct it is really of good practical service to notice how men—perhaps I myself like other men—in going "too far East" turn up in the "West." I have met with men full of learned quotations, who have forcibly reminded me of the saying—"no man can be a great fool unless he knows Latin." Not to accept the questionable doctrine that genius is nearly allied to madness, though probably much, based upon facts, may be urged in its favour, men of wonderful intellectual parts are often distinguished by an equally wonderful lack of common sense. It is very doubtful whether the government of a country could be more safely confided to one hundred philosophers than to one hundred very ordinary men whom the philosophers would consider out and out fools; but philosophers and fools alike would, probably, bring the country into a hopeless muddle, and we may

be thankful that nature produces neither class in such abundance as to swamp the men of plain average understanding. This proverb is of considerable value in forming an estimate of those with whom we may have to do. Thus, for example, a great bully is commonly a great coward, and therefore you need not be much afraid of his swaggering, of what he threatens to do and vows he will do; but, on the other hand, nothing is more rash than fear; no man is more likely to do something desperate and dreadful than he who is terrified out of his wits, and, on this account, a coward may be formidable. This is the class of men who, afraid of a fair, though rough, stand-up fight with fists, carry revolvers in their pockets—the coward and the desperado combined in the same exceedingly objectionable creature. A truly courageous man has the courage to go unarmed. Sometimes I observe a meeting of extremes in which wealth and poverty produce curiously similar effects. "The rich and the poor meet together," says the Psalmist, and so they do. They very commonly meet in this—that neither has enough. The millionnaire and the mendicant are the two daughters of the horseleech, which cry, Give, give. "Too far East"—yes, it *is* "too far East," when a man's relations long for his death that they may pounce upon his property; even as it is too far "West" when they would fain see the last of him that they may no longer be at the cost of supporting him. Not very uncommon is it either to observe these extremes meeting in the fact that the man of great wealth and the man of great poverty are both in dread of starvation or the workhouse. We may find that "too far East is West" in the case of a man who makes great professions of friendship; a man whose talk is all sugary; who calls every man he knows his "dear fellow;" who is all smiles and blandness and affability, as much to one as to another.

Beneath that plausible appearance we will often find a heart, if we find one at all, that is very cold and very hard. The "dear fellows" very seldom sit at that man's board. Better far than such an oily, smooth-tongued man is he who, at the first, is somewhat brusque and even cool in his demeanour, who can be angry on occasion and let you know it; for here, too, extremes often meet, and men with a dash of roughness about them are often men of very tender spirit, who will do very much for their friends and even for strangers without calling them "dear fellows." Another person in whom extremes often meet is the very bigoted and violent partisan; he goes so far "East" that we must not be surprised to meet him in the "West." We may almost reckon upon his conversion to the faith which he most bitterly condemns. I know several of these extreme men, and am expecting to see them turn round, and not more certain is the turning of the tide. Some years ago I met, at a railway station, a Non-conformist minister who, overflowing with Non-conformist zeal, and "breathing out threatenings" if not slaughter against the Established Church, was on his way to the Triennial Conference of the Liberation Society. On finding that I was going in another direction and did not intend to be at the meeting, he expressed his surprise, regret, and disapproval; he waxed warm and almost wrathful, and all but invoked upon me the curse of Meroz because I went not up to the help of the Liberationists. I parted with expression of, perhaps, mutual bad temper, but within twelve months, I learned that my friend, disgusted with dissent, had sought and obtained ordination in the Church of England, and was a fierce and fiery advocate of State-churchism. Seeing how easily some men fly from one extreme to another, and how bitterly they are prejudiced against the system or party which they forsake, we Protestants have reason to be

very chary in the reception of priests and others who leave the Church of Rome and forthwith stump the country, exposing the errors which they had accepted and the impostures in which they had taken part. As a rule, and with scarcely an exception, the men of this sort whom I have met with have been very unworthy of confidence. "What is bred in the bone won't out the flesh." Englishmen and Scotchmen no less are far too ready to be duped by such converts, and often accord them such a welcome and make such lions of them as very seriously to encourage hypocrisy. There is a meeting of extremes which I hope, for the credit of human nature, is not very common, but I have seen it and felt it too—a meeting of great kindness and great ingratitude. It may be, I do not say it will be, that if you do a person some favour, whereby you lay him under great obligations, he will never forgive you. I hope I have not many enemies, but those who have treated me in the most unfriendly way are those to whom I have done, as they themselves would allow, very considerable service. It is rather dangerous to befriend some people, for the friendly act, especially if it be a very friendly one, is likely enough to prove the secret foundation of ill-will on the part of him to whom it is done. The much obliged seldom forgives the obligation.

Parents should understand that they may go "too far East" in the training and disciplining of their children. Extreme severity and extreme indulgence meet at last, and that before long, in one common result, that the young are spoiled, perhaps ruined. Many wretched instances could be mentioned of destruction, proceeding from either mistake. There is no class of people who more need to bear this motto in mind than philanthropists. In the matter of charity we often go "too far East," and foster the very evils which most sincerely,

but also very unwisely, we attempt to remove. Any kindness which tends to make the poor dependent and expectant, which lessens their self-respect and self-reliance, is a great unkindness. And so, in wise philanthropy, there is apt to be much that seems cold and hard, perhaps almost cruel; but it may often be much more the duty of a charitably-disposed man to refuse aid than to give it in the form in which it is desired; and without much care, prudence, and firmness, charity will do far more harm than good. Religion and subjects related thereto furnish many illustrations of our subject. A council has recently pronounced the Pope infallible, and there has been a great outcry over it; but I have known many men who, rejecting with scorn and abhorrence the infallibility of the Pope, have, without asking a council, but on the authority of their own crochety convictions, believed in their own infallibility, asserted it, and, as far as they could, which, happily, was not very far, acted upon it. I have heard of a church which was reduced to two, who considered themselves the only sound believers in this wicked world, and at last one of them excommunicated the other and believed that he alone knew the way of Salvation. We Protestants differ from Catholics in many respects, and in this amongst others, that while they have one Pope we have thousands. It has often been observed that the most vehement controversialists are the most successful promoters of the doctrines which they set themselves to oppose; and, perhaps, every sect has had reason to cry out, "Save me from my friends." I have seen "Reasons for being a churchman" and "Reasons for being a dissenter:" than the former no dissenter and than the latter no churchman could desire anything better to advance his cause. In one case the over-zealous advocate has gone "too far East," in the other too far "West." Something has been overstated, some argu-

ment has been loaded with more than it could bear, or there is some expression of bad temper, some calling of bad names, and the extremes meet and the account is balanced in the fact that the church advocate makes dissenters and the dissenting advocate churchmen, and truth has gained nothing and charity has lost much. The charge of credulity laid, and very deservedly laid, against some believers in Christianity who are prône to superstition, may with equal fairness be urged against some scept'cs. When men who deny every principle of revealed religion, and say that what used to be called natural religion is equally obsolete, inconclusive, and absurd, take to consulting spiritual mediums and regard the rappings of the legs of a table as communications from the unseen world, and repose confidence in such manifestations, although so many of them have been proved to have been impudent impostures, I think myself justified in saying that no poor devotee of heathen idolatry exhibits a more pitiable condition of mind than these wiseacres, one of whom assured me that he had, from study and conviction, given up the Bible, and that for some years past the spirit of his great-great-grandfather, appearing to him as often as he called for him, wearing the five-storied wig and other fashionable attire of the period in which he lived in the world, had been his authority and guide in all his creed and conduct.

A LECTURER'S EXPERIENCE.—Of lecturers there are several sorts. There are those who hold professorships in universities and discourse learnedly upon science and philosophy; there are those who, in hospitals, instruct their pupils by the bedside of the sick and the dying; there are the gentlemen upon whom devolve the honours of delivering such lectures as the Bampton, the Boyle, the Hulsean, &c.; and there are the poor fellows who

itinerate, or, as it is vulgarly and contemptuously expressed, "stump the country," finding such audience as they can, lecturing on their own account, and at their own risk as to pecuniary results, or accepting invitations from Mechanics' Institutes, Young Men's Christian Associations, and Mutual Improvement Societies.

It is to this humble order of lecturers that I belong. We are sometimes called Popular Lecturers, though few are the signs of popularity that many of us have the pleasure of beholding; for, in most cases, the people care very little about us and won't give twopence to listen to our talk. I cannot say that we are all well qualified for our business. Some of us are men who have failed in everything else that they ever attempted, and don't succeed remarkably in the calling to which they have betaken themselves as a last resource. Our subjects are very various, and, indeed, there are not many subjects which we have not the courage to tackle. Some learned man publishes a book of travels, biography, history, or what not; and we read it, make a few notes, take a few extracts, and are straightway prepared to hold forth upon a matter of which we have no knowledge, save that so hastily and superficially obtained. Only let us spend a day in any town, a week in any country, a month upon any continent, and, be it Paris, Italy or America, we are ready to enlighten the British public by telling them what we have seen. It is a glorious windfall for us when some great man dies; the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Livingstone; and, although, in common with all our countrymen, we shall feel much sorrow when we hear that Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, and other living notabilities are no more, we have some of us made a good thing out of a dead Cobden, and a dead Louis Napoleon, that our sorrow will be considerably assuaged when death gives us some more famous subjects to operate upon. A few

of us do pretty well in the business, more especially such as can amuse their hearers and call forth roars of laughter, and such as can astonish them by the thunder and lightning of their sounding and brilliant perorations; but dull men, and the great majority of us are very dull, are quite unable to compete with the travelling showman, the circus, and the Christy minstrels.

The correspondence through which an engagement is made with one of us poor lecturers is sometimes curious. We are asked to give a list of our *raciest* lectures; and, as to terms, to state the lowest figure possible, as the lecture is for a charity and the proceeds are to go to a soup kitchen. The secretary of a Mutual Improvement Society will write in a very self-important manner and in very bad grammar, telling the lecturer that his last lecture was financially a loss, and that he hopes this will be considered, &c., &c. The manner in which the lecture is advertised is occasionally very singular. I once sent a list of subjects, and, intending to inform the secretary that he might make his own selection, I added, "You pays your money and you takes your choice." Imagine my consternation when on reaching the place just half-an-hour before the time for beginning the lecture, I found myself announced to discourse upon "You pays your money and you takes your choice." On another occasion the bill-stickers served me very shamefully. Some years ago there came from America an enormous cheese, about the size of a hogshead, and it was carried round the country as a show. I and the cheese were unfortunately in a certain town at the same time and so came into competition. The bill announcing my lecture was quite correct in itself, but I observed that, in several instances, the Yankee in charge of the cheese had contrived to injure me. Over my lecture bill he had pasted his announcement, leaving, however, the top line in view, and so it ran—"Mr. . . . . the biggest

cheese in England will be exhibited to-night at the Spotted Dog, Crooked Lane; admission sixpence.

Our audiences vary greatly; I say our audiences because I think that I may speak for many besides myself. Sometimes we have a thousand hearers; more frequently half the benches are empty and the attendance is extremely scant. I have often ground through my hour's reading or talking, to no more than fifty persons. We seem to be most popular in the smaller provincial towns, least so in the great centres of manufacturing industry. In these we cannot compete with the public-house, the theatre, and other places of amusement, and any fellow who will blacken his face and sing a comic song will command more favour than the very best of our lecturing brotherhood. Much is said of the superior intelligence of the working men in manufacturing towns as compared with those who live in the agricultural districts. Now we lecturers are not so vain as to measure the intelligence of a community by its readiness to come and listen to us; it may be that the people are far too wise and well informed to need our talk; but, whatever the fact may indicate, it is the fact that, as a rule, the working people in manufacturing towns cannot be induced on any terms, even on the terms of free admission, to attend the so-called popular lectures, whereas the rustics, in many instances, throng to hear us, and, out of their scant earnings, willingly pay the threepence or sixpence that may be the price of a ticket. Whatever Mechanics' Institutes were some thirty or forty years ago, many of them now scarcely deserve the name. Few of their members are artisans, and, as to lectures, those delivered in Mechanics' Institutes are often the most thinly attended of all, and of the few who do attend, ten out of twelve are not working men, but persons belonging to what we understand by the middle class. My old friend Thomas Cooper, who is a

veteran in the army of lecturers, writes thus in his very interesting autobiography:—"In our old Chartist time, it is true, Lancashire working men were in rags by thousands; and many of them often lacked food. But their intelligence was demonstrated wherever you went. You would see them in groups discussing the great doctrine of political justice—that every grown-up, sane man ought to have a vote in the election of the men who were to make the laws by which he was to be governed; or they were in earnest dispute respecting the teachings of Socialism. *Now*, you will see no such groups in Lancashire. But you will hear well-dressed working men talking, as they walk with their hands in their pockets, of 'Co-ops' (Co-operative Stores), and their shares in them, or in building societies. And you will see others, like idiots, leading small greyhound dogs, covered with cloth, in a string. They are about to race, and they are betting money as they go! And yonder comes another clamorous dozen of men, cursing and swearing, and betting upon a few pigeons they are about to let fly! As for their betting on horses—like their masters—it is a perfect madness. Except in Manchester and Liverpool—where, of course, intelligence is to be found, if it be found anywhere in England,—I gathered no large audiences in Lancashire. Working men had ceased to think, and wanted to hear no thoughtful talk; at least, it was so with the greater number of them. To one who has striven hard, the greater part of his life, to instruct and elevate them, and who has suffered and borne imprisonment for them, all this was more painful than I care to tell." Possibly you think that my friend Cooper looks at Lancashire too exclusively from a lecturer's point of view, and considers that the people have ceased to think because they do not everywhere go in crowds to hear him; but I know him to be a man of far too broad a mind and far too humble

a spirit, to make attendance at his lectures the standard by which to determine the intellectual condition of his fellow-countrymen; and from what I have seen and learned myself, altogether apart from my lecturing experience, I am inclined to think that what Thomas Cooper says of Lancashire is equally true of Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Leicestershire, and most other English manufacturing counties. To quote my friend again, I think that these words are very widely applicable:—"I found the working men had bettered their physical condition considerably. But I confess, with pain, that I saw that they had gone back intellectually and morally."

There is, however, one part of Great Britain in which, if willingness to hear lectures on religious, scientific, political, historical, and other subjects be any index of intellectual life, the people are far in advance of their English brethren. Take town for town and class for class, and my experience compels me to say that in any part of Scotland, from Stranraer to Thurso, your lecturer will have an audience fully twice as numerous as he can hope to see in England. He will find the smaller Scottish towns much better provided with suitable halls, than similar English towns. He will find that if no hall large enough for the purpose exist in such or such a place, neither ministers nor elders nor people think it a desecration of their churches, whether Free or Established, to throw them open to the lecturer, although his topic may be purely secular. He will also find that the chief men of the town are amongst his hearers; that the provost or a bailie occupies the chair; and that, when he enters the committee-room, he is met by magistrates, ministers, bankers, merchants, perhaps a score in all, who accompany him to the platform. The warmth and cordiality of our reception in that cold country greatly cheer the poor lecturer's heart and

enable him to lecture all the better. I have in my recollection many striking contrasts as I think of the ways in which I have been received in Scotland and then of my very different experiences in England; for here, I have again and again found no committee, no chairman, no secretary, not even a door-keeper, and have been obliged, a total stranger, to introduce myself to an audience that is best described when I call it a wet blanket. Let me say this also for Ireland, for the north of Ireland certainly if not for other parts, that the people, if not quite so disposed to listen to us, equal the Scotch in the heartiness with which they welcome us, making things altogether much pleasanter to the lecturer than he often finds them in England.

There is no great need for a chairman when we lecture, for there is scarcely ever the slightest reason to apprehend disorder. Of course, if we were so imprudent as to choose subjects bearing upon religious controversy, there would be great danger of our hearers breaking each other's heads, and it might be necessary to have not only a chairman on the platform but also a number of policemen near at hand. Those, however, who so soon lose their senses, and go stark mad over a religious dogma or ceremony, are perfectly quiet and good tempered when listening to almost any other theme. But, if a chairman be not needed to keep order, he is of great use in giving respectability to the meeting; his countenance is valuable to the institution on behalf of which the lecture is delivered, and he commonly brings with him a number of friends who are anxious to see how he will bear the honours of the situation. It is a glorious triumph if the committee be able to secure the services of a lord or a baronet; failing such a one, it is a great hit if the mayor can be prevailed upon to preside, or some Esq., J.P.; best of all, perhaps, the member for the borough; and even the man who tried at the last

election and failed, often makes a capital chairman, and draws many to hear him say with the rat, when the trap fell down—"Welcome death!" Sometimes the chairman is so prudent as to make no speech, but just in a few words to introduce the lecturer. Sometimes he begins by observing that it is not the duty of a chairman to make a speech; an infallible sign that he is going to make one. I have known a chairman spin a long yarn, and, mistaking the signs of impatience for applause, go on and on, stammering and blundering, amid the derisive cheers and laughter of the audience. I once had a chairman who took every opportunity of trotting out his favourite hobby. I was to lecture on St. Paul, and the worthy chairman gave us a preface of forty minutes of exceedingly dull talk concerning the desirableness of introducing a system of decimal coinage. He was a very rich gentleman and a baronet, and so the people bore with him. It is not at all unusual for your chairman to deliver a long speech upon the subject which the lecturer is about to discuss; and it is very awkward when the chairman's view of the matter is such that the lecturer is obliged to contradict him, and to give facts and conclusions just the reverse of those announced from the chair. I have frequently been in this unpleasant position, but I have been much amused on finding, that although the audience had loudly applauded the chairman's remarks, they quite as heartily accepted and cheered what I had to say in refutation of them.

The ceremonial of the lecture hall is very simple, but one part of it, seldom overlooked, is the formality of passing a vote of thanks, first to the lecturer and then to the chairman. The vote of thanks to the lecturer is usually proposed and seconded by gentlemen who venture to make some observations upon what they have just heard. Very often these observations are so

complimentary and flattering that the lecturer, if not wholly destitute of modesty, hangs down his head in very shame. But the lecturer has always, in his "eloquent, learned and exhaustive treatment of the subject," omitted one or two points which the proposer or seconder of the vote of thanks proceeds to expatiate upon. Occasionally, indeed, we are rather severely criticised. I remember an instance in which the gentleman who moved the vote of thanks to me said,—"All the time the learned lecturer was speaking, I was forcibly reminded of the old saying, 'Any fool can give advice, but it is only a wise man that can take it.'" The vote to the chairman is sometimes a very formal business; he is requested to vacate the chair, from some strange notion of the impossibility of his putting to the meeting a resolution of thanks to himself. The chairman, having given place to another, hears himself lauded to the skies; he is so generous, so condescending; and sometimes the chairman is praised at the expense of the lecturer. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the mover of thanks to the chairman after one of my poor efforts,—"Ladies and gentlemen, I call upon you to express your cordial thanks to our excellent chairman for making such a great sacrifice of his time as to come and listen to this lecture." I never heard a louder burst of applause than that which followed the proposal.

The local paper is sometimes gracious enough to honour us with a report. Generally, however, the notice consists for the most part of a statement of what was said by the local celebrity who occupied the chair; and when he has finished, and I have risen to speak, I have seen the reporter put on his hat and walk out. However, I don't complain; all things considered, it may be best not to be reported; and the hash that is commonly made of the chairman's speech has often made me very thankful that I have escaped such a

mangling and got off with this:—"The lecturer then delivered his lecture, after which the proceedings closed." We are sometimes so unfortunate as to do mischief very unconsciously. On one occasion, wishing to describe an ill-tempered fellow who treated his wife unkindly and did other objectionable things, such as getting into debt, drinking, &c., I supposed an imaginary character of that sort, and thought I was quite safe in calling him Mr. Jones. I was surprised, and startled, when the mention of that familiar name called forth a very peculiar expression of sensation. Mr. Jones did this—another storm of applause. Mr. Jones said that—tremendous shoutings, mingled with hisses. Mr. Jones was carried home in a state of—indescribable uproar. I saw that there was something awkward, and soon dismissed Mr. Jones. Imagine my astonishment when I discovered that there was only one Mr. Jones in the town, that he was present on the platform, and that he was notoriously just such a person as I was describing. If ever a man had to wear a well-fitted fool's cap, I placed it that evening on the head of that unhappy Mr. Jones, who, however, I am bound to say, wore it very patiently; but it was for some time afterwards the town's talk, greatly to poor Mr. Jones's annoyance, and I fear not at all to his reformation.

In these days almost everybody talks about his "mission," and the world promises ere long to be chock full of missionaries of all sorts. I do not know whether we lecturers have a "mission" or not. We might, perhaps, cant about such a thing as so many others do, but it is more honest to say that the only "mission" we think much of, is that of picking up a little money to enable us to live. I do not think that we and our work are needed for the welfare of society; the world could afford to lose us, and many more also who think they have a "mission," better than it could

afford to lose the men who sweep its chimneys, or the women who clean its floors. I do not magnify my office; but perhaps we are doing a little towards the improvement of our countrymen; and "mission" or no "mission," I believe it is the desire of most of us to inculcate good principles, and to encourage good habits. We hope that we occasionally do a little good. Some time ago I met a gentleman whom, though a stranger to me, I knew to be a man of considerable wealth. Entering into conversation with me he told me this story:—"Fifteen years ago, sir, when I was a young man and had a young family dependent upon me, I was out of a situation: I did not know where to turn, nor what to do; I was in great distress, nearly starving, and driven to the brink of despair. But I went and heard you lecture. It was a word in season, sir. Some things that you said seemed to put heart and hope and backbone into me. I faced my difficulties, fought them, conquered them; and from that time until now I have prospered. I assure you, sir, I owe everything to you;" —then, pulling out his pocket-book, he gave me——his card, and said, good morning. I thought—well, never mind what I thought. Scrub as he was, it was something, perhaps, to have saved him from poverty. I know of better cases than that, cases which show that we do now and then influence a hearer for good, and which, we hope, are sufficient to justify our existence and our profession, although we are often rather weary of both, as, I fear, our hearers often are of us.

ON MAKING RELIGIOUS SERVICES ATTRACTIVE.—Let them be attractive. This is, just at present, one of the chief ideas in relation to religious services. It is considered that, as heretofore conducted in most churches, they are very dry and tedious, and more

fitted to drive people away from religion than to draw them to it. Make the services attractive, and the now half-empty churches and chapels will be filled. Christians of all, or almost all denominations appear to be inclined to act upon such advice, and to think that, although they have the Bible, the Throne of Grace, and the presence of God to give interest, and power, and grandeur to their meetings for worship; still, such meetings cannot be redeemed from dulness without some attractions of a more or less sensuous sort.

Of course the so-called Ritualists go upon this tack, and have shown much ingenuity in making their services attractive. The structure and decoration of the church, the vestments of the ministers and their assistants, the musical performances, the entire ceremonial from beginning to end, are made as attractive as possible, according to Ritualistic taste and doctrine. But, for some years past, the desire for more attractive services has shown itself even amongst the most staunchly Protestant sects. Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists, seem to have come to the conclusion that neither such places as those in which their fathers worshipped, nor such services as those in which their fathers joined, are sufficiently attractive for the present time. One by one the old, ugly Ebenezers, Zions, and Bethels are disappearing, and new structures, of more or less architectural pretensions, are being built in their stead; the old names, too, being, for the most part, discarded as vulgar, so that now, where we used to see Bethesda, or Zoar, or Rehoboth, we find a Christ's Church, a Temple, or a Chapel dedicated to the Trinity. Many of these buildings are such as would have not only startled, but horrified most Nonconformists of former generations; they would have seen in them a most evident and dangerous tendency to Romanism. Not only have Nonconformists done much towards making their

chapels (churches they now prefer to call them) more attractive, they have introduced into their services such attractions as their fathers knew not and would probably have disapproved of. The organ is of rather long standing in English meeting-houses; but, until recently, the only musical performance ever heard in such places was the plainest congregational psalmody. Now they have chants and anthems in addition to their hymns; and the service in a Nonconformist place of worship differs from that in vogue a quarter of a century ago almost as much as the advanced Ritual differs from the old-fashioned humdrum way in which service was got through in the majority of churches connected with the Establishment. I know a Congregational Church in which the pulpit stands at one side of the chancel and a reading-desk at the other—in the former the minister preaches—in the latter he reads and prays. I know a Baptist Church in which, simply for the sake of making the place more attractive, the liturgy of the Church of England, somewhat modified, is used. I think that, bearing in mind their respective starting-points, the Ritualistic race has been pretty even between Churchmen and Dissenters. Old vicars and churchwardens, were they to rise from their graves, would be greatly surprised, shocked, and vexed on witnessing such changes in their churches; old Nonconformist ministers and deacons, were they to return to their accustomed haunts, would be no less astonished and no less angry on seeing the cross-crowned successor of their dear old Salem, and hearing the performances in the new concern; and I can imagine them saying, in their wrath, "Call it Ichabod, for the glory is departed." Changes and novelties in religious worship are not necessarily bad; in all churches there has been, and still is, room for reformation and improvement; but in almost all that relates to the attractive in religious worship, the attractive in archi-

tecture, the attractive in ritual, Nonconformists have made nearly as rapid progress as Churchmen. Be this for good or for evil, it ought to be acknowledged; we have all been going in the same direction, wisely or unwisely trying to make religion more attractive than it used to be.

One of the most remarkable instances of this movement is observable in Scotland. There the stern simplicity of the church edifices is rapidly giving way to the elegance, comfort, and luxury of modern times. This change has been going on for years; but there is another that has been wrought in a very sudden manner. Until very recently, the only musical service in the Scottish Churches was the singing of the Psalms in the well-known version approved by the Kirk, and the Paraphrases usually printed along with them. Even the Paraphrases were commonly looked upon with mingled suspicion, dislike, and disdain. I have known churches in which they had to be very charily and sparingly used —not more than one at a service; and many good folk disapproved of them altogether, and thought the Psalms alone fit to be sung in the congregation. Then, as to instrumental music in Christian worship: it was an abomination, an unmistakable mark of the beast. The organ was contemptuously called a "kist of whistles," a "carnal, formal, unspiritual thing," a "beggarly element of the Jewish dispensation." "Bring back the organ and bring back the mass;" so said a Presbyterian divine not very long since. Those Scotchmen who were bold enough to advocate the introduction of instrumental music—cautiously called "instrumental support" to guard against the idea of its becoming a substitute for the living voice—were vehemently opposed. I have heard of a case in which a congregation erected an organ in their church, but there it stood, for years, silent, because the ecclesiastical authorities were

against it. And now what a change! Two years ago Mr. Sankey went down to Scotland with his songs, his solos, and his little American organ. Whatever be the merit or demerit of his Songs and Solos, they certainly differ very widely from the Psalms and Paraphrases, which, alone, the Scotch congregations would endure; and the music to which the Songs and Solos are set is very different from the slow and solemn airs which, for centuries, Scotchmen have very justly held in great veneration. Well, with such words, such music, and such an instrument, Mr. Sankey went down to Scotland, and the people were charmed, delighted beyond measure, listening to him, joining in the choruses, and not in the least degree scandalised by the organ. Some good men, unwilling to give in entirely to the innovations, ascribed all the enthusiasm to Mr. Moody's preaching; but most candid judges allow that the songs, the solos, and the organ were important elements in the services which awakened such great interest and did such great good. And it was not merely upon the young, the gay, the thoughtless, that the impression was made, but venerable ministers and experienced elders, who had, up to that time, shuddered at the thought of instrumental music in religious services, and had held all hymnology, save that of the old Psalms and Paraphrases, in utter scorn, lifted up their voices right heartily in "Hold the Fort" and other pieces sung by Mr. Sankey; and, although the Songs and Solos have not yet made their way into the churches, to the displacement of the Psalms and Paraphrases, in special services and in domestic worship, Mr. Sankey leads the singing over a great part of Scotland; and I have met with Scotchmen who maintain that, without the Songs and Solos their worship cannot be made sufficiently attractive. Thus the land which, while it admitted poor David with his Psalms, compelled him,

before he crossed the border, to leave his harp behind him, has accorded a hearty welcome to our American friend, with songs, solos, organ and all. The Scotch people may, perhaps, cool down and be as obstinate as ever in their old notions; but it certainly seems as though Mr. Sankey had for Scotland won the organ battle, and taking the nation by storm, had accomplished, in a few weeks, what many lovers of instrumental music had in vain been trying to do for years.

The rage for making religious services attractive leads to some very odd doings. I have heard of an itinerant preacher in America being accompanied by a full brass band. A few months ago I saw in Yorkshire the following advertisement, printed in large and variously-coloured letters:—

"NEW WESLEYAN SCHOOL ROOM, ——.—The Committee of the A—— Cricket Club beg most respectfully to announce to the public that the Grand Sacred Drama of Joseph and his Brethren, in seven parts, will be performed by Members of the Club, who will appear in Eastern Costume, in the above schoolroom, on February 16th and 17th. Positively the last two nights. A string band will be in attendance."

I have seen many other advertisements, announcing religious services, which I consider to be in bad taste. "Spurgeon is coming to Chester;" such was the information given, a few days ago, in our Liverpool papers. I once saw, in Glasgow, a huge placard with the words "Bosco is Coming," beneath which was another, which added, "and so is Mursell"—Mursell being a well-known preacher. Appended to a notice directing the public to go and hear some reverend orator, I have seen extracts from newspapers and magazines which spoke of him in most fulsome terms; and I know of one case in which it is sought to make the service attractive by stating that the expected preacher had been the means of converting 17,000 souls. I do not see that

the conversion of a working man is so extraordinary that, if he preach, he should be paraded as a converted navvy or a converted blacksmith. Is there no converted lawyer or cotton broker? The announcement that such a person was going to deliver a sermon—say upon honesty—would, not unnaturally, create a new sensation and prove highly attractive.

I have been informed (we can hardly credit the statement, though given to us on good authority) that a preacher in the Western States has had sent to him a crown of thorns made at Jerusalem, and that, when he preaches, he wears it on his head. In making services attractive there is a strong temptation to repeat anecdotes that are more funny than devout. It was stated in one of the English religious papers, a few days since, that at some very attractive service the speaker told a story about a young man who, on being asked whether he ever thought of his future state, replied—"I should think I do—when my Mary Jane gets her wedding clothes!" Religious services are made attractive at too great a cost when the attractions take the form of such indecent buffoonery as this.

I have seen some instructions upon the art of making prayer meetings attractive. The writer of them asserts that, usually, a prayer meeting is dull, dead, wearisome, repulsive. He does not deny that the people who take part in it are converted—he does not question their sincerity—he quite admits that the Lord is pr sent, according to his promise; but neither the conversion or sincerity of those assembled, nor even the glorious presence of the Lord, make the meeting at all interesting. I confess myself old-fashioned enough to think that this is a very shocking statement, and feel that the promise "wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them," ought to be far more than a sufficient attraction for all

who have one atom of faith in the Word of God. How, then, are we to supply the attraction which the thought of meeting our Saviour fails to afford? Make the prayers short, the singing short, the addresses short; have a bell upon the table, and ring it when any brother, carried away by his devotional feelings, exceeds the regulation three minutes; crowd as many prayers as possible within the hour; don't let the men have it all to themselves, encourage the women to take audible part in the service by engaging in prayer; away with the old dismal hymns and tunes, and have something lively and brisk and rapid. So you will make the prayer meeting attractive.

I very much question whether these attractions, architectural, musical, theatrical, whimsical, will attract many after all. They may succeed for a time; but they will pall upon the public taste just as much as the unattractive services which they supersede. I do not find that the people throng to the most stately church edifices, or to those in which the finest music is heard, or the most imposing ceremonies are witnessed. If I am asked to point out amongst the Liverpool churches those which prove their attractiveness by the numbers who attend them, I should, at once, name several of the plainest and least inviting of all our ecclesiastical buildings—churches and chapels in which there is no pompous ritual—in which the music is considerably below the average, but in which sensible, godly, earnest men conduct the worship decently and devoutly, and preach, with plainness, faithfulness, and power, the grand old Gospel of God's grace. The proverb that speaks of golden priests and wooden chalices exchanged for wooden priests and golden chalices is worth remembering in these times. The things by means of which it is sought to make religious services attractive, are poor and lame apologies for want of brain and heart,

and very miserable substitutes for "the spirit and truth" in which alone we can worship the Father. Our friends who go in strongly for those attractions that appeal to the eye and to the ear, rather than to the intellect or to the conscience, speak with great contempt of the barn-like places in which their ancestors met to sing and pray—of the old three-decker pulpit—of the bawling village choir—and of all the other humble, inartistic, rude accessories of worship. Perhaps they forget that it was when surrounded by such unattractive circumstances that Bunyan, and Wesley, and Hall, and Chalmers, and Guthrie, and M'Leod did most, if not all, their glorious work as preachers of the Gospel and as men mighty in prayer. To those who are so desirous of making religious services attractive I would say—Find me such men, or men of half their mental stature and moral force, and then your services will attract, and attract to some purpose, for they will draw men not merely to the church, but to Christ. As to the methods, so novel, so ingenious, so costly, from which you expect great results, they are almost everywhere proving failures; the people will not hear the voice of your charmers, charm they never so wisely. I do not much like the word attraction in connection with such a subject; it is too nearly related to the theatre and the Free and Easy, but, if we must apply the word to religious services, then we say—The spiritual but very real presence of our Lord, promised to all, be they many or few, who meet and meet anywhere in His name, is such an attraction that, if it fail, we may be very certain nothing will succeed. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me": there is the secret of making religious services attractive.

THE IMPUDENCE OF DISSENTERS.—They have got the title Reverend; let us hope that their Reverences will be satisfied with it. But I have misgivings. They are a proud and ambitious class of men. This may prove only the first of a series of aggressions upon ecclesiastical titles. The Rev. is gone, degraded, made common and unclean, assigned to all sorts of creatures who stand up to preach or prate in Salems and little Bethels. *O tempora! O mores!!* What next? Ah, we may well ask—what next? There is the Very Rev., which the Deans of our Cathedrals consider to be their own; there is the Right Rev., to which only Bishops have heretofore laid claim; and there is the Most Rev., the sacredness of which has been reserved for Archbishops. Are these safe? Will Nonconformist parsons all consent to stand on the one low level of Rev.? The pastor of 1000 people no more Rev. than a town missionary; the well-educated minister no more Rev. than any local preacher who murders the Queen's English; the head of a denomination no more Rev. than the tail? I scarcely venture to hope for such humility after this battle for the inferior designation. Now the thin end of the wedge has been got in, it will probably be driven home. We expect to find the President of the Conference styled, at least, the Very Rev.—Congregational Ministers insist that they are Bishops; why then should they not adopt the style of Episcopal dignity and call themselves Right Rev.? Even the Holy of Holies amongst ecclesiastical titles is likely to be outraged, for, if amongst these Nonconformist Bishops and Right Revs. there be, as indeed there are, some more influential than others, what is to hinder them—will the Privy Council hinder them—from laying their sacrilegious hands upon Archiepiscopal honours and announcing themselves in this fashion,—"The Most Rev. John Thomas will preach next Sunday in the

Cave of Adullam, Tinkers'-lane?" And what is to become of our poor archdeacons? Some hoary-headed Baptist preacher will, we suppose, be dubbed "The Venerable." I hear of one clergyman who has requested his friends no longer to address him as Rev., and I hope that many will follow his example. Indeed, rather than give such holy things as these titles to dogs, or cast such pearls as these dignities before swine, we should hail with joy a return to the primitive practice, in which Paul was Paul and Peter, Peter; and Rev., Right Rev., and Most Rev. were alike uncoveted and unknown.

"THE SUN IS NOT TO BE SET BY DIALS, BUT DIALS BY THE SUN."—So says Thomas Fuller when, referring to the fact that Josephus does not always agree with the Word of God, he makes bold to alter and "rectifie" his "extravagancies according to Scripture." There are, not on the part of Josephus only, but on the part of many Christians, "extravagancies" which it were well to alter and "rectifie" in the same manner. Such "extravagancies" might be excusable, because scarcely avoidable in those dark ages, during which the sun was clouded over and for centuries was hardly ever seen. Then it had to be very much guess-work as between the sun and the dials, and the Reformation showed how far, in setting their dials, men had erred. Now, having the sun, there ought to be no "extravagancies"—wanderings—from the truth of Scripture. But, unhappily, since the sun began to shine in the Reformation, we have been rather loth to set our dials by it. We have retained some of the old "extravagancies." Let the dials represent the creeds believed in and the ceremonies observed by churches, and in what churches are all the dials set by the sun? When

I observe how men of all sects endeavour to force the Word of God to support their views, I must admit that many attempts are made to set the sun by the dial. And yet, each will have it that his dial agrees with the sun. One was set by the Pope, another by Calvin, another by the Westminster Assembly of Divines, another by John Wesley; and there they are, all showing, not the same, but very different times of the day. Well, let us take heed that our dials are set by the sun, that we honestly accept whatever God's Word plainly teaches, allowing it to impress its meaning upon us instead of imposing our meaning upon it. Dials are very good things; but if they be set in the least degree askew they mislead and do far more harm than good.

DEXTEROUS BENEFACTORS.—Thomas Fuller, in his Pisgah sight of Palestine, describing the Temple at Jerusalem, refers to the fact that Jehoiada the priest placed a chest for the reception of alms "on the right side as one cometh into the house of the Lord;" and he says—"Perchance our Saviour reflected on the position of this chest, so fit for dexterous benefactors, when teaching, in giving of alms, 'let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'" This expression—"dexterous benefactors," is worth considering. That Jesus alluded to the position of the alms-chest in the Temple when giving that instruction I will not say, but there is something, perhaps much, in the fact that he speaks of the alms as done by the right hand and not by the left.

"Dexterous Benefactors." Dexterity, or right-handedness, signifies cleverness. Almost all the best and finest work that men do is done with the right hand. There are left-handed men who are very skilful, but the right hand has the pre-eminence, and, in the word

dexterity, this pre-eminence is asserted. A "dexterous benefactor," then, is a clever benefactor. Dexterous in choosing the objects on which to expend his beneficence and in devising the manner in which his beneficence shall be exerted. Now there is ample scope for the exercise of dexterity in our giving. As a rule, men show much dexterity in getting money, nearly all the dexterity in the world is employed in this all-absorbing occupation; but neither in the choice of charitable objects, nor in the manner of supporting them, is there all the wisdom that there might be. There are institutions that ask for our help and are very unworthy of it; and many thousands of pounds, given by kind-hearted people to this society and to that, might just as well be thrown into the sea. I am inclined to think that, in these days, though there be not too much charity, there are far too many charities, and that much more good would be done if we carefully selected a few and sustained them well. Much of our giving is foolish and even mischievous. Who that gives at all has not sometimes felt that the money he has given to a ne'er-do-well blockhead has done more harm than good? And how provoking it is to find that generous and compassionate people have allowed themselves to be imposed upon by the rascals who go round with begging letters and pitiable tales of distress. Considering how little most people have to spare for benevolent purposes, it is deeply to be deplored that any of it should be thus thrown away and lost.

Dexterity, though it do not exactly mean honesty, may be said to imply it; because left-handedness, in a metaphorical sense, is the reverse of honest. The left hand is "sinistra;" and hence we speak of sinister motives and sinister conduct. Why the left hand should have acquired a bad moral significance and the right hand no very distinct moral significance of any

kind, I shall not tarry to inquire; but, suppose we give the right hand what seems to be its due, and, as by sinister we understand what is evil, insincere, false, by dexterous let us understand what is good, honest, true. This seems to be Solomon's meaning when he says—"A wise man's heart is at his right hand, but a fool's heart at his left." I think that, by force of contrast, we have a claim to assert for right-handedness this fine moral signification, to regard it as suggestive not only of cleverness but also of honesty; and so Fuller's "dexterous benefactors" are honest benefactors. And there is room for this sort of dexterity in our giving. The "dexterous" benefactor, being an honest benefactor, honestly gives what he can afford when the object commands his approval, and he is honest in his excuses for giving little or nothing when he does give little or nothing. Between his prayers and his donations there is some sort of decent proportion. He will not sing—

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small"—

and then feel in his pocket for the smallest piece of money to put into the collecting-box.

A third meaning which I feel at liberty to ascribe to dexterity is heartiness, kindliness, friendliness. When we meet we give each other the right hand in token of good-fellowship. The seat at the right hand of the host is reserved for the guest who is in highest consideration. The dexterous benefactor, then, is one whose heart as well as hand is concerned in the act of giving. He gives "not grudgingly, nor of necessity," but readily, willingly, knowing that "God loveth a cheerful giver." Alas! how many good men have I known, who, compelled to go and ask help for some good cause, have been treated rudely and indeed bar-

barously by men who could give and did give, but gave in a churlish spirit. It hardly deserves to be called giving at all when, as I once heard Mr. Spurgeon say, the man's hand has to be prized open as with a crowbar before anything falls from it.

Once more, dexterity means power. We often read in Scripture of God's right hand; never, I think, of His left. And why? Because not weakness but "power belongeth unto God." "The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass." The right hand is the emblem of energy. And there is need of energy in our beneficence, a little of the energy we put forth in endeavouring to make money. It is not just that the right hand should work in the world and the left in the Church, that the right hand should work for self and the left for Jesus Christ. It was not in a left-handed way that He wrought for us when He wrought our Salvation. He did that work as the man of God's right hand, with all diligence and earnestness and power. He could give no more than Himself, He would give no less: He is the Prince of dexterous benefactors.

Cleverness, honesty, heartiness, energy. Such are the ideas which Fuller's felicitous phrase "dexterous benefactors" brings to the important work of doing good for God's glory and man's welfare. Intellect, conscience, love and strength, all engaged in beneficence, must make beneficence a great blessing, great to the receiver, but greater to the giver. It is the dexterous benefactor only who thoroughly understands "the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said—It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"SET THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE."—There is on the part of many in these times a strong tendency to throw the blame of drunkenness mainly, if not entirely,

on the publican. The publican is held answerable for almost all the mischief. It is the publican that starves the drunkard's family, that sends the drunkard's bed and clock and coat to the pawnshop, that fills the poorhouse with paupers, and the prison with criminals; whatever may be the result of intemperance,—hunger, nakedness, disease, manslaughter, murder,—all is laid at the door of the publican. As to the drunkard himself or herself, the fashion is to speak in terms of the kindest commiseration; the poor drunkard, the unhappy drunkard, tempted, deceived, robbed, maddened, sinned against more than sinning, the victim of the publican's greed, the helpless prey caught in the publican's snares. Now this very one-sided apportionment of the blame is hardly fair. It never occurs to any one to blame other tradesmen for the extravagance to which the display of their wares may lead those who cannot or do not resist such temptations. The lies that are told about quack medicines induce thousands of people to be perpetually taking rubbish that will do them no good, that may do them harm, and, at any rate, costs money that might as well be thrown into the sea; but no one holds the quack medicine advertiser and vendor responsible for such waste. However, I do not wish to free the publican entirely of the responsibility of making people drunk; but we think that, of that responsibility, the greater, and by far the greater part lies on the drunkard himself, and that he as little merits indiscriminate commiseration as the publican indiscriminate blame. If the drunkard have no power of self-control, then treat him as you would a child; don't let him be master of his wages, set a guardian over him, let him not be out after seven o'clock in the evening, send him to bed at nine; deal with him as though he were either a child or a lunatic, and then, if you will, call the publican a monster for serving him with drink. But

if your drunkard be a man whose sanity you do not deny, then in the name of common sense and common honesty, recognize the personal responsibility under which such a person is laid ; and, instead of those gentle, sympathising words which encourage the drunkard in the maudlin belief that he is not to blame, let there be words of stern and sharp rebuke that shall perhaps recall him to his senses and remind him that he is a man, and neither a baby nor an idiot. "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat" is an old excuse, but an excuse that was not held good. If the drunkard's weakness command for him more pity than blame, why should not the publican's covetousness command for him more pity than blame? In fact we get all astray when we attempt to remove from any man his responsibility for his own misdoing. "Set the saddle on the right horse;" and if still you think that the publican is the horse that should bear the saddle, do, in all fairness, set another saddle on the ass that allows the publican to make a fool of him.

"HE WAS SCANT OF NEWS WHO TOLD THAT HIS FATHER WAS HANGED."—So I thought the other day as I read the poster on which a provincial daily paper set forth the provision it had made for the instruction and amusement of its readers. This delightful bill of fare consisted of the following items :—"Case of poisoning—Cruel treatment of a child—Two children starved to death—Scene at a flogging in a gaol—Letter from a murderer to his wife." Parliament was sitting at the time, and a good deal of debating was going on about the Queen's new title and other matters of public interest and importance, of which, no doubt, the paper to which I refer gave some account, together with much mercantile and other useful information. But of these

things nothing was said by the poster; the horrors above enumerated had been culled as the choicest and most dainty bits, and such as would command for the paper the largest sale. If, as the proverb says, "he was scant of news who told that his father was hanged," surely those of our papers which endeavour to attract customers by such announcements must be very hard up for intelligence. The instance I have given is not singular. If the contents of the paper as announced on bills be seldom so exclusively unwholesome as in this instance, yet, commonly, the most recent murder or other abomination is made very prominent in the advertisement. Well, if a paper propose to itself no higher object than that of catering for the public taste and cooking the stuff, however bad and nasty, that the public, or a very large section of it, delights in, it must follow its unsavoury trade, and I have no more to say about it. But taking such posters as indicating the taste of the people, the indication is not pleasant, is not hopeful. It would almost seem that the most highly-prized advantage of education is the ability that it gives the people to gorge their minds with all that is foul and villainous and dreadful.

A WORD FOR TURNCOATS.—If by a turncoat we are to understand a man who, influenced by some unworthy motive, abandons the principles which he has professed and forsakes the party to which he has belonged and with which he has acted, let the turncoat, by all means, be an object of distrust, dislike, and contempt. But the word turncoat is often applied to men who, in going over from one profession and from one party to another, are actuated by the purest and highest motives, and change because they feel it to be their bounden duty so to do. These men may be turncoats, but they deserve praise

rather than blame for the course which they pursue, especially when, as is often the case, the pursuance of it is accompanied by much self-denial and annoyance and loss. The manner in which we commonly use the words convert and pervert shows the unfairness with which we judge of men who are either weak enough or strong enough to avow a change of opinion. If the change be towards our own views, we call the man a convert, give him credit for both sense and sincerity, and never think of casting it up to his reproach that he has changed his colours; on the contrary, by so doing he has shown his wisdom, his integrity, and his courage, and he is in every respect a noble fellow. But if, having been one of us, the man goes over to our adversaries, he is a pervert; though we be unable to find any bad motives for the change, we suppose them; we cry shame on him for having forsaken the cause to which his ancestors were attached, and for which they laboured and suffered; and we sum all up, by spitefully calling him a "turncoat."

Well, as to the turncoats whose changeful conduct is based upon no worthy motive, who are influenced by fashion, or are carried away by the strong current of a majority, such men deserve no respect; but sensible and courageous men are very likely to turn their coats, at least once in the course of their lives. We live and learn; we learn and unlearn; and are compelled, more or less, to alter our opinions; and we should be prepared to claim for ourselves and allow for others freedom to profess such alteration without incurring censure, without being accused of a want of principle. Generally the want of principle will be found on the part of those who have not the courage to think and act for themselves, but are led like so many sheep. It is worthy of notice that the name of turncoat may be applied to the present Prime Minister of this country and to his immediate predecessor in that office. The

one, now head of the Conservative party, having begun his political life in the ranks of Radicalism; the other, the most illustrious Liberal in England, having been one of the most powerful champions of the Conservative cause. In either party there have been growlings about perversion, tergiversation, unfaithfulness, lack of principle; but sensible men of all parties give both the Right Hon. Gentlemen credit for perfect purity of motive, and ascribe the change in either case to the strength of honest conviction. Those who go on through life perfectly satisfied that what they believed in their childhood requires no modification, and hold in suspicion and abhorrence all who are given to change, may with advantage remember that Luther was the most remarkable turncoat, and at the same time the greatest man of his age. Nay, to go further back and to name one far greater than he, was not St. Paul a turncoat when he became a Christian and an apostle? Take the average of men, and it is at least quite as probable as not that they ought to become turncoats in regard to politics, to religion, or to both. It is a very poor thing for a man to brag that he never has changed and never will change his opinions. He had need be very wise and very good to begin with if he mean to allow no alteration. There are many of us who, if we turned our coats, political and religious, would act more honestly than we do, and be much more respectable characters than we are.

"LET WELL ALONE."—A correspondent writes as follows:—"There is just at present much debating among the Wesleyan Methodists as to the admission, and the admission in a large measure, of the lay element into the Conference which, hitherto composed of ministers, has conducted the affairs of the Wesleyan denomi-

nation." Now, it may be admitted that Wesleyan laymen have a right to such a position as that sought for them; and it may be true that ministers are not the most capable of conducting wisely the affairs of a religious society; although, generally, I consider that men trained for a profession and well experienced in it are the men best qualified to understand it and carry out its designs. But, be this as it may, I look at what Wesleyan Methodism has accomplished under its purely ministerial conference. It is about the most flourishing religious community in England. I have not statistics at hand to refer to, but, if I am not mistaken, neither Baptists, Presbyterians, nor Independents, though more than twice as long in the field, have made such progress. When I think of the membership of the society, of its chapels to be found in almost every nook and corner of the country, as well as in all our towns; when I think of its great missionary work supported by such a noble income of free gifts; I must say that this society, so exclusively under ministerial direction in its Conference, has done so much good work that it is very doubtful whether any admixture of the lay element will lead to practical improvement. Wesleyanism is a splendid proof of ministerial efficiency in matters which ministers ought to understand best, as being in an especial sense their own business; and perhaps it would be wise, in this as in so many other cases, to "let well alone."

"IT IS FINISHED."—Of all pictorial illustrations of these solemn words spoken by our Saviour from the cross, that which strikes me as by far the best that I have seen is one which, in the form of a very noble engraving, has lately been exhibited in the print-shop windows. Representations of the crucifixion are generally very coarse and repulsive. In most cases we are shown the three crosses. The moment chosen by the

painter is very commonly that at which the soldier pierced our Lord's side, and of course there is the stream of blood and water; meanwhile the legs of the thieves are being broken with clubs or with hammers, and the poor wretches are depicted as writhing in most horrible contortions, produced by their intolerable sufferings. It is simply the picture of a barbarous execution or murder, than which it would be hard to find a more loathsome spectacle anywhere: indeed, the principal feature of the work is often a display of the artist's knowledge of anatomy. Very different is the work of art to which I now refer. There are no crosses, no dead bodies. Joseph and Nicodemus have removed the body of Jesus to the sepulchre, and you cannot see it; some slight roughness in the foreground shows that the earth has been opened and closed again, to form a grave for the thieves; the place is utterly deserted; the executioners are returning to Jerusalem, and they are all but consealed by a projecting rock; one of them carries a small ladder on his shoulder, and looks back as if to see that nothing has been left behind; and you feel that verily "it *is* finished."

LET THE SHOEMAKER STICK TO HIS LAST.—If our recommendation of this proverb might do any good we should, in many cases, very strongly recommend it. In these days there is much canting talk about "Missions." Almost every man has what he calls his "mission," which generally means meddling with other people's opinions and practices, instead of minding his own business. Why should not a man consider that the making of shoes is his "mission," and a very useful and honourable "mission"? Certainly, most of the "missions" about which there is so much solemn twaddle among philanthropists are of far inferior utility to that

of making sound and serviceable shoes. That which a man can do best, whether legislating or tailoring, is his real "mission," is that for which Providence sent him into the world, and by which he will most benefit both himself and his fellow creatures. The proverb is not intended to snub the shoemaker; on the contrary, it honours him by making him the representative of every man in his own proper calling; of every man, be he a cabinet-maker or cabinet minister. There are members of parliament of whom we may say it is a great pity they did not think of this proverb and act upon it. Not that the Hon. Gentlemen ever were shoemakers, but they were engaged in business, and it had been better for the country if they had stuck to their business instead of entering the legislature, the business of which they are utterly incapable of comprehending. They understand buying and selling, they understand the growing of turnips and breeding of cattle, they understand brewing and candle-making, and the manufacture of buttons, and in such occupations they serve both themselves and their country; but Parliament is not, and never will be, their "sphere"; and the fact of their being so weak as to imagine themselves fit for it, is sufficient evidence of their unfitness. They are shoemakers who ought to have stuck to their lasts.

Another "sphere" to which the shoemaker often aspires is that of the Christian ministry. I once knew a man who had failed in several businesses. He had been successively a draper, a coal dealer, an assurance agent, a book-hawker, and in each capacity had, through incapacity, come to grief. At last he saw in each of these failures the hand of a mysterious Providence guiding him towards the pulpit; as clearly as possible, the last break down, when he could not make salt by hawking books, though they were religious books, was a loud call to the ministry of the Gospel. "Woe is me if

I preach not the Gospel," he exclaimed. It was likely enough to be woe to him, whether he preached the Gospel or not; but he had at length discovered his "mission." So he put on a black coat and a white tie and a pious look, and found a "charge" eager to receive him, and "made full proof of his ministry" by as many dismal failures in it as had distinguished his secular career.

It would be well for some who are dissatisfied with the business to which they have been brought up, and of which they may be supposed to have some knowledge, if they remembered this old proverb before committing themselves to engagements and speculations, which appear very promising, but are just likely to end in disaster as in success. A man's business is one of those which are disdained as plebeian, and he will not stand the contempt which is poured upon such as follow it; he will enter into something more genteel, which will admit him into, what considers itself, a higher stratum of society. In many cases a man of this sort makes a wretched mess of it, and finds that it had been much the wiser course to have stuck to his last and aimed at being "the head of the yeomanry rather than the tail of the gentry." Nothing can exceed the folly manifested by many working men in so far despising, or, at any rate, disliking their own humble but honest occupations as to resolve that their sons shall not be carpenters or plumbers, but shall go into merchants' offices to push their fortune there. Not one in twenty ever succeeds; the mechanic has a far better chance of doing well, and it is all stuff and nonsense to suppose that the mechanic is less respectable than the merchant's clerk, or even than the merchant himself, great man as he is. I have heard many a poor fellow bitterly curse the day when his absurd parents, instead of giving him a trade which would have made him, to some extent, independent, and would, at any rate, have enabled him to make a living in

any part of the world, must needs think of making him a gentleman by placing him in "an office," where he gets more kicks that halfpence. When shall we all have the sense to perceive and the manliness practically to recognise the truth that—

> "Honour and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
> Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow,
> And all the rest is leather and prunella!"

Well, in most cases it is wise for the shoemaker to stick to his last, the safest and best thing for a man to do is generally to "abide in that calling wherein he is called," and to make the most of it by honest, patient industry. Nevertheless, I am far from giving an unqualified assent to our proverb. The world has been benefited greatly by the shoemakers that have stuck to their lasts, by whom, of course, I mean all men who have worked very diligently and cheerfully in the business to which they were apprenticed, not uneasily aspiring to anything which might be considered greater; but the world would have been in a poor way had not some shoemakers, indeed many of them, forsaken their lasts. A man's true calling may not be that which his parents choose for him, nor that which, in the beginning of his life-work, he chooses for himself. He may find that he really has a soul above buttons; that, though circumstances have made him a ploughman, nature has made him a poet, an orator, a painter, or a great scientific discoverer, a man capable of doing some very signal service to the world. Had our exceedingly conservative proverb been acted upon by all shoemakers, tailors, barbers, farm labourers, and other men engaged in manual work, the world would never have possessed more than a small portion of its treasures in literature, in art, in science, and in all the elements of progress. Biography is very rich in instances of shoemakers who did not stick

to the last, of men who did not merely fancy that they could do something more than the work to which they appeared to have been destined, but really did it. There is scarcely any department of life, and thought, and action, in which men of this sort have not come to the front and done grand service to their country and to all mankind. Let us not forget the fishermen of Galilee and the tentmaker of Tarsus, not to speak of One far greater who pursued the trade of a carpenter. In parliament there are and have been shoemakers who might as well have stuck to their lasts as become Honourable nobodies, cyphers and dummies in the House of Commons; but there are and have been others who have risen to eminence in the political world. In the Christian ministry, of all churches and all times, some of the best and brightest names are those of men who began life in some very plebeian occupation. And it is well to remember that almost every man's library would be about beggared if cleared of all the books written by shoemakers who would not and could not be kept sticking to the last.

In commenting upon this proverb I have no desire to repress the aspirations or discourage the endeavours of the man who feels, and has reason to feel, that he has in him the power to do something greater than that to which he has been set, in the form of some calling that is considered lowly, or, as snobbish people would say, vulgar. Perhaps as many "stones fit for the wall," and for the best places in the wall, may be found in one rank of society as in another; and, in the great edifice of civilization, such stones have been furnished in abundance by all ranks. There is both truth and error in our proverb. Truth, because many who think themselves capable of great things are utterly incapable of them, and will only ensure failure and disappointment if they attempt them, not making a spoon, but spoiling a horn. But error else, because there are, at any rate, a few, born

in humble circumstances and surrounded by all that is discouraging, who have the genius and the power to become great among the benefactors of mankind. The proverb should be used with caution. It may be of some service to repress an ignorant confidence, to reprove a foolish conceit, and to discourage a fickle temper; but we abuse it when we apply it unsparingly and without discrimination; for thus we may treat with contempt and scorn not a few, who need and deserve all sympathy and help in order that they may make the most and best of the talents with which they have been intrusted. For every gifted man is not gifted with that push, courage, determination, and self-assurance which can endure the coldness of discouragement and find in cynical and hostile treatment a stimulus to exertion and a pathway to success.

HAVING AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—In one of our midland towns a Nonconformist Church has lately built a hall which is used on Sunday as a place of Divine worship, and on other days as a place of popular entertainment. The advertisement which announces to lecturers, singers, showmen, &c., the terms upon which they can have the use of the building sets forth its many advantages in a very attractive manner; and among these advantages the following are conspicuous:—That the hall is so wonderfully constructed as to make a very small audience appear large, and that, as Mr. X——'s congregation numbers 4,000 persons, those who take the hall for popular entertainments may safely count upon a large number of patrons. This last hint I would strongly commend to the consideration of the lessees of theatres and the proprietors of music saloons. These places are, for the most part, idle on Sunday. Why not make them turn an honest penny by calling the attention

of clergymen and preachers of all denominations to the fact that, as the theatre or the music saloon is crowded every week night, any preacher having it for Sunday may count upon the regular frequenters of the place to form a large congregation? For once, it would seem, from the advertisement to which we have referred, the children of light have proved themselves wiser in their generation than the children of this world. As to the other recommendation, I question whether it is quite honest to buoy up some poor lecturer, ventriloquist, or preacher, with the belief that he has an audience of 1000, whereas, to his astonishment and despair, he finds, on counting the proceeds, his hearers scarcely numbered 250. I sincerely hope that this dodge, however contrived, by means of which congregations look larger than they are, is not generally resorted to by Nonconformists. Such a mode of telling lies is, no doubt, ingenious, but its ingenuity does not rescue it from contempt.

AN OLD "BRADSHAW."—It is "Bradshaw's Railway Companion" for 1844. It seems to be intended for the whole year, no particular month being specified; and it is to be inferred from this that the railway companies made all their train arrangements a year in advance, and that from the 1st of January to the 31st December no alteration was made and no additional service contemplated; and, indeed, on comparing this book with the time tables for 1840, we find that, on most of the few lines then in existence, no more trains ran in the latter year than in the former. The "Railway Companion" is a little book bound in cloth; it contains seventy-three pages; the price is a shilling; and there are only three advertisements within its covers. No hotel keeper then thought it worth his while to tell the public through "Bradshaw" of the unrivalled advantages

of his establishment, and there was but one steamship company that made use of the medium that now gives more than sixty pages of steamship information.

Of course the lines are few in number. I see nothing of the Great Northern, the London, Chatham, and Dover, the Caledonian, and many other well-known railways. Most of the largest undertakings were then in progress, and the maps, of which there are several, show me pieces of lines here and there; and, as the process of amalgamation had not made much, if any, advancement, such parts of the present North-Western, Midland, and other systems as then existed appear as distinct and independent concerns, which generally issued tickets for their own mileage only, so that the traveller had to re-book at the various junctions. The "Companion" shows large sections of the country destitute of railway accommodation. In all Wales we find nothing but the short line from Merthyr to Cardiff; four pages give all the information about railways in Scotland; and as to Ireland, mention is made of no more than two lines, and they very short ones,—Dublin to Kingstown, and Belfast to Portadown. In England the map gives us to understand that no railway came near to Shrewsbury, Hereford, Plymouth, Salisbury, Bedford, Lincoln, Scarborough, Kendal, or Whitehaven.

The "Companion" contains a long and elaborate table which, for the rising generation, is rather a curiosity, and may, indeed, be studied by them with advantage as a lesson in the geography of their own country. In 1844 the system of one uniform time had not been adopted by the railway companies. This arrangement was introduced some years later, mainly through the good sense of Mr. Booth of Liverpool, long connected with the Manchester and Liverpool line. But, when our "Companion" was printed, we had not only Greenwich time and Dublin time, but every place had its time;

and when a man had travelled from London to Liverpool he found his watch about twelve minutes fast. Altering our watches was one of the most important duties connected with railway travelling; and the neglect of this duty often led to serious mistakes. The Bristol merchant who went up to London and neglected the proper setting of his watch would find, on arriving at Paddington on his return journey, that he was just ten minutes late. Very wisely then does the "Railway Companion" provide a table of longitudes, by means of which the traveller proceeding from London would see that, at Norwich he must set his watch five minutes fast, and at Exeter fourteen minutes slow. Indeed, wherever he lived, if he travelled no more than thirty, or even twenty miles east or west from his home, he was apt to get into trouble if he did not see well to his watch.

A comparison of the time-tables in my old "Companion" with those of the "Bradshaw" of the present day, brings before me very strikingly the advancement which has taken place since the publication of the former. For example—the "Companion" gives about thirty pages of such tables; the present "Bradshaw" gives 309, on each of which there is, at least, three times as much information as on a page of the "Companion." Compare the journey from London to Manchester in 1844 with the same journey as performed now. There was only one route; the traveller now has his choice of four. There were no more than five trains in the day; the same line now runs thirteen trains per day between London and Manchester, to say nothing of the services provided by other companies. The fast train performed the journey in eight hours, and stopped fourteen times on the road; the fare by this train, only first class, was £2 18s. 6d.; the second class fare was two guineas; and the third, an uncovered truck, twenty-six shillings.

Now I go from London to Manchester in four hours and three-quarters, and the first class fare is one shilling and sixpence less than the third was in the days of my old "Bradshaw," while the third class is reduced nearly one-half. Another fact worthy of notice is the discomfort, infrequency, and slowness of the third class in those times. Everything was done to discourage such traffic. The trucks were entirely exposed to the weather, and commonly had no seats; perhaps, in some instances, they had neither springs nor buffers; and it might have been a special instruction to the porters not to screw the trucks tightly together. Of sheep and pigs more care is taken on railways now than directors used to extend to the poorer sort of men, women, and children. On the Great Western, the wretched third class passenger started with the goods train leaving London at half-past four o'clock in the morning, and by a quarter to two in the afternoon, if there were no breakdowns, he found his poor shaken and aching bones at Bristol, having travelled at a little more than twelve miles an hour. Much the same treatment was accorded to third class people on all the lines. The poor could not afford the luxury even of the hard seatless, coverless, filthy truck, and to the working man and his family, going from place to place in search of employment, the railways were of no more advantage than if they had been built in the moon.

Very striking is the difference when, taking my old "Railway Companion," I compare with its statements those of the present "Bradshaw" in relation to the passenger traffic between two large mercantile towns, *e. g.*, Liverpool and Manchester. Between these towns there was in 1844 only the one old line of railway, now part of the London and North-Western system, and eleven trains each way was the daily supply of travelling facilities. Instead of the eleven trains there are now,

on the various lines, nearly seventy, many of them very much larger than those of 1844, for the carriages were small, and the engines, much less powerful than those now used, could scarcely have stirred such trains as to-day are drawn at a speed of forty miles an hour.

Altogether my old "Railway Companion" shows me very clearly that, much as was done by the Stephensons and Brunels, much has been done since their time in the way of improving the system which they introduced. Without going back to the days of stage-coaches I can remember when our travelling was less than half as fast, more than twice as dear, and not a twentieth part as comfortable as it is now. And if now the rubbish were cleared out of the refreshment rooms, and I could get something eatable at a decent price, instead of paying exorbitantly for food scarcely fit for pigs, railway travelling would be fairly satisfactory; though still we might learn from the Americans some hints, I won't say about the building of trestle bridges, but about the construction of our cars, which, fashioned very much after the manner of the old stage-coach, are not the sort of thing best suited to our present wants.

GAME TO THE LAST.—In a north of England churchyard may be seen a tombstone erected to the memory of one of the ministers of the parish. This reverend gentleman is said by old parishioners to have been very troublesome and unpopular; his character, indeed, was very fishy; and effort after effort to put him out was made, but failed. The parson triumphed over all his foes; a fact thus recorded on his tombstone—"he died holding the living."

THE BAD EFFECTS OF GOOD EXAMPLES.—In the main effects of good examples are undoubtedly good, but it is hard to find unmingled good anywhere in this world; and good examples, like many other good things, are liable to be abused, and to prove, in some sense and measure, sources of evil. The brilliant success of any man in any walk of life, tempts many to imitate him, and the imitation is generally a miserable failure. Great poets, painters, orators, preachers, writers, actors, fire by their examples the ambition of many poor creatures, who can no longer bear the thought of remaining at the plough or the anvil, and to whom the counting house is equally distasteful; they are determined to shine in some higher sphere, and thus a good carpenter is converted into a very indifferent poet, a fair stonemason becomes a bungling sculptor, and a fellow who would have done well as a butcher makes an intolerable parson; and all this is to the great injury of the men themselves, and to the considerable loss of Society, which wants what these soaring youths might be, and does not at all want the sort of things they make themselves. Generally, also, while the imitation of the original is very imperfect, it is so far an imitation that, whatever might be natural to these mimics is suppressed, perhaps destroyed, and John Jones, instead of being, as every one ought to be—himself, is a laughable caricature of Mr. Spurgeon, or poor burlesque of Thomas Carlyle.

Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives—very ridiculous.

DISSENT AND DISSENTERS.—It is very strange that any one should attach an evil signification to the word Dissent, or should think any the worse of a man because he is a Dissenter. For it is a question, not of theological

creed, not of ecclesiastical polity, but simply and entirely of geographical position that determines whether a man is or is not a Dissenter. The moment his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, travelling north by rail, is whisked across the Sark he is converted into a Dissenter. When a Baptist or a Methodist crosses over to Ireland he ceases to be a Dissenter; even Mr. Miall could not be a Dissenter in that country. More curious still, the Episcopalian or the Presbyterian, who lives on the border between North and South Britain, may be a Churchman and a Dissenter alternately twenty times a day; nay, more wonderful still, there may be critical movements of his daily life, in which he is half Churchman and half Dissenter.

WILL A MAN ROB GOD?—Some time ago a clergyman was brought up before one of the London magistrates, charged with uttering base coin. A brother clergyman gave to the accused the highest testimonials as to character, and explained that the coins had been obtained from the offertory in the unfortunate gentleman's church, and used by him without any suspicion of their being counterfeit. The witness further stated that the practice of putting bad money into the offertory had become so general that he and other clergymen in the West End had been obliged to speak of it to their congregations.

GREAT WAS THE COMPANY OF THE PREACHERS.—According to the Baptist Hand Book of the present year, there is a Baptist Chapel in Manchester which rejoices in the services of no fewer than 90 lay preachers. This is wonderful, but perhaps still more wonderful the fact that the Church numbers no more than 32 members.

Each member therefore has as nearly as possible 3 preachers to look after his soul. It is to be feared that the unfortunate people will be preached to death.

HERESY is a word that has played a very important part in the history of mankind ever since the introduction of Christianity. It is in itself a very harmless word. It simply means choice, and originally had no reference to religious, more than to secular things. It was applied to every opinion, true or false, wholesome or injurious, that men chose to form. In course of time, however, it came to denote such opinions as were commonly considered erroneous and damnable. Probably every shade of religious opinion has in its turn been condemned as heretical. As a rule heresy is, to each man, just that which he thinks erroneous; and the heresy of one sect is the orthodoxy of another. Never was there a more striking illustration of the proverb—"One man's meat is another man's poison"—than in the history of heresy.

A dismal, disgraceful, and disgusting history it has been. Any opinion which the so-called and self-called Catholic Church pronounced heretical was regarded as worse than any vice, than any crime. It signified not how just, how pure, how benevolent a man might be, if he were tainted with heresy, the most ferocious scoundrel on the face of the earth, provided he were orthodox, was more acceptable to God than he. With a remorseless logic it was argued that, while a murderer destroyed his neighbour's body, the heretic destroyed his neighbour's soul. Murder was a trifle in comparison with heresy; and heresy deserved, and, for its suppression, required a worse punishment than murder; and accordingly, heretics, in myriads, if not in millions, were put to death in every horrid way that cruelty could devise.

Happily the progress of civilization has been such that, now, in most countries, heretics are allowed to live; but still men of almost all schools condemn each other's opinions as heretical; and still it is believed by many that, although man has ceased to punish heresy, God will punish it with a tremendous penalty: still, too, many an error, or alleged error, in religious opinion is considered by not a few more serious than any immorality, and a drunkard of evangelical views is supposed to have a better chance of salvation than the most sober man who doubts the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, or the evangelical purport of Solomon's Song.

This horror of heresy has done much harm. It has made men cowardly, and mean, and false, and uncharitable. It has caused them to shrink with dismay from free exercise in religion of the reason which God gave them, and which they do exercise in other things. It has set religion and science at loggerheads. But for this timid and contemptible cry of heresy it is probable that they would have gone on together very harmoniously and lovingly, science throwing much light upon religion, and religion imparting a devout spirit to science. But this stupid determination to uphold not so much the gospel, as human misconceptions of the gospel, this attempt to keep the universe of religious truth within the narrow limits of patristic or of puritanical theology, has alienated from Christianity some of the finest minds of these modern days.

It is strange that men do not observe how the heresy of one age is the orthodoxy of the next; how both opinions and practices, not long since deemed false and dangerous, are now admitted to be true and harmless. There are doctrines which our fathers held to be of vital importance and of which we make but little account; and many good Christians now, do on the Lord's day things which fifty years ago would have been pronounced

really awful in their wickedness; and yet there is more religion and better religion among Christians now than there was in those more straitlaced times. At any rate, it is undeniable that many an opinion which was heresy yesterday is no longer heresy to-day, and what is heresy to-day may cease to be heresy to-morrow; and in the face of these changes in religious opinion it is wonderful that men should be so confident of the infallibility of their judgment, the very men who are so confident having, perhaps, themselves come to approve things which in their youth they were taught to tremble at, as filled with the utmost peril to their souls. But so the change moves on; ever becoming, as we rejoice to believe, more and more wise, more and more charitable, and more and more in harmony with the will of God and with the real teaching of His word.

A man is not good for much unless there be something of the heretic in him; unless he has a mind so independent, honest and courageous as to think for himself and choose his own opinions; and to the man who would not be a heretic our advice is—Sir, give up your right of private judgment, give up your mental freedom, give up your intellectual and moral manhood, shut your eyes, open your mouth and take and swallow whatever priests and other parsons may give you. Heresy! Why, the Apostle Paul distinctly and deliberately commands us to be heretics; for what else is the meaning of his words when he says—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good"! We cannot prove all things, we cannot prove anything unless we be at perfect liberty to prove an opinion concerning it, and the forming of an opinion is heresy. Heresy is a neutral word; it may be the choice of what is good; it may be the choice of what is bad. We hope that we are no less desirous than other men of avoiding the evil choice, the heresy in a bad sense; but we believe

that the best way of avoiding it will, in the long run, prove to be the free and honest exercise of individual minds upon all religious questions.

IT is a good sign when a man is seen at church or chapel on Sunday morning. It shows that he takes some interest in religion; at any rate, it may be taken as an indication of his having spent his Saturday evening in a rational and sober manner. I should say that the worship of one Sunday morning is equal to that of half-a-dozen Sunday evenings; it is so much more genuine, calm, and free from excitement. Gas-light services are apt to be gassy. The substitution of afternoon for evening services is much to be desired. Let evening be the time for "Sunday at home."

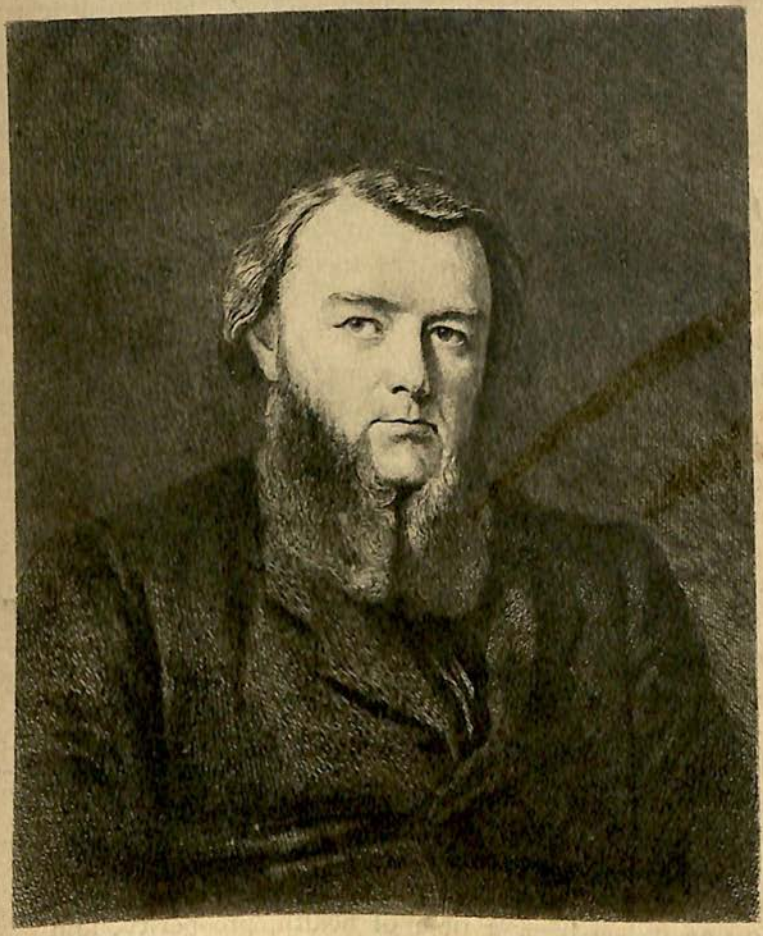
SHABBY PEOPLE.—There is much shabbiness shown by people who attend the church and the chapel, and contribute nothing to the support of the services, or of charities for which collections are made; but there seems to be an equal, if not a greater amount of this sort of meanness on the part of people who frequent theatres. In *Truth*, August 16th, we read — "A large theatre is never, except on the rarest occasions, filled with people who pay for their places. In order that it may not look empty, a vast number of free admissions are issued. These are eagerly sought for, and the result is that half the theatre goers in London get their amusement for nothing, though well able to pay for it." It might be supposed that the sensationalism and sensuality so commonly provided at such places would draw full houses; but it seems that this is not the case. There is, however, this much to be said for those who won't

go unless they can go for nothing; that as the stuff furnished by the concern is in many instances dirt, they, not quite unreasonably, think that they ought to get it dirt cheap,—which they do.

In old times when the porter who watched at the gate of an abbey heard a belated and hungry traveller knock for admittance, it was his custom to say, "Deo gratias;" the opportunity of showing hospitality being accounted a cause of thankfulness to God. Who now says "Deo gratias" when some poor fellow applies to him for help?

PART III.

SELECTIONS FROM SERMONS AND ADDRESSES.



H. Sloane Brown

ANOTHER MILESTONE PASSED.

WE passed it last night at twelve o'clock, when the old year ended and the new began. To some it was the first on the journey of life—to some it will prove to have been the last. In regard to this journey we can reckon backward, but there is no reckoning forward. These milestones differ from most others. Like others they tell us how far we have come; but, unlike others, they do not tell us how far we have yet to go.

However, we have in the good providence of God been enabled to travel over one more of these life miles; and for this let us be thankful to Him in whose hands our times are, and let us look back upon this portion of our journey and gather up some of the lessons that it is capable of teaching us. It is painful to think that some who, in health and strength, passed with us the previous milestone have not reached this. They have died upon the road, and we have laid them in their graves. Happy those whose sadness is sweetened by the assurance that the friends from whom they have parted for a little while are present with the Lord.

The journey has not been the same to us all; the same in extent, certainly, but in scarcely anything else. To one it has been a time of health, prosperity, and gladness; to another a season of sickness, adversity, and sorrow; to most, perhaps, the year has brought its measures of all these experiences. In that year we had spring and summer, autumn and winter, and we had every kind of weather, clear and cloudy, dry and

rainy; emblems in the physical world of what we have met with in our personal and domestic history during this portion of our lives. To many a man this part of his journey, like parts that preceded it, has been, from the beginning to the end, just one hard battle, in which he has had to fight his way step by step, contending with a thousand difficulties. And probably every one of us has taken some false and foolish step somewhere on the journey; have we not all of us gone astray more or less from the right road, tempted by that which seemed easier and pleasanter than the path of duty? From all these experiences we ought to gather something of which we may make good use in the time to come. Each day, week, month, year, should teach the next; correcting and improving, so that our path may be "as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The milestone just passed has reminded us that we are so much older. It is reasonable that we should seriously ask ourselves, are we so much wiser and so much better? Have we got so much more good and done so much more good? Each year yields its harvest of corn and other fruits of the earth; but each year should also yield its harvest of good thoughts, words and deeds. It may make you sorrowful, but it may be no cause of shame if you find that you are not worth a shilling more than you owned this time last year; it may be a matter of anxiety, but it is not to your disgrace if you feel that your health is not equal to what it was when you passed the previous milestone; but it is both sorrowful and shameful, both a cause of anxiety and a source of disgrace, if the year has been mentally, morally, spiritually barren and unfruitful; if there be no more knowledge in your head, nor goodness in your heart, nor usefulness in your life than there was twelve months ago.

The feelings with which a traveller passes a milestone are generally cheerful and even joyful. When the road is bad, the burden heavy, the weather very hot or very cold, the appearance of each successive milestone is hailed with gladness; so much more done, so much less to do; so much more suffered, so much less to suffer. Yet much depends upon the traveller's knowledge of the place he is going to, and of what awaits him there. If he be going to his home, where he will be gladly welcomed by his family and his friends, and all will be bright and joyful; or if he be going to some place that he has never seen, but in which he has reason to know that he will meet with old friends who have gone before him, and who will gladly receive him; and that the country or the city, though unknown to him, will be a scene of rest and enjoyment after his painful travel; under these circumstances he could almost bless the stone that tells him he is so much further on his way. But if he be going he knows not whither, unable to say whether, when he has passed the last milestone, he shall find a cheerful home or a horrid prison, enter a well-cultivated country or be lost in the wilderness, meet with friends, with enemies, or with nobody; then why should he be very glad to see the milestone that may be his last? One might rather expect increased anxiety and sorrow as the unknown country was more nearly approached. The feelings with which men part with the old year and hail the new are generally of a joyous character; every one looks brighter and happier than usual on New Year's Day; the longest and brightest day of summer raises no such feelings of pleasure as those commonly experienced and cherished on this short wintry day, which, as a rule, does not receive from nature anything to make it cheering. The young are glad and the old often no less glad. With a fickleness and an ingratitude not to be admired, we feel, speak,

and act as though, in parting with the old year and welcoming the new, we had lost an enemy and gained a friend. So far as the year that is gone is regarded with thankfulness to God for the mercies that have crowned it, we ought to be glad. But, perhaps, the last day of December is a more fitting time for such gladness than the first of January. On that day, dealing with the past, we know what we are dealing with; but on this we enter a region of uncertainty, of unknown trial and unknown danger. It is very much like "halloaing before you are out of the wood," when you throw up your hats and shout and make a great noise because you have made the acquaintance of another year, not knowing in the least whether it will prove to be your friend or your foe. "Praise a fair day at night," says the proverb.

We have no desire to prophesy evil things; but we ask all who share the hilarity of this season to ponder the question, "Whither are we going?" Another milestone passed; but another milestone on the road to what? If a man have reason to know that he is on the way to heaven, he has cause to rejoice as the close of each successive year tells him that he is so much nearer to "the house of many mansions," to "the rest that remaineth to the people of God," to the society of "those who now through faith and patience inherit the promises." "Now is his salvation nearer than when he believed;" so let him "lift up his head, knowing that his redemption draweth nigh." But if, on the other hand, a man have reason to fear that the year that has passed away has only borne him nearer to judgment and condemnation, why should this season be one of gladness to him? And if, discarding the hope of heaven and the fear of hell as alike superstitious and unworthy of his belief, his answer to the question whither are these years bearing you along, is, "I do not know;" if it be his

opinion that death will be the final extinction of his existence, that he will in death return to the dust and never from the dust arise, there surely is not much in that dark and dismal prospect to call forth feelings of pleasure at such a time as this.

One word more to those who know that they are travelling to the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Enter, friends, upon this new year with thankfulness for the past and courage for the future. Let the false and foolish steps of past years be carefully avoided in this. How much or how little time may remain to us for Christian service we cannot tell; but we know that it is less than it was, and every day becoming less; therefore, as "the night cometh wherein no man can work," "whatsoever our hand findeth to do let us do it with our might;" and, in all our spirit, speech, and conduct let this year show a marked improvement upon every other we have seen. Entering upon it with praise, let us enter upon it with prayer also, that our God would give us grace to be, to do, to suffer all that His will appoints; so shall we all have what each for all desires—a happy New Year!

SOLOMON READING HIS OWN PROVERBS.

BITTER reading it must have been to the old King if he ever ventured to open the volume that contained the proverbs which, according to a Jewish tradition, he had "set in order" when in the strength of his wise and godly manhood, and if in his last days he retained or recovered any of the fine moral sense and deep religious feeling of his youth. If ever a man made a rod for his own back that feat was performed by Solomon when he wrote his Book of Proverbs—a rod, nay a sharp two-

edged sword, that must have cut him to the heart, if any heart were left in him. The effect which he ascribes to wine he might, as far as he was himself concerned, have ascribed to his own wisdom, for at the last it must have bitten him like a serpent and stung him like an adder. Every page must have smitten him with reproach, and almost every sentence must have been nearly enough to drive him mad with the dismal conviction of his prodigious folly and wickedness.

In his proverbs, he has much, very much, to say in admiration and praise of wisdom.—"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding." Throughout his book he ever and anon pours out his warmest indignation against folly and his utter contempt for fools. Unless his voluptuousness had made him a poor drivelling idiot, he must, in his latter days, have felt that the wisdom which he had so commended to others he had himself despised, and that he was himself a greater fool than any of the fools so graphically described in his proverbs. He had very truly spoken of wisdom as consisting mainly, if not exclusively, of the fear of the Lord, the knowledge and the worship of Jehovah, the one true and living God; and from this he again and again declares that any departure is folly. But what had he himself done? He built the Temple of Jehovah with great magnificence; he dedicated it in a prayer of wonderful beauty and grandeur; and, not long after that manifestation of pious zeal, he became an idolater. On the Mount of Olives, within sight of the sanctuary on Mount Zion, he built "a high place for Chemosh the abomination of Moab, and for Molech the abomination of the Children of Ammon." One knows not how many kinds of heathen worship, all of them not only false, but also cruel and obscene, were established by the man who had been so munificent in the establishment of the true

religion. And so he went from one shrine to another; and some modern critics have praised him for it, as setting the first fine example of a broad and liberal spirit in things pertaining to religion. In the Scripture history Jeroboam is branded with eternal infamy as the man who made Israel to sin; but Solomon set him the example, and of the two Solomon deserves to bear by far the greater portion of the blame. His proverbs abound with wise, honest, wholesome words in praise of purity and in condemnation of licentiousness. He tells the young man to rejoice with the wife of his youth; he warns him against all dalliance with other women; the strange woman is a person whose character and whose arts he depicts in language strong but true, and him who is deceived by her he pronounces "simple" and "void of understanding." His lessons in this department of morals would perhaps have had more effect if backed by a corresponding example; but this advocate of purity, this extoller of a chaste and honourable affection, "loved many strange women;" he had 700 wives and 300 concubines—and they turned away his heart. Surely, if he ever came to himself, he must have felt what a beast he was; he must have reflected upon the grossness of his inconsistency, that, after having given others such good advice and solemn warning, he had committed, and committed in such monstrous excess, the very sins which he had so unsparingly denounced.—"The mouth of strange women is a deep pit; he that is abhorred of the Lord shall fall therein." So he had said in his proverbs. What a word for him to think of afterwards; out of his own mouth judged as one whom God abhorred; miserable man; stabbed to the heart by his own words; his wives and concubines, perhaps, jeering him and scorning him for his sanctimonious pretensions; and every young profligate in Jerusalem making him the object of his jests and gibes. If we

accept the Book of Ecclesiastes as Solomon's confession of the sort of life he led, he would seem to have been, if not a drunkard, a man who did not set a good example of temperance.—"I sought in my heart to give myself unto wine." So we read in that book; in which also much is said about the pleasures of eating and drinking. He would seem to have been a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber. And here again he is in glaring contradiction to his proverbs.—"Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—"Put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite." Concerning temperance in eating and drinking, he has much to say in his proverbs; yet, after all, he sought in his heart to give himself unto wine. He is great also on the instruction of youth.—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Well, we may suppose that his father trained him up in the right way, but when he became old, and before he became old (old, indeed, we can scarcely say he ever was, for he appears to have finished himself before he attained his 60th year), he departed from that way about as far as it was possible for bad passions and bad habits to carry him. Poor encouragement for Israeliteish parents reading his words about the training of children, witnessing the total failure of all pious training in his own wretched case.—"Train up a child in the way he should go." His subjects might point the finger of scorn at Rehoboam and ask, "Art thou training thy son in the way he should go?" His proverbs are not destitute of maxims concerning government.—"It is an abomination to kings to commit wickedness, for the throne is established by righteousness."—"As a roaring lion and a ranging bear, so is a wicked ruler over the poor people."—"The prince that wanteth understanding is also a great oppressor." That roaring lion, that ranging bear, that great oppressor

was Solomon himself in his later years; so much so that there was general distress and discontent amongst his people. It is probable that had he lived much longer, burdening the people with unbearable taxation to maintain his extravagant court and his costly idolatries, his people would have risen up in rebellion and driven him from the throne. And when he died they went to his successor and said to him—"Thy father made our yoke grievous; now, therefore, make thou the grievous service of thy father and his heavy yoke which he hath put upon us lighter, and we will serve thee." Undoubtedly Solomon saw in the sullen countenances of his subjects the suppressed mutiny that was in their hearts; he knew that his unbounded avarice and voluptuousness were galling to them; he knew that they hated him and longed for his death. Miserable must have been his reflections upon all these proverbs touching the righteousness and mercy that ought to distinguish kings. His own description of the king that ought to rule proved to his subjects that he was one who had no right to rule. His proverbs armed every oppressed and discontented subject with a dagger to plunge into his heart. He had himself given his people such a political education as made his dethronement, if not his assassination, a thing that plundered and maddened citizens might deem justifiable and necessary. For his noble father's sake they spared him,—and let him die as peacefully as his evil conscience might permit; but then came the revolution that broke the kingdom asunder, and from that time forward the nation, divided against itself, never lifted up its head again.

Such are some of Solomon's proverbs, the reading or the remembrance of which must have awfully darkened his latter days. Read them, perhaps he did not, durst not; but unless his intellect were greatly weakened, he could not help remembering many a maxim, religious,

domestic, social, political, which he had himself flagrantly and shamefully set at nought. Indeed the book from first to last is full of whips and scorpions for its unhappy author—a striking lesson to us all; teaching us that precept should be sustained by example, that knowledge imposes responsibilities, and that it is possible for a man to give very good instruction and advice to his fellow-man, and yet prove recreant to the principles he endeavours to enforce; for, without presuming to pronounce on Solomon's final state, what we know and what we cannot but fear in regard to him give tremendous force to the words of St. Paul—"Lest that, by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

WITH THE GOSPEL A MAN BECOMES A HERETIC.

THIS is an Italian proverb, one of many relating to Church matters, and one which—like most of its class—is by no means flattering to the Church that is, or until very lately was, dominant in Italy. It probably originated in the stormy controversies of the Reformation, when the thing most feared and most opposed by the Church of Rome was the circulation of the Scriptures among the people. The proverb may have been, in the first instance, either the sincere utterance of a friend of that Church, or the sarcastic utterance of one of its foes. Take it as you will, it is true. "With the Gospel" a man does become a heretic in this sense, that he comes to disbelieve much that the Roman Church pronounces orthodox, and to believe much that the Roman Church condemns as damnable and soul-destroying error. Give a man the Gospel (and by the Gospel it does not signify much, so far as the present argument is concerned, whether we mean the narrative of Christ's life written

by the Evangelists, or the New Testament, or the whole Bible);—give a man the Gospel, faithfully translated into his mother tongue; let him read it and study it intelligently, honestly, fearlessly; and the probability, we would not venture to say the absolute certainty, is that he will become very heretical in the sense in which Catholics understand the word, and will have to confess, with the Apostle Paul, that "after the manner which they call heresy, so he worships the God of his fathers." For, in the Gospel, though he may find some sort and measure of special honour conferred upon Peter, he will find no authority for the transmission of such honour to the successive Bishops of Rome. In the Gospel he will find that all generations shall call the mother of Jesus blessed, but he will find no permission to worship her, or to rely in any degree upon her influence for his salvation. In the Gospel he will find that Jesus said of the bread and wine, "This is My body. . . . This is My blood," but he will also find that He added, "This do in remembrance of Me," and the remembrance of a person implies, not his presence, but his absence. In the Gospel he will find no mention of purgatorial fire, no allusion to prayers for the dead, no rule forbidding ministers of religion to marry, no hint as to the infallibility of either Pope or Church, no command requiring confession to a priest. In short, "with the Gospel" he is likely to become, and, if thoughtful, candid and courageous, all but certain to become "a heretic" out and out; so heretical as to expose himself to almost every anathema, that is, to almost every curse that the Church of Rome is so charitable as to pronounce upon all who will not utter its many shibboleths. Perhaps some zealous Catholic will deny the truth of the proverb, repudiate it as a Protestant slander of his Church, and maintain that "with the Gospel," and the Gospel alone, an intelligent, honest man will come to the knowledge

and acknowledgment of every doctrine and every ordinance of the Catholic Church. I can only say that we find it impossible to believe in any such result of a diligent and impartial searching of the Scriptures. I think it would be just as reasonable to suppose that, with Euclid as his guide, a man should believe that two sides of a triangle are not greater than the third, or that, with Virgil as his standard, his Latin should be full of false quantities. No, most decidedly;—if to dissent from the Church of Rome be heresy, then "with the Gospel" a man becomes, and, as I believe, really must become more or less of "a heretic."

But that is not all. There are other standards of orthodoxy beside that of the Church of Rome, according to which, "with the Gospel" a man is very likely to become a heretic. If he be a very ignorant man, or a very weak-minded man, or a timorous man, or a man who, committed to a system, is determined to stand by it through thick and thin, it is possible that the Gospel will not make him what his Church would pronounce "a heretic." Read the Gospel with the view of finding Scriptural authority for your creed, and, whatever that creed may be, you will probably be able to persuade yourself that you have discovered such authority. Read the Gospel with the determination that such or such a doctrine is unscriptural, and you will probably find passages which will seem to you to be dead against it. But let the Scriptures be investigated in a downright honest spirit; come to the study of them—not for confirmation of what you hold, nor for confutation of what you reject, but simply desirous of learning what they teach—and then consider the result. Suppose you knew nothing of any Church, catechism, creed, system of theology, mode of worship, and yet, with an intelligent mind and an honest heart, took up the Gospel for your only guide and authority; do you think that the

religion thus arrived at by you would be pure Church of Englandism, pure Methodism, pure Independency, or pure anything else that is to be found among existing Churches? I cannot but think that, in some things, you would be "a heretic" in the judgment of every such Church; and if your belief so formed should happen to square exactly with that of some one Church, you would still be "a heretic" to all others. There is in particular one point, and an important point, upon which we think that, "with the Gospel," you would become "a heretic," according to the Church of England. "With the Gospel," you would find that in Christianity there is no order or class of Christians who have an exclusive or in any degree peculiar right to be called priests. You will find this title conferred in absolute equality upon all Christians, and upon Christian women as much as upon Christian men. "Ye," says the Apostle Peter, addressing, not the ministry, but the whole Church, "Ye are a royal priesthood;" and John, writing to the Seven Churches in Asia, speaks of Christ as having "made us kings and priests unto God." "With the Gospel" we believe that you will become, and ought to become, to the Church of England, "a heretic" on the whole subject of the priesthood, and on some other subjects, too, of which we have not time to treat. We who meet in this place are heretics to almost all the Churches in the world, in that we hold that baptism should be administered to none excepting such as voluntarily, intelligently, conscientiously confess their faith in Jesus Christ; and to this heresy we affirm that we have been led by the Gospel.

"With the Gospel a man becomes a heretic." I accept the proverb as true, and not as altogether sadly true. It is sadly true only in this sense:—that so much of what the Gospel teaches is so commonly regarded as heretical; but, considering what, in the language of

many Churches, the word heresy means, we are glad that "with the Gospel" a man is so likely to embrace it. I am aware that the Gospel (understanding thereby the New Testament) speaks of heresy and of heretics in language of strong disapproval; but what were the heresies and who were the heretics so condemned? Those heresies were doctrines and practices contrary to the Gospel; those heretics were the people who upheld such doctrines and practices. Heresy and orthodoxy have, to a large extent, exchanged places since the apostolic age. We do not wish to be such heretics as Paul required to be admonished, and, admonition failing, rejected; but it is neither dangerous nor discreditable to be heretical—very heretical—as most Churches count heresy. After all, this word is very much of a bugbear and a scarecrow; one of those untranslated words which priestcraft has kept in the dark as instruments of terror. What does it mean? Simply this,—choice, free choice, private judgment. Leave an intelligent, honest, courageous man "with the Gospel," to exercise his free choice, his private judgment; the convictions he arrives at will be his heresies; and let him and his heresies be treated with respect. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own Master he standeth or falleth."

"THE TREE AND THE CROSS.

THE manner in which the Apostles Peter and Paul use these words, in connection with our Lord's death, is remarkable. Peter repeatedly speaks of "the Tree," but never of "the Cross"; Paul frequently speaks of "the Cross," and in only two instances of "the Tree." In one of these instances (Gal. iii. 13), Paul is compelled to use the word "Tree" because he is quoting a passage

of Old Testament Scripture in which that word occurs. The only other case in which we find him so speaking of the instrument of Christ's death is that (Acts xiii. 29) in which he addressed a congregation of Jews or proselytes to Judaism in the synagogue of Antioch in Pisidia. Evidently the word which Peter most liked to use was "the Tree," and that in which Paul gloried was "the Cross." Whence this difference?

Both the apostles were Jews; but Peter was "the apostle of the circumcision," Paul "the apostle of the Gentiles." In relation to punishment and death, "the Tree" was a Jewish or Hebrew expression, the origin of which we find in Deut. xxi. 22, 23—"If a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that day (for he that is hanged is accursed of God), that thy land be not defiled which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance." "He that is hanged is accursed of God;" in which words we may observe a special reason for the intensity of David's anguish when he mourned over the death of Absalom. Crucifixion was a mode of punishment which the law of Moses did not prescribe; but it was very common amongst the Greeks, the Romans, and other Gentiles. In addressing Jews, therefore, if the Apostle's object were to set forth the accursed character of Christ's death, he would speak of "the Tree"; but the phrase would be scarcely understood by Gentiles, in speaking to whom, the shamefulness of our Lord's death would best be expressed by referring to "the Cross." Accordingly, the former word is always used by Peter, and the latter almost always by Paul, who, when he does speak of "the Tree," speaks of it, as our explanation would lead us to expect, not when addressing Gentiles, but when quoting the Jewish Scriptures or preaching in a Jewish Synagogue. Each word, however,

has its own special significance, when considered in relation to the death of our Saviour; and neither, by itself, is capable of quite fully expressing the truth. "The Tree" tells us of the curse, but, inasmuch as the Jews hanged upon a tree, not a living man to strangle him, but the body of a man who had in some other way been put to death, "the Tree" tells us nothing of the pain. On the other hand, "the Cross" presents to us, perhaps, the most awfully vivid idea of pain that we can conceive—an idea expressed in our word excruciating—but it is silent as to the curse. By crucifixion the Gentiles intended to make a man's name and memory odious and infamous; hence the Apostle speaks of our Lord as "enduring the Cross, despising the shame;" and of His humbling Himself "to death, even the death of the Cross." Still, the yet more terrible doom of being accursed of God did not enter into the Gentiles' notions of crucifixion; this was derived from the Jewish law—"Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Thus, then, when we speak of "the Cross," we speak of the pain which our Lord endured, and of the shame to which He was exposed in the sight of men; but when we speak of "the Tree," we add the deeper, the more awful, but likewise the more consolatory, idea of Christ's being "made a curse for us," so "redeeming us from the curse of the law." From "the Cross" alone we could not learn that Jesus underwent for us the curse due to our sins; from "the Tree" alone we could not learn that He suffered pain for our sakes; therefore let us take both words, and we get the full truth of Christ's suffering in our stead, and in that suffering enduring not only the pain but the curse.

The common custom of the Romans was to leave the body of the crucified person on the cross until it either fell to pieces or was devoured by birds of prey. The law of Moses, more decent and humane, required the

removal of the corpse from the tree on the very day on which it was hanged. And now, observe how well the Mosaic law came in, not only to rescue our dead Lord from the needless and horribly barbarous insult of remaining any length of time upon the cross, but also to teach a great and glorious truth, thus finely, and, we think, not too fancifully, expressed by an old Divine in his comment upon the words in Deuteronomy already quoted:—"This passage is applied to the death of Christ, not only because He bare our sins and was exposed to shame as those malefactors were that were accursed of God; but that He was in the evening taken down from the accursed tree and buried . . . in token that since the guilt was removed, the law was satisfied, as it was when the malefactor had hanged till sunset. And as the land of Israel was pure and clean when the dead body was buried, so the Church is cleansed by the complete satisfaction which thus Christ made."

ST. PAUL IN DEBT.

ALTHOUGH he tells us to render unto all their dues, and to owe no man anything, St. Paul speaks of himself as being in debt, heavily in debt; at all events—in debt to many persons: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians: both to the wise and to the unwise" (Rom. i. 14). Pray what did he owe them? What had they given to him or done for him? Under what obligation had they laid him? When we bear in mind how Greeks. and Barbarians, wise and unwise, had treated him, mocking him at Athens, beating and imprisoning him at Philippi, stoning him at Lystra, and, in one way or another, showing him disrespect wherever he went; we feel that they were debtors to him—that

they owed him many humble apologies and much substantial compensation for the injuries which, without any provocation on his part, they had done him. No, Paul, the account stands quite in the opposite way; Greeks, Barbarians, wise and unwise, are thy debtors, and thou canst make good heavy claims for damages against them. But he does not choose to plead or even to mention such claims, and will have it that he is the debtor. Does the reader again ask what did the Apostle owe these people? The answer is not difficult. Paul took this view of his office—that the preaching of the Gospel was a debt which he owed to all men whom it was in his power to reach. The Gospel had been committed to his trust to be dispensed to all who had need of it; and so, to all such, Paul was debtor; just as a man, intrusted with money for the relief of the poor, is in debt to the poor until the last farthing has been spent according to the donor's purpose. I am debtor, says the Apostle; and, like every other wise and honest man who is in debt, he gave himself no rest, but wrought right diligently at the work of paying his debts.

Now we are not apostles; but, if we be Christians, we are debtors in the sense, though not perhaps to the extent in which Paul regarded himself as a debtor. We owe it to our friends, we owe it to our neighbours, we owe it to all whom we can in any wise influence, that we make known to them, if they do not know it, the truth of Christ. None of us would, for a moment, think of denying our indebtedness to our Saviour; every Christian will say—I am a debtor to Him who loved me and gave Himself for me. How shall this debt be paid, or how shall we, though unable to discharge it all, show our readiness to the utmost of our power to render to Him His due? We may, in the exercises of worship, praise Him for His grace in saving us; but this is only acknowledging the debt, not paying it; acknowledging

the debt, and, perhaps, acknowledging our dishonesty in not doing what we might towards paying Him what we owe. Paul looked upon his moral indebtedness thus—What he owed to Christ he did his utmost to render to a Christless world. The real creditor was his Redeemer; but he felt that his Redeemer would be best pleased by his transferring the obligation and considering himself a debtor to mankind. Let us take the same sensible, practical view of our own case. To us, as to St. Paul, the gospel has been entrusted, the unsearchable riches have been committed, for others' benefit as well as our own; and to others we should regard ourselves as debtors, and honestly and earnestly endeavour to discharge the debt. To a Christian, the rendering unto all their dues, means more than paying rates and taxes, and promptly meeting all bills; it further means the impartation to all who need it of the knowledge of Christ and His salvation.

IS THE BIBLE AND THE BIBLE ALONE THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS?

I WISH it were; but it certainly is not. I should like to see the Protestant who could come forward and plainly prove that the sect to which he belongs makes the Bible and the Bible alone its religion. Indeed, not to speak of sects, I do not know that I have, so far, met the man to whose religion these famous words can be in all truthfulness applied. Protestants are all agreed upon one point, to wit, that the Church of Rome teaches and practises much that is unscriptural; but each Protestant denomination maintains that every other holds something that is contrary to the word of God. Amongst Protestants there are Episcopalians, Presbyterians and

Congregationalists, Trinitarians and Unitarians; those who baptize infants and those who baptize only such as make a personal profession of faith. Unless the Bible sanction all these varieties of opinion and many more, it were hard to prove that it and it alone is the religion of Protestants; and if it do teach such contradictory beliefs and practices, it surely is a trumpet that gives a very uncertain sound. For generations the assertion which in this article we are bold enough to call in question has been the watchword and the battle-cry of Protestants. I think that there is more bounce in it than truth, more vain-glorious boasting than sober-minded sense. Were the Bible alone the religion of Protestants, the religion of Protestants would be something very different to what it generally is, a religion of a much higher order, purer, more earnest, more charitable, and more efficient for good.

There are some who used to be considered Protestants, but to whom, at their own request, we must no longer apply the name. They belong to the Established Church of this country, but they have discovered that they are not Protestants; they maintain that their Church is not Protestant, and they hold the very word Protestantism in detestation. Well then, since they disclaim the title, and by their conduct make their disclaimer good, I shall not point to their doctrines and ceremonies and ask them to prove their Scripturalness. Perhaps they believe and would try to show that the Bible alone is their religion, be as vehement and as positive on this point as any Methodist or Plymouth Brother, but, as they distinctly say "We are not Protestants," they and their doings must not be taken within the range of these remarks; I speak of those who acknowledge that they are Protestants and glory in the name.

In that name I glory also; I speak from no anti-Protestant standpoint, under the influence of no anti-

Protestant feelings; with all my mind and heart and soul, I regard that reformation in religion denoted by Protestantism as, next to the Gospel itself, the greatest God-send that the world has ever received; I am very fully persuaded that the rights, the liberty, the prosperity of mankind are bound up with this sacred cause; but to my great sorrow, I cannot subscribe to the assertion that the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants. In theory, this famous saying may be admitted as true; true thus far, that Protestantism is a protest against submission to any other standard than the Bible in things pertaining to religion; but, when we come to examine the religion of Protestants—the various Protestant sects themselves, by their wide diversities of belief, and loud complaints of each other's departures from Scriptural teaching, bear witness that the Bible alone is not their religion.

In religion we find these three things—doctrine, worship, and conduct. Whether these comprehend all that is in religion we will not stay to inquire: at any rate, in every religion worthy of the name, there are certain doctrines to be believed, certain worship to be offered, and a certain line of conduct to be pursued; and, when Protestants say that the Bible alone is their religion, they, in effect, say that in doctrine, worship, conduct, they follow, simply and solely, the teachings of the Bible.

Now, concerning doctrine, my remarks shall be very brief. But I fear that some Protestants have allowed their doctrines to be shaped, or to say the least coloured, by men venerated, and deservedly venerated, yet not inspired. From their teaching doctrines have been taken, and then the appeal has been made to Scripture with a view to obtaining support for them, and anything that looks like such support is eagerly laid hold of, and shamefully dishonest are the ways in which Scripture

has been mutilated and tortured to compel it to bear witness to some doctrines current amongst Protestant churches. How is it—Protestants—that, if the Bible alone be your religion, you differ so greatly, and that not on trivial points only, but upon subjects of the highest moment? Is the word of God divided against itself? Is it inconsistent, self-contradictory? Does the One Spirit in this passage say one thing, and in that the clean contrary? God forbid that we should thus blaspheme His Word. Rather let us search and see whether there have not come down to us, in spite of the Reformation, doctrinal elements that were never gathered from the Bible; commandments, and traditions of men, which we are unwilling to give up, which we have not the courage to give up, but for which no plain and honest testimony of Scripture can be produced. Concerning worship in its different ordinances we say little, believing indeed that within the rule, "let all things be done decently and in order," there is a wide range for allowable and agreeable variety. And yet, to instance one thing; this seems strange that if the Bible alone be the religion of Protestants, some should admit all in their unconscious infancy to the privileges of Christian fellowship, while others require a personal profession of faith. I do not think that the Bible can teach both these ways of observing the rite of Baptism.

Of the great component parts of religion above indicated, Conduct is that concerning which we are most desirous of making some inquiries, with a view to ascertaining how far it is true that the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants. We are willing, for the nonce, to let doctrine and worship pass. We can very well believe that, albeit certain dogmas and certain ceremonies have had, in our opinion, some other origin than the Word of God, still, intelligent and conscientious men may be thoroughly persuaded that, for such dogmas

and ceremonies they have scriptural testimony. Be it so; hold your own then, Protestants, whether you be Calvinists or Arminians, Episcopalians or Congregationalists, whether you sprinkle an infant with a few drops of water, or dip a grown-up man all over in water; a truce to all controversy on such questions; but conduct, come, let us look this up. We shall all agree in this, that a man's conduct should be regulated by his religion; that, in the main, his conduct is his religion. Religion is, in part, a doctrine to be believed; in part, a ritual to be observed; but in chief part, a life to be lived. Now the Bible may be a man's religion at church and on the Sunday, but what is his religion elsewhere, and at other times? The Bible may be a man's religion as he assents to what he hears preached or dissents from it; as he joins in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs and says Amen to prayers; as he reads the Scriptures, and offers supplication in domestic or in private worship; as, in public life, he opposes what he thinks to be erroneous teaching, or takes a lively interest in religious movements which he believes to be good; in all such things the Bible may be his religion. But what is his religion in buying and selling? What is his religion as a master or as a servant? What is his religion in getting and in giving? What is his religion when telling the truth may involve him in loss, and telling lies will bring him gain? What is his religion in his eating and his drinking? What in his treatment of his wife and children? What in his temper? What in his spirit and behaviour towards those who have done him wrong? Is the Bible his religion in reference to all these matters of conduct? The Bible, which speaks of the just weight and the just balance, which requires us to provide things honest in the sight of all men, and says, in tones of thunder, "Thou shalt not steal." The Bible, which bids masters remember that they also have a Master in

heaven, and requires servants to be diligent and faithful. The Bible, which enjoins us to regard all our gains as so much to be intrusted to us to be used for God's glory, and denounces the love of money as the root of all evil. The Bible, which commands us to let our moderation be known unto all men, and assures us that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. The Bible, which says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." The Bible, which asserts that he who hateth his brother is a murderer, and gives us very plainly to understand that if we don't forgive we shall not be forgiven. The Bible, which lays down the royal law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and the golden rule, "All things whatever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." Yes, that is the Bible which, and which alone, I say, is the religion of Protestants. Would to God it were our religion. But here are fellows, calling themselves Protestants, who swindle in trade, tell no end of lies, grind those in their employ to the bones, get drunk, set their hearts upon getting and keeping money, allow their children to go to the devil and show them the way, break out into furious passion, and hate their neighbours with all their hearts; and yet, forsooth, because they curse the Pope, and howl against the Ritualists, they are Protestants, and the Bible, and the Bible alone, is their religion. I don't say what the religion of such creatures is; but I say very distinctly that it is not the Bible, neither law nor gospel, neither Moses nor Christ.

Instead of stupidly and falsely boasting that the Bible alone is our religion, it would be more honest and more sensible to try to make it our religion. And when we and all who bear the honourable but much dishonoured name which distinguishes us from the members of the Church of Rome shall not only be able

to give chapter and verse for all that we believe in doctrine, and all that we practise in worship, but shall also live such lives as, allowance made for human infirmity, show that, in all that relates to conduct, we practically honour the standard set us in God's Word, then, but not until then, shall we have the right to say that "the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants." To say it, as things now are, is to utter an impudent lie.

THE CURE AND CARE OF SOULS.

THE words cure and care, probably, if not certainly, come from the same source, and have radically the same meaning. Our older writers use them indiscriminately, and do not seem to recognise the slightest difference between them. And if, as some think, the origin of the words is to be found in a Greek word which means the heart, we have a fine thought thrown into these words; curing or caring is heart work, work done cordially, and the cure or care of souls is the cordial regard and concern for souls. Care is the broader word, inclusive of all the thought, attention, watchfulness, effort, that may be in any case required in order to secure the well-being of those on whose behalf the care is exercised. Excepting as an ecclesiastical term, the word cure is almost exclusively used in connection with the restoration of health, and it implies that there has been some sickness, wound, or other malady, the removal of which is a cure. And so the two words have been thus far distinguished, if not separated; the one retaining its old general meaning, the other narrowed into the specific sense just mentioned.

I take them, then—I take them both—and find them useful as descriptive of the work of the Christian

ministry; for this work includes both the cure and care of souls. But when I speak of the cure of souls, and use the word in its more modern and restricted sense, I can ascribe the cure of souls to the Christian ministry only in a very limited measure. There is only one Physician who can give us spiritual health. Yet, if we can point the wounded and the dying to Him, if we can explain to them His healing power, and show them how He heals, if we can encourage and help them to trust in Him, the cure of souls may thus, in an instrumental sense, be ascribed to us. St. James knew well that none but Christ can save, and yet he speaks of the Christian who converts an erring brother, and so saves a soul from death. And the cure of the soul is the first step in the care of the soul. If it have not the care that cures, no other care will be of service. First of all let the precious soul's life be saved, through faith in Christ. All other care until this is cared for is no better than attending to the smaller wants of a patient who is dying, instead of doing all in our power to keep him alive.

The cure first and then the care. For without the care the soul that has been cured, and so saved from death, will be in a very poor and feeble condition. When Jesus had restored the daughter of Jairus to life, "He commanded that something should be given her to eat;" and when the good Samaritan left the wounded traveller at the inn, he said to the host, "Take care of him." And this care of souls that Christ has cured includes very many responsible duties; much watchfulness, much instruction, much wise and gently administered reproof, much sympathy, forbearance, encouragement; and, above all, the setting of a good example on the part of all who have souls committed to their care.

Again, to notice the combination if not the identity of cure and care. We find it in the word curate; a word

for which we have a very great respect, and than which few have been more shamefully abused. For what is a curate? An unbeneficed clergyman; so we find the word explained; as if the beneficed clergyman were not a curate, and had nothing to do with the cure and care of souls; and as if the curate, on becoming a beneficed clergyman, set himself altogether free from such cure and care: the curate, the poor curate, hired at a small pittance to be the assistant or the substitute of the beneficed clergyman, to do the work while he takes the pay. The Prayer-book knows nothing of this distinction; it takes no notice of beneficed clergymen as such; it holds them all to be curates, charged with the cure and care of souls, and incapable of devolving their responsibilities upon any assistant or substitute; and it prays, "Send down upon our bishops and curates and upon all congregations committed to their charge the healthful spirit of Thy grace." Bishops and curates; these are all; the bishops the overseers of the curates, and the curates the curers of and the carers for the people's souls. The title curate has fallen into disrepute; it is almost despised; many who bear it would rejoice to exchange it for that of beneficed clergyman; but it is a word which we hold to be far better than that to which it is accounted inferior. The beneficed clergyman is a title which indicates that the Church is a benefit to the man; the word curate implies that the man is a benefit to the Church; and therefore although it is suggestive of a smaller stipend and a less degree of social consideration, I like it much better than the other, and think that as to honour there is no comparison between the two. The curate may become a beneficed clergyman; but I do not suppose that thereupon he ceases to be a curate. I hope he does not cease to think of himself as a curate, and that, in his esteem, the curate is greater than the rector, vicar, incumbent, or

whatever other name he may be known by. I think that the name of curate is a very instructive one, and that ministers of all denominations would be none the less solemnly impressed with a sense of duty and responsibility if they knew themselves, and were known by a name so finely and clearly expressive of the soul's need and the care which it requires.

ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.

EPH. i. 6.

OF all the names by which the Lord Jesus Christ is known in Scripture, none is more befitting than this—The Beloved. It is no wonder that we should find Him thus spoken of. The graciousness of the words that fell from His lips, the beauty of the example that He set us in going about doing good, the faultlessness of His life, the priceless blessings freely bestowed upon the world through His sufferings and death, are such as to make Him above all others the Beloved. The Beloved of God; to Him and to Him alone was that word spoken from heaven, "Thou art my beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased," Beloved of God; but, it may be said, despised and rejected of men. True, He has been much despised and often rejected. Many of His countrymen hated Him with a hatred that thirsted for His blood and was not appeased when it had savagely nailed Him to the cross; and many Gentiles of many nations have since that time treated him with scorn; nevertheless, we believe that we speak quite within the bounds of truth and soberness when we say, that, of all the men that ever lived in this world, Jesus Christ has held and holds by far the largest and highest place in the hearts of men. This good man has been loved by a few and that good man by many; but the numbers that

have loved Jesus Christ with all their hearts and souls cannot be counted. The love felt for any other has ceased soon after his death; eighteen hundred years have passed since Jesus died, and the love towards Him does not show the slightest sign of abatement, but is as deep and strong, as when His first friends and followers "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." For none other have such sacrifices been made or such sufferings borne; for none other have so many willingly laid down their lives. "Jesus alone," said Napoleon Buonaparte, "founded His empire upon love; and to this very day millions would die for Him. Across a chasm of 1800 years, Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that, which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart, He will have it entirely to himself, He demands it unconditionally; and forthwith His demand is granted. Wonderful! . . . this it is that proves to me, quite convincingly, the divinity of Jesus Christ." When we think, if think we can, of all the love wherewith He has been loved, since the day on which His mother first looked upon Him in the manger at Bethlehem, of all the love wherewith He is loved now wherever the glory of His love has been made known, of all the love wherewith it is very certain He will be loved in generations yet to come, of all the love wherewith "the nations of them that are saved" will love Him to all eternity, what vast, what endless meaning there is in this name—The Beloved. Whether men believe in Him or not, reverence Him or not, whether they regard the love of Him with approval or with contempt, the fact cannot be denied. No ruler however just, no philosopher however wise, no teacher however admired, no philanthropist however generous,

has kindled in men's hearts a love, which in its strength, its purity, its lastingness, is worthy of being named in comparison with that by which this Galilean carpenter has ruled and rules so many millions of mankind. This is a fact worth thinking of, and one which, in any discussion concerning the truth of Christianity, cannot be shuffled aside. I believe that the explanation, and the only explanation of this confessedly wonderful fact, is to be found in the words of Paul,—"He loved me and gave Himself for me;" in the words of Peter, "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" in Christ's own words, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." By this explanation I stand, and mean to stand, and pray all to stand, until a better shall be found; the things that, so far, have been urged instead of it, serve only to make the mystery more mysterious, and to take away all the light and hope and gladness which I do not merely think but know the scriptural explanation affords.

Accepted in the Beloved. Accepted is scarcely the word to express fully the Apostle's thought. It is a word in which there is, in which at any rate there may be, no heart, no kindliness. You accept an apology, but you may do so in a very bad temper; you accept an invitation, but you may do so very unwillingly, and after you have tried in vain to find or to make a decent excuse for declining it; you accept a composition of half-a-crown in the pound, but you are very sure in doing so to grumble that it is far less than it ought to be. The word accepted does not at all tell us the mind, the spirit, in which God accepts us; whether grudgingly or gladly; and perhaps our consciences tell us that the barest, coldest acceptance is the most that we can look for, to be accepted at all being far more than we deserve. If bidden to God's great feast, the lowest

room is high enough for the best of us; it were a privilege greater than our merit to be with the dogs eating the crumbs that fall from the master's table. Accepted, God be thanked for that; but I should like to know in what spirit the acceptance is granted. Now I believe that the word used by the Apostle has more colour and warmth in it than this almost neutral word—accepted. The spirit of the word in the original may very fairly be expressed by saying that God hath made us welcome in the Beloved. God's come always means welcome. At other feasts, in other houses, there may be and there often are guests whom, for this reason and for that, the host has asked, but whom he would much rather not see beneath his roof, and whose departure is the only thing connected with their visit that gives him any pleasure; but in God's house and at His feast all the guests are received right joyfully, and are made to feel that this is so; received as the Prodigal was, when his father embraced him; received like Elijah, for whom God sent His own chariot to carry him up to heaven. Accepted and gladly accepted in the Beloved; not accepted with even the coldest acceptance, not accepted at all save in the Beloved, joined to him in faith and love. It is a fine way of being introduced to God; to be led into His glorious presence by His dear Son, to be brought to Him that sitteth on the throne as the friends, the brothers, yea, even as the Bride of Jesus. Suppose we could get to heaven and present ourselves in our own name, on our own merits, and so obtain acceptance, still it were better far to be accepted in the Beloved amongst those whom He will present to His Father with exceeding joy.

THE PARABLES OF ST. PAUL.

I. THE SOLDIER.—In whatever way we define a parable, whether generally, as a similitude; or more carefully, as a similitude differing from the fable, the myth, the proverb and the allegory, we shall find that our definition will include a considerable number of passages that occur in the apostolic writings. Bearing in mind the example set them by their Great Teacher, we might expect to find the apostles abounding in the use of parables. Such, however, is not the fact. The apostles cannot be said to have followed the example of Jesus in regard to this method of teaching religious truth. It is well that they did not attempt to imitate Him, for we cannot but feel sure that they could not have equalled Him. They acted wisely, then, in adopting methods of their own; and their writings contain so little of the obviously and formally parabolical that the title of this paper may surprise some of our readers, to whom it has never occurred that the apostles spoke or wrote in parables at all. The parable, however, is not wholly absent from their writings; we have noted nearly fifty passages in the Epistles which are parables according to the very strictest definition of the word. These apostolic parables differ from most of our Saviour's in being exceedingly brief. They present no sustained story, such as that of the Prodigal and that of the Good Samaritan; but, notwithstanding their brevity, they are to be considered parables. Some of our Lord's are just as brief. The Leaven, the Pearl of great price, the Treasure hid in the field, and many more, are parables, each of which is given in one sentence; and in the Greek Testament seven words suffice to express the parable—"A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

The attentive reader of St. Paul will find parables in most of that Apostle's letters. There we read of the athlete, striving for the mastery and temperate in all things; of the potter, having power over the clay to make one vessel to honour and another to dishonour; of the husbandman, ploughing in hope; of the heir, who, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; of the ox that treadeth out the corn; of the members of the body, which may not say one to another—"I have no need of you;" of the trumpet that must not give an uncertain sound; of the great house in which are vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and of earth; of the differing glories of the sun and moon and stars; of that which thou sowest not being quickened except it die; of the child speaking, understanding, thinking as a child, and, on becoming a man, putting away childish things; of the woman who, on becoming a widow, is loosed from the law of her husband. All these and some more that might be mentioned are pure parables, by means of which St. Paul illustrates a great variety of Christian truths. In addition to these there are, in his writings, allegories hardly distinguishable from parables. Hagar and Sarah; Sinai and Jerusalem; the olive tree and the branch grafted into it; the great cloud of witnesses watching the racers on the stadium; the wise master-builder laying the foundation and others building thereupon; the body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, making increase of itself unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; the captives led in triumph by the victorious general. These figures of speech may be excluded by a very strict definition of the parable, though it is doubtful whether we have any right to subject the parable to such strictness of definition. However, the Pauline parables, concerning

which there can be no dispute, are numerous enough to form a marked feature of the Apostle's writings.

Of these there is one which I have not mentioned in the above list, and that is the Soldier. Paul had reason to know a good deal about soldiers. For two years in Cæsarea and for two years more in Rome, soldiers were his constant companions; he was in their custody, and, during part of that time, perhaps during the whole of it, he was chained to a soldier. And so he saw rather more of them than could have been pleasant, even if they had been men of high intelligence, of most courteous manners, and of most godly character. It is surely to the credit of those soldiers that Paul, in his numerous allusions, literal and figurative, to military men and military affairs, says not a word expressive of disapproval. If the men with whom he was compelled to associate so long and so closely had been anything like the average of English soldiers, they would have filled the Apostle with such utter disgust that he would not have taken them as, in any sense or measure, illustrating Christian life, character, and duty. But those poor fellows who had Paul in charge, and had it in their power, by rudeness, harshness, profaneness to add so much affliction to his bonds, were evidently kind and considerate; and hence it is that the Apostle refers so often to their calling in terms free from all expression of dissatisfaction; and the Christian Church has reason to bless God that Paul was a prisoner in the hands of soldiers, because to that fact we probably owe the fine Christian instruction which he has based upon the military profession in what we may call his parable of the Soldier.

This parable is to be found not in one passage merely, but in several. It appears in the strictest form of parable; it appears also in the allegorical form, in which, to quote Archbishop Trench, "an interpenetration of

the thing signifying and the thing signified finds place; the qualities and properties of the first being attributed to the last; the two being thus blended together, instead of being kept quite distinct and placed side by side, as is the case in the parable." Without disputing this rather fine distinction I think that, as the Archbishop admits, that the parable differs from the allegory rather in form than in essence, we can claim his sanction for including in Paul's parable of the Soldier a number of passages in which an interpenetration of the thing signifying and the thing signified finds place. I think, for example, that when Paul says—"the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," when he exhorts the Thessalonians to put on "the breastplate of faith and love," and when he tells Timothy to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," the language, though strictly allegorical, may be regarded as connected so closely with this parable of the Soldier as virtually to form parts of it. It is therefore a scattered parable; part of it in one epistle, part in another;—the parable pure and simple here, the parable extending into allegory there. In the mass of it, it is one of the largest and grandest parables in the Bible.

In the strictest form we find it in 2 Timothy ii. 4—"No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." The Christian is one whom Christ has chosen to be His soldier; as it is well said in the Church of England Baptismal Service—"manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end." The parable, as given in the above passage, *may* be urged in favour of a Christian ministry set free from secular occupation and entirely devoted to ministerial work; but this idea must not be strongly *formed*, because Christian ministers

are not the only soldiers of Christ. Paul addresses, not ministers alone, but all Christians, when he says—"Put on the whole armour of God." The Apostle himself laboured at his tent-making. It is the *entanglement* in the things of this life that he condemns. No Christian ought to allow things secular so to occupy his time, so to engage his thoughts, so to draw upon his energies, as to leave him no time, nor thought, nor energy for his Christian soldiership. His duty as a soldier of Christ should be, with every disciple, his chief consideration, to which all else must be held subordinate. If not in parable pure and simple, yet in finely-wrought allegory, St. Paul describes the foes with which the Christian soldier has to contend. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." There are enemies within as well as without; for one part of this warfare consists of "casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." Here the heart is represented as a fortress which must be stormed and taken, and all the thoughts that are in it are to be made prisoners, made Christ's captives, obedient to His will. Self mastery is the great end proposed by philosophy; the end proposed by Christianity is the subjecting of self to the mastery of Christ. This is what Paul means by fighting the good fight of faith; the two-fold struggle, inward and outward, with sin in ourselves and with sin in the world. And, for this, we ought to take to ourselves that "armour" which, in the Epistle to the Romans, Paul styles "the armour of light;" in 2nd Corinthians, "the armour of righteousness;" and in a well-known passage of the Epistle to the Ephesians, "the armour," "the whole armour of God." Writing that Epistle from Rome,

when in the custody of a soldier, the Apostle probably had before his eyes the "panoply" of which he makes such noble spiritual use when he tells Christians to take the breastplate of righteousness, the girdle of truth, the hemlet of salvation, the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. Thus the Soldiers of Christ are made "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might;" sustaining the conflict until in final triumph they exclaim—"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Taken altogether the parable is, as I have said, a very large one. Collecting the scattered texts in which it may be found, and recognising the allegory as differing from the parable rather in form than in essence, we are taught that all Christians are soldiers of Christ, chosen by Him to fight for Him against all evil; and, in the fight, to endure hardness, to be watchful, to seek their strength from God, to rely upon those "not carnal" weapons which He supplies, and to expect the "crown of righteousness" when "the good fight" shall have been fought. The battle of life is a common phrase which, as generally used, means the struggle for bare existence in which the lives of so many are spent, or the effort to get on in the world by making money or attaining positions of eminence in society. The Apostle's idea of the life battle is very different, it is higher, nobler, in every way better; because it is no selfish conflict, it is a fighting for God and for the cause of God. The world's battle of life is little better than a war of plunder, a fighting amongst beasts of prey, in which the strong endeavour to crush the weak, and the weak make desperate efforts against the strong—for the most part a mean and miserable contention on both sides, and one in which falsehood and trickery and cruelty and all other base stratagems are, without scruple, resorted to; so that, as a rule, those who win have more reason to be ashamed

of themselves than those who lose. St. Paul's battle of life is waged in the interests of humanity, the laws of the warfare being strictly honourable, and its aim the establishment throughout the world of that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

II. THE BODY AND THE MEMBERS.—The spiritual gifts so largely bestowed upon the Corinthian Church became a source of much contention, disunion, and unhappiness. Some of those gifts, especially such as were plainly of a miraculous character, *e.g.* the gift of healing and the gift of tongues, were very highly prized; others, such as prophesying and teaching, were not held in much esteem; and love, the greatest and best of all the spiritual gifts, was considered of no account whatever. Those who possessed the gifts that were most highly prized were proud and contemptuous; those whose gifts were of a sort supposed to be inferior were covetous and envious. These unChristian feelings threatened to destroy the Church, and it was time for the Apostle to interfere with his sound and sensible advice, which he gives in three remarkable chapters, the 12th, 13th, and 14th of his first Epistle to the Church at Corinth.

To a large extent this advice takes the form of a parable, which in its briefest statement is contained in the words—"For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ." Upon this idea the Apostle dwells at considerable length, making it the basis of his argument for unity, sympathy, kindness, co-operation on the part of those who formed the Corinthian Church. According to a very rigid and narrow definition of parables, this of the body and the members degenerates into the fable when the Apostle supposes the impossible and represents the foot as

saying, "Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body," and the ear—"Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body." I do not, however, feel called upon to say—This is fable and not parable,—I feel at liberty to regard the whole passage which treats of the Church under the figure of the Body and its Members as essentially and purely parabolical. And it is not in this epistle only that Paul makes use of this parable. He thus addresses the Roman Christians—"As we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." We find the same figure of speech in the Epistle to the Ephesians and in that to the Colossians. It is one of Paul's favourite ideas, and a very noble idea too, that, as man is the greatest of God's works in nature, he is the emblem of God's greatest work of grace—to wit,—the Saviour and the saved, all one body, of which Christ is the Head and His people the several Members. Christ the Head; for, as Dean Stanley remarks, "lest this comparison of the Church with the human body might, in one respect, lead to error, because there resides such a sovereignty in the brain or head, that, in comparison of its great activity, some of the other members may be called passive; therefore the functions of the Head in the Christian Church are, by the Apostle, assigned exclusively to Christ himself." Unhappily this distinction has not always been maintained, and the Church, or rather some churches, have had very strange and monstrous heads, not Divine, scarcely human, almost altogether beastly.

A parable very similar to this now before us was delivered some five hundred years before the Christian era by Menenius Agrippa to the citizens of Rome, who were dissatisfied and in a state of insurrection because the nobility and other great men lived in

plenty, splendour, and idleness, while the people had to toil and suffer grievous taxation in order to support them. The purpose for which the Roman General and orator uttered his parable was to apologize for the aristocracy, and to persuade the people that it was to their interest, indeed essential to their existence, that they should support the great men and slave for them. Whether St. Paul had ever read or heard of Menenius Agrippa's parable I cannot tell; but, as he uses the same similitude, it is instructive to observe in what a different spirit and to what a different purpose he employs it; not after the manner of M. Agrippa, to impress upon the less gifted members of the Church submission to the more gifted, but, while teaching those to be neither envious nor downhearted, to teach these to be kind, sympathizing, and helpful. M. Agrippa's parable is an altogether one-sided affair, intended to benefit the class to which he himself belonged; Paul's parable deals faithfully, fairly, and tenderly with all those to whom the spiritual gifts were apples of discord and bones of contention, and so constructs his parable as to give those whose gifts were fewest and humblest, abundant reason to be thankful and contented, and to feel that they were as needful to the healthful condition of the body as those members that were most highly thought of. M. Agrippa was perhaps the originator of the parable; let him have credit so far; but, as he employed it, it was for himself and his fellow-aristocrats; Paul directs the same similitude into another course and speaks, not for himself at all, but for Christ the Head and for all the Members of Christ's Body, that all may esteem each other, work with each other, suffer and rejoice with each other; so that no member shall either despise or envy another any more than the eye despises the ear, or the foot envies the hand.

According to this parable, Paul does not classify

Christians into gifted and ungifted. His idea is that every Christian has received a gift, just as certainly as every member of the body is charged with the performance of some office. All gifted, but in various ways; he hardly recognizes various degrees; for he very sensibly regards every member of the body as essential to the body's perfection. The loss of a finger is not so grievous as the loss of a foot; but still, if the body is to be perfect, and not mutilated and deformed, there must be the finger, every joint of it, as well as the foot. All Christians are gifted in various ways, and all their gifts are called forth in the healthy action and work of the Christian Church; and "the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee: neither the head to the feet, I have no need of you." All are gifted, and let each learn what his gift is, and be content to work that and work it well. Christians are apt to make mistakes in this matter. The ear, whose gift is to listen, sometimes thinks itself the eye, whose function it is to see and to discover. The hand, whose office is to give, thinks itself the mouth, and that it ought to speak. I have known men whose wealth, excelling far that of most of their brethren, was most plainly the gift which they were intended to use for Christ, but who were so infatuated as to suppose that—the Lord had endowed them with a gift of speaking; and so they kept their money and preached dull and dismal nonsense, every sentence of which, if sentence there can be in that which is not sense, proved beyond all question that God had no more bestowed on them the gift of utterance than He bestowed the gift of wealth upon St. Paul. To a man of this sort it would be much more creditable were he to say, like an honest fellow,—I am neither a speaker nor a scholar; it is very plain that the Lord never intended me to serve Him by preaching; but I have money and the power to make money; this is my gift

as clearly as eloquence was the gift bestowed upon Apollos; and Christ's cause needs money; needs money far more than it needs speakers; and so I will use this gift of mine. I cannot be the eloquent persuasive mouth, but I can be the open and liberal hand, and thus I can prove that I am "of the body."—In these days many churches exhibit an alarming tendency to run all to mouth, and it is quite refreshing to meet with a Christian who is content to be an ear, a hand, or a foot.

There are bodies and bodies; large and small, handsome and deformed, strong and weak, active and sluggish, healthy and diseased, living and dead; and all these varieties faithfully represent Christian churches of various sorts and in various conditions. Even the last mentioned, the dead body, must be recognized as typical of a church state. Remember the Lord's message to the Church in Sardis,—"Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead." Contemplating the various conditions of the human body, and, indeed, experiencing many of them ourselves, we have a large source of reflection and instruction opened to us in this parable. And, without extravagant fancifulness, we might extend the illustration to those conditions upon which the health of the body depends—air, food, exercise, temperance, cleanliness. Laws of growth, laws of health, all are applicable, more or less, through this parable, to each Christian Church; and the prompt, the instinctive obedience of the members to the head, their mutual interdependence, sympathy, co-operation, and all the service they are capable of rendering, all the pleasure and the pain they are capable of experiencing, are so many lines of thought along which this parable conducts us. And perhaps we may go a step further, and recognize in the spiritual body of the resurrection, so different from this poor, feeble, mortal frame, the emblem of the Church, of every Church, in its future perfection and

glory. I have no desire to excuse the failings and the faults of churches in their present state; but if the Word of God represent the Church as bearing a strong resemblance to the human body, as the human body now is, the representation cannot but be suggestive of many weaknesses, derangements, sufferings, imperfections. And, since the Word of God tells us of another, a spiritual, a heavenly body which is to be the everlasting habitation of the redeemed soul, I think that we here find the final and most glorious explanation and fulfilment of Paul's parable; the glorified Church being the glorified Body of the glorified Christ.

Thus I have tried to lay before you some idea of the amplitude of this parable and of the great number and variety of lessons which may be learned from it. I enter no further into detail, but leave you to reflect for yourselves upon the doctrines, the duties, the hopes, which, without any undue straining of metaphorical language, find their very appropriate expression in and through this comparison of the Christian Church with the body and its members.

III. THE ISTHMIAN GAMES.—We have no means of ascertaining whether St. Paul ever witnessed the Isthmian games or not; but as they were celebrated every third year at Corinth, and as the Apostle was at Corinth at least twice, and on one of those occasions abode there for a year and a half, it is not at all unlikely that he was present at the great festivity which drew to Corinth immense multitudes from many parts of the world. For, in this respect, the Isthmian and other games were to the Greeks what the feasts of Passover and Pentecost were to the Jews; and, at Corinth, the celebration would afford Paul such an opportunity of preaching the Gospel as we may well suppose he would be very unwilling to miss. At any rate, it is in one of his Epistles

to the Corinthians that we find the most sustained and most graphic of all his allusions to the games which in his day were so immensely popular (1 Cor. ix. 24-27). If he did not witness those contests he knew how much the Corinthians thought of them, and formed his illustrations of Christian truth accordingly. He had no need, however, to go to Corinth either to behold such sights or to meet with people to whom they were familiar. He wrote his first Epistle to the Corinthians from Ephesus; and there games were celebrated which, though not as famous as those of Corinth, were objects of intense interest to the people; and, indeed, in almost every place of importance which Paul visited on his missionary journeys, the gymnasium and the stadium were the favourite institutions, athletic exercises were universally practised, and athletic victories were esteemed the noblest of all achievements. It is not surprising, then, that, not in his Epistles to the Corinthians alone, but also in many others, this parable more or less plainly appears; indeed traces of it are to be found in almost every one of the Pauline epistles; and not a few of the noblest passages that Paul ever wrote are illustrations of Christian truth and life drawn from the Isthmian or other games.

It is, then, a scattered parable and so extensive in the aggregate that almost everything of note connected with those institutions is referred to by St. Paul. Gathering them, or most of them together, we find the imagery of Greek athletics employed as follows:—

The training undergone by the competitors did not escape the Apostle's notice. That training was very careful, not to say severe. "You wish to conquer at the Olympic games?" asks Epictetus.—"Bethink yourself what this attempt implies, and then begin the undertaking. You must subject yourself to a determinate course, must submit to discipline in diet, must

pursue the established exercises at fixed hours, in heat and cold, must abstain from all delicacies in meat and drink, and yield yourself entirely to the control of the presiding physician." It is such discipline as this that Paul has in view when he says to Timothy—"Exercise thyself unto godliness; for bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." And, in the like spirit, he writes to the Corinthians,—"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." In other words, the Christian life must not be a life of sloth and self-indulgence, but one of great activity, self-denial, and self-control.

The men thus trained for a period of ten months and so prepared for the great occasion were introduced upon the arena by a herald, who proclaimed the names of the competitors and the countries and cities to which they belonged, and also announced, amidst the plaudits of the assembled multitude, the names and merits of the victors as each contest was decided. Paul takes notice of this also; for it is to this that he refers when he says—(1 Cor. ix. 27)—"lest that, by any means, when I have preached to others I myself should be a castaway;" which Dean Stanley renders—"lest that, by any means, when I have been a herald to others I myself should be disapproved," found unworthy of the prize. "A herald to others," bringing them forward to the contest, preparing them for it, encouraging them to it, laying down the rules, for "if a man strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully." The Apostle's humble self-distrust and godly fear should be an example to all who are "heralds to others;" not a few of these heralds have turned out to be miserable castaways.

The contests were various, and the Apostle does not mention them all. He makes just one reference to the

practice of fighting with wild beasts:—"I have fought with beasts at Ephesus" (1 Cor. xv. 32). There is no sufficient reason for understanding this literally. The allusion to other contests we understand in a metaphorical sense, and why not this? The parabolical character of such passages ought to be preserved throughout. If Paul had literally fought with beasts at Ephesus some account of the matter would surely have appeared in the Acts of the Apostles. No; the beasts he fought with at Ephesus were Demetrius and his fellow silversmiths, whose craft was in danger, and the mob of "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who bellowed, for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The Apostle makes an allusion to another terrible scene which, however, was more Roman than Greek, the gladiatorial combats, in which unhappy men, captives, criminals or slaves, were compelled to fight with swords until they fell dying or dead upon the arena of the amphitheatre. This spectacle was reserved for the close of the entertainment; the other contests, being harmless exhibitions of strength and agility and skill, were too tame and slow for the blood-thirsty Roman populace; but it was kept patient by the promise of the scene that was to follow. Those bloodless exhibitions over, the poor gladiators were led up from some dark dungeon into the full light of day and within the gaze of perhaps 80,000 eager spectators. The Emperor Trajan, in celebrating one of his victories, exhibited no fewer than 5,000 pairs of combatants, the half of whom, at least, we may suppose, died on the spot, run through the body by their opponents. It seems to be to this practice that Paul refers when he says—"I think that God has set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men" (1 Cor. iv. 9). But the games of which Paul most

frequently speaks, as illustrative of Christian life, were of another order, free from such cruelties and horrors. He speaks of wrestling, boxing, running. Of wrestling, —"we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world" (Eph. vi. 12). Here, however, the wrestling is something more serious than that of the Isthmian or any other games; it is the cruel, terrible conflict of war, the fighting for dear life, and the passage belongs rather to the parable of the soldier than to that now under consideration. But Paul speaks of the boxing matches that were common in the games. "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air: but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection" (1 Cor. ix. 26-27). The skilful boxer does not beat the air, but plants his blows apon his antagonist. The Apostle regards that antagonist as himself; all that was evil in himself and needed to be subdued. "I chastise my body;" "I tame my body;" "I beat my body;" so the words are rendered in various versions. To be quite literal, we must understand Paul to beat his body, as we say, black and blue, to give himself a pair of black eyes; this is perhaps the most literal of all. Well, what does all this mean? It seems very ridiculous; but ridiculous it is not. The meaning of it is, that a man is his own worst enemy, and that he must learn to vanquish himself, to subdue his fleshly nature. This language is of the same import, though not so strong, as that in which they that are Christ's are said to have "crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." Every thoughtful man must know something of this struggling and fighting with himself, with his pride, with his anger, with his selfishness, with his cowardice, with his meanness. But the game of which Paul has most to say, and in which he finds the clearest illustration of Christian truth, is the foot-race. He

humbly expresses the hope that he may not run in vain (Phil. ii. 16). He says that he runs "not as uncertainly" (1 Cor. ix. 26); not as ignorant which way to go; because, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark" (Phil. iii. 13-14). And contemplating the end of his life as nigh at hand he says—"I have finished my course" (2 Tim. iv. 7); as, long before, he had said to the elders of the Ephesian Church, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy" (Acts xx. 24); that course being the ministry which he had "received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." So much for his own life, as illustrated by the foot-race in the Isthmian games, and more might be added. But there are other allusions not purely personal. Writing to the Galatians, who had been very zealous, like most revival converts, and like them had fallen away, he says—"Ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?" (Gal. v. 7.) They had lagged, they had stopped, they had turned back, and Paul was afraid that he had bestowed upon them labour in vain. "Ye did run well;" but, as he says to the Corinthians,—"so run, that ye may obtain" (1 Cor. ix. 24). Perhaps the finest part of this parable is that in which he thus exhorts all Christians—"let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith" (Heb. xii. 1-2). The race was sometimes from a starting-point along the stadium and back to the starting-point again; and so our Christian life begins in Christ and ends in Christ; first we go to Him in faith, and then, instructed by Him, set out upon our course and finish it at His feet; and so He is the "Author (beginner) and Finisher

of our faith." And observe how the Apostle teaches us, from the practice of the men who ran those races, not to encumber ourse'ves, but, as they laid aside all unnecessary weights and all such garments as might trip them up, so let us away with all that may impede our progress, with all that may cause us to stumble and fall.

The games were witnessed by a vast crowd of deeply interested and sympathizing spectators. Paul notices this and brings it into his parable. He who has seen the ruins of the Coliseum, and pictured to himself what it must have been when well nigh 100,000 citizens of Rome sat upon its marble benches, rising tier above tier, will not fail to mark the magnificence of the Apostle's imagery when he speaks of our being surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses—(Heb. xii. 1)—those witnesses, however, being no mere crowd of idle and curious onlookers, but, as the context shows, men who had themselves all run the race, and won it too; all, from righteous Abel to the saint who finished his course but yesterday. They surround us, they behold us, they are not unconsciously sleeping in their graves, awaiting, in the silence and oblivion of death, the sound of the last trumpet; they live in their glorious, everlasting life, and are the sympathizing spectators of our efforts and our trials. Grand thought; blessed truth; what Christian cannot think of some one or more in that cloud of witnesses who, from that glorious amphitheatre of heaven that girds our mortal course, looks down with love and sympathy upon him?

The victors in those ancient games were crowned, and the crowns were given to them by an officer who was well skilled in the games, able to decide upon doubtful and disputed points, and a man of probity and honour, whose impartiality could be thoroughly relied upon. It is in allusion to such an umpire and awarder that Paul says—"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of

righteousness" (a crown righteously, fairly, honourably won), "which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day" (2 Tim. iv. 8). The crown placed upon the brow of the victor in the Isthmian games was in itself no great prize, only a chaplet of pine leaves; at one time, it is said, that it was made of parsley; in allusion to which poor, perishable, and valueless reward the Apostle says—"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible" (1 Cor. ix. 25). However, that chaplet was not the sole reward that awaited the victor in the Isthmian games. He was applauded, honoured, and sometimes more substantial rewards were conferred in certain political privileges and in the bestowment of a yearly stipend for life. But, whatever the reward might be, it was, after all, but a corruptible crown; for this expression is applicable to all the honours, the privileges, and the emoluments conferred; they soon perished, and the Apostle very rightly contrasts therewith the unfading, everlasting glory of him who fights the good fight of faith, and lays hold upon eternal life.

Such in brief are the outlines of this parable. How little did the competitors and the spectators assembled at the Isthmus imagine that, long centuries after those games had ceased, and the stadium on which they were held had become a scene of desolation and ruin, the notice taken of them by a poor stranger, a preacher of a new, an unknown and despised religion, would remain, to the civilized world, one of the chief and most interesting records of their existence, and that, turned into a Gospel parable, those games should partake of the Gospel's own immortality, and be the means of administering a far better training and helping men to win far greater victories than were known or imagined by the crowds who applauded the successful athletes of those bygone times. Those games have ceased to exist;

the degenerate successors of those old Greeks are not likely to revive them; but they continue in another and a better form, and the contests are carried on by all Christian people who keep their bodies in subjection, and run with patience the race set before them, each finishing his course with joy, and receiving the crown of righteousness from the righteous Judge!

IV. THE LIVING EPISTLE.—"Do we begin again to commend ourselves? or need we, as some others, epistles of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you?" St. Paul addresses these questions to the Corinthian Christians and then answers them thus:—"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men:—manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart." His answer then is, in effect, this;—we do not begin to commend ourselves, nor do we need any letters of commendation either to you or from you; because ye are our letter of commendation, ye serve the purpose both of a letter of commendation to you and of one of commendation from you.—The gist of the whole passage is this—the Corinthian Christians, Paul's letter of commendation. "Ye are our epistle;" not an epistle that we have written, but one written for us and given to us by Christ; written by Him "in our hearts" (mine and Timothy's, chap. i. 1); wherever we go we carry this epistle with us and cause it to be "known and read of all men;" if we were now or at any future time to go even to Corinth itself, this epistle (ye yourselves) would be our letter of commendation to you.

The author, then, of this epistle is Christ. "Ye are our epistle," in this sense, that we possess the epistle; but "ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of

Christ," in this sense, that He wrote it. We do not know that in a literal and mechanical sense our Saviour ever wrote anything save those unknown words which he wrote on the ground when the Scribes and Pharisees brought before Him a woman guilty of adultery and asked Him what should be done to her. But these words of St. Paul—"Ye are the epistle of Christ"—give us to understand that our Lord is an author, a voluminous author, the author of the best works in existence. The letter of which the Apostle speaks as written by Christ was the Corinthian Christians. The subject of the letter was their conversion. They had been idolaters; they had "turned from dumb idols to serve the living God." Some of them had been grossly immoral, dissolute, vicious, given over to all filthiness of sin; but they had been "washed and sanctified and justified," they had been made new creatures in Christ. After their conversion they had fallen into error and into sin, as the first of Paul's epistles to them very plainly shows; but from his second epistle we learn that they had repented, that they had "sorrowed after a godly sort," that they had obeyed the Apostle's solemn admonitions, so that he could say, "I rejoice that I have confidence in you in all things." The work of the Lord in Corinth was great. The chief ruler of the synagogue there believed with all his house, "and many of the Corinthians, hearing, believed and were baptized;" and when these things had taken place the Lord told His servant that He still had "much people in that city." It was a place infamous for its sensuality; so much the greater therefore was the testimony borne to the power of the Gospel when so many Corinthians were converted. Those Corinthian Christians then, their conversion, their character, their conduct, their spiritual gifts—"in everything enriched in all utterance and in all knowledge, to all bountifulness"—their zeal, their liberality, all that they were as Chris-

tians, all that differenced them from what they had been as idolaters and profligates,—such was the subject matter of this epistle of Christ; He was the author of it all.

And this epistle Christ wrote, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, in Paul's heart. The Apostle probably did not possess, did not need any roll or list on paper or parchment, any document containing the names of the converts and the history of their conversion. During those eighteen months and more that he spent at Corinth doing the work of the Lord among the people the Holy Spirit very deeply impressed his mind with the wonders of converting grace which he witnessed from day to day; he remembered a multitude of cheering incidents that had occurred; many of the converts were particularly dear to him; the Spirit of God indeed filled his heart with love to them all, not excepting the man whose sin had caused him so much sorrow and shame, but who had repented and been restored. And when we find him writing to them thus—"I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace that is given you"—"great is my glorying of you"—"I know the forwardness of your mind, for which I boast of you to them of Macedonia"—"I will very gadly spend and be spent for you,"—we see that, as he said to the Philippians, he might have said to the Corinthians—"I have you in my heart." They had treated him very badly; they had shown him great ingratitude; when he left them they gave heed to other teachers, who told them that he was no Apostle, that he was not an authorised and regularly ordained minister, but a schismatical nonconformist, acting on his own authority; and so he most undeservedly sank in their esteem, and sank so low that they considered "his speech contemptible." He was, as he says, "shamefully entreated at Philippi," where heathen magistrates scourged and imprisoned him; and

he was badly served at Thessalonica, where the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" would fain have murdered him; but, considering that those who, at Corinth, slighted him, despised him, and all but disowned him were Christians who had been converted through his teaching, it is not incorrect to say that, of all the ill-treatment he ever experienced, the worst, and by far the worst, was that accorded to him by the Corinthian Church. That Church must have contained a good many excessively unpleasant people, disputatious, envious, suspicious, small-minded, ungenerous, yea positively cruel; and so Paul may well say that they were written in his heart by Christ, "with the Spirit of the living God;" nothing but Divine Grace could have enabled him to love such people.

Well, there was the epistle, written in Paul's heart; the Corinthians, through the grace and power of the Holy Spirit, gladly remembered and warmly loved by the Apostle, although, as he said, "the more abundantly I love you the less I be loved." And now let us notice the twofold purpose of this epistle, as a letter of commendation to the Corinthians and from them. It may seem a strange idea that the Corinthian Christians should themselves be Paul's letter of commendation to them. But what more effective letter of commendation to a patient can a medical man have than the fact that he has on a former occasion done that patient good, saved his life, restored him to health? If Paul went to Corinth, as, indeed, he did after writing this 2nd epistle to the Church, his former visit, and what that visit, by God's grace, had done for them, their conversion through his ministry, the cure of their souls, their deliverance from much ignorance and sin and misery, these things remembered, and they could not be forgotten, would commend Paul to them. And so we do not need a letter of commendation to you. No! Ye are your-

selves our letter of commendation to yourselves. The Corinthians were also Paul's letter of commendation to others. "Ye are the epistle of Christ ministered by us" —*i.e.* to say, as we understand the expression, used by us, carried about by us in our hearts. Wherever we go we speak about you.—I have boasted of you to them of Macedonia ;—in all my future journeyings as an Apostle I can bring out of the treasury of my heart what I have known of you ; I mean to go to Rome, I mean to go to Spain, the Lord may direct me to many other places ; and men will ask perhaps for letters of commendation, letters that shall testify to the power of the Gospel and to my own character and work as a preacher of the Gospel :—Ye are our epistle ; I can speak of Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, who believed in Christ ; I can speak of "the house of Stephanas, the first-fruits of Achaia, that have addicted themselves to the ministry of the saints ;" I can speak of "Gaius mine host, and of the whole Church ;" I can speak of all the wonderful work of the Lord in your city through my ministry ; of covetous men converted to liberality ; of thieves changed into honest men ; of drunkards made sober ; of men and women, once notorious with the evil notoriety that has made Corinth proverbial for vice, now chaste and pure and holy. So will I open my heart, as I go from place to place ; out of the abundance of my heart, which abounds with glad and thankful remembrance of you, I will speak : and so ye, as our letter of commendation, shall be "known and read of all men." And many such epistles of commendation Christ had written in Paul's heart ; some, perhaps, better than this. The Thessalonian Christians, who "received the word in much affliction with joy of the Holy Ghost ;" the Bereans, who "searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so" ; the Philippians, upon every remembrance of whom Paul thanked God. Such

remembrances, written on his heart, were his letters of commendation as he travelled through the world and preached the Gospel of Christ as the power of God unto salvation.

I take the meaning of this parable of the living epistle to be akin to that of those other words which Paul addressed to the Corinthians—"the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord." Whatever work a man does for Christ, Christ writes the approving record of it in the worker's heart, and he may speak of it to all men, and especially to all who doubt his right and qualification to teach and preach the Gospel. Priestly pride and exclusiveness may ask such a man—"Where, sir, are your letters testifying that you have been ordained?" Let him reply—"The conversion of souls through my teaching is my Lord's letter, whereby all may read and know that He graciously condescends to accept me as a worker in His cause." And he who has in his heart a letter such as this—Christ's epistle of commendation, written, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, has the best of all testimonials, and one apart from which a certificate of ordination signed by all the bishops in the world were not, in the sight of God, worth the paper it is written on.

To this parable, as I venture to call it, most expositors give a much wider range of meaning than I have assigned to it. They regard every Christian as an epistle of Christ, written by Him and addressed to the world. I do not dispute the truth of such a representation of Christian character and life, but I cannot see how it can be derived from this passage of Scripture without doing some violence to the Apostle's language. I think that the key by which the parable is to be interpreted is this—that Paul regards the Corinthian Christians as his letter of commendation, a letter written by Christ upon his heart, to assure him of his apostleship,

and to enable him, wherever he went, to give full proof of his being a Christian minister. The minister's work, his letter of commendation to those among whom he has wrought and to all others;—this I understand to be the truth intended to be taught when the Apostle speaks of the Corinthians as "manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ."

V. LEAVEN.—St. Paul, like our Lord, has a parable in which certain religious truths are illustrated by the nature and effects of leaven. On comparing these two parables, however, we find that they differ in a singular manner. In our Lord's the leaven has a good sense, in the Apostle's an evil. When Jesus says—"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened," the leaven means the truth, the Word of God; one may say that it means Christ Himself, working a great, wonderful, and happy change in human nature, in the individual man, and, ultimately, in the whole human race. When Paul says—"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," the context very plainly informs us that by leaven he means "malice and wickedness." So general in Scripture is the evil signification figuratively ascribed to leaven that the current interpretation of our Lord's parable has been called in question. It is strongly asserted by some that there, as elsewhere, the leaven must mean something bad; that it is the parable of the tares in another form, a prophecy of the error that would be mixed with the truth of the Gospel. And it certainly is worthy of notice that in other cases in which Jesus speaks of leaven it bears, as usual, an unfavourable meaning. "Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." "Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and the Sadducees;" which is explained to mean "the doctrine

of the Pharisees and the Sadducees." Our Lord also speaks of "the leaven of Herod," which we may be very sure could be nothing good. And so the case against the admission of any favourable signification of leaven when referred to as an emblem seems to be very strong; and if, in the parable of the leaven hidden in the three measures of meal, we understand Christ, or the doctrine of the Gospel, or the work of the Holy Spirit, or anything else that is good, there is no other passage of Scripture in which leaven is the emblem of ought but evil. However, the same object in nature sometimes answers more than one purpose when taken into the sphere of figurative speech. The lion, because of his cruelty and voracity, is an emblem of the devil; yet, because of his courage and strength, he represents Christ. The serpent, as a cunning and deceitful creature, represents the arch deceiver of mankind; and yet, because of its credit for wisdom (however acquired), it represents one important element of Christian character. Lucifer, which, in Isaiah, means the King of Babylon, is, in 2nd Peter, a name given to our Saviour. And thus leaven, which is so commonly emblematical of evil, may, in our Lord's parable, bear an exceptional signification, and be the type of something good.

St. Paul, however, adheres to the usual sense of this metaphor. He twice puts forth this parable, which, more than most, has an almost entirely proverbial form. It appears, as indicated above, in the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians; it is given also in Galatians v. 9. In the one case the parable is applied in connection with the indifference, not to say the approval, with which the Corinthian Church regarded an act of gross wickedness of which one of their number had been guilty; in the other, it is referred to as illustrating the rapid spread among the Galatian Christians of the errors taught by

those who endeavoured to undermine Christianity and to bring Christians under the yoke of the Jewish law; and so this parable stands related both to doctrine and to practice.

Leaven serves so very good and useful a purpose that we may wonder why, all through Scripture (with the single exception noted above), it should be under condemnation as a symbol of evil,—of false doctrine, hypocrisy, malice, wickedness. For leavened bread is not only pleasanter than unleavened (were that all the symbol would be easily understood, seeing that vice is, to many, pleasanter than virtue), but it is accounted more wholesome; and where the leavened bread represents malice and wickedness, and the unleavened sincerity and truth, we seem to have a very strange inversion of things, the better standing for the worse and the worse for the better. An excellent thing is leaven, and why should it bear so bad a character that, at a certain season, the Israelites were forbidden, on pain of death, to have a particle of it in their houses? To some extent, this objection to leaven is discoverable among the ancient Romans, who would not allow the priest of Jupiter to touch flour mixed with leaven. And, curiously enough, the heathen writer Plutarch, in explaining that prohibition, gives us a clearer reason for it than anything we can find in the Bible. The Bible forbids the use of leaven on certain specified occasions, but really does not anywhere say why leaven is to be shunned; but Plutarch says that the priest of Jupiter is to abstain from leaven because "the leaven itself is born from corruption, and corrupts the mass with which it is mingled." And this, undoubtedly, is the ground upon which, according to the Mosaic law, leaven was carefully excluded from the sacrifices offered to God, and the reason for the unfavourable moral sense of leaven when spoken of metaphorically. It is corrupt and

corrupting, and hence becomes the emblem of false doctrine and of evil life.

In the Churches of Galatia the "little leaven" was the assertion that Gentile converts ought to observe the rite of circumcision. That was all that was demanded; but Paul shows that such a demand granted would leaven, corrupt, destroy the whole system of Christianity; that demand granted, there followed, of logical necessity, the observance of the whole Mosaic law, including the presentation of sacrifices for sin, and therefore implying the denial of Christ's death as a sacrifice for sin; and so, that "little leaven" admitted, would "leaven the whole lump." And the effect of mingling Judaism with Christianity attests, to this day, the truth and wisdom of Paul's words. Sacerdotalism, with all its arrogant assumptions; the alleged sacrifice in the Eucharist; excessive attention to forms and ceremonies; the connection of the Church with the State; the practice of infant baptism;—these, and many more corruptions of the Christianity of the New Testament, are traceable to the "little leaven" of a little Judaism which, in some churches, has leavened almost the entire mass of religious doctrine and worship.

As Paul's parable of the leaven appears in 1 Cor. v. 6, it has more of a practical than a doctrinal bearing. The "little leaven" is the sin (but not a little sin, a very gross one) of a certain member of the Church. The culprit had not been excommunicated, he had not been rebuked, he had not even been asked to acknowledge his fault and repent of it; the other members of the Church had not lamented the fact that one of their number had been guilty of fornication. It was evident to Paul that many of them were little if any better than that offender. The whole moral tone of the Church had been let down through the manner in which that offence had been overlooked and allowed to pass by without

public censure. "One of these was a fornicator, of a fearfully depraved kind, tolerated and harboured; by this fact the character of the whole mass was tainted." —Alford. As Solomon says, "One sinner destroyeth much good;" and if, in a Christian Church, any known sin be permitted, drunkenness, dishonesty, covetousness, quarrelsomeness, and he who is guilty is not reproved, but, in consideration of his wealth, or of his family, or on any other account allowed to remain in fellowship, it is an encouragement to evil which is likely enough to produce many imitators. "A little leaven;" yes, and it is often so very little, so despicably little; some most trivial question of right, precedence, order, some petty personal feeling of spleen. I could tell true tales that would astonish some of you, but shame prevents me; I don't wish to expose the weaknesses of Christians. "A little leaven;" yes, a very little; for I have known just one little unwise word cause such a ferment, such a tumult, in common parlance, such a row, as has broken a Christian society to pieces, to the surprise of the world, and the great delight of the devil, the extreme intensity of whose misery I have often doubted when noticing how much there is in the working of this leaven of hypocrisy, malice, and wickedness calculated to make him glad. "Evil, be thou my good;" if he can make it his good he can certainly get plenty of it.

Perhaps the most interesting and instructive lessons to be drawn from this parable are those which the Apostle teaches us when, in this passage of first Corinthians, he follows up the parable with these words— "Purge out, therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened." They could hardly be said to be unleavened while still there was need to remove the old leaven; called old because the leaven commonly used was a piece of the dough from an old mass, kept until it fermented, and then added to a new

measure of meal; and, accordingly, in Wicklif we read, for the old leaven, "the old sour-dough." But how can Paul say, "Ye are unleavened," while yet the leaven, "the old sour-dough," is working amongst them? Dean Stanley says—"Purge out, therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be practically what ye are theoretically; that as you are ideally without leaven, so you may be actually a new, regenerate society." And then the Apostle gives his reason for the purging out of the old leaven—"For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast; not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." By the way, our Roman Catholic friends ought to be very well educated folk, otherwise they will find it hard to understand their version of this passage—"Purge the old leaven that ye may be a new paste, as you are azymes. For our Pasche Christ is immolated. Therefore let us feast, not in the old leaven, nor in the leaven of malice and wickedness, but in the azymes of sincerity and verity." The bread eaten, not only at the Paschal Supper, but all through the Passover festival, was unleavened. So marked a characteristic of the feast was this, that we sometimes find it called in Scripture "the days of unleavened bread." "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast." As Bishop Hall says—"The ancient Jews kept our feasts and we still keep theirs." The Passover showed forth Christ's death until He came the first time; the Lord's Supper is to show forth His death until He come again. But it is not to the Lord's Supper in particular, probably it is not to the Lord's Supper at all, that the Apostle refers when he says, "Let us keep the feast." However frequently that ordinance might be observed in the apostolic age, and it was very frequently observed, we cannot suppose the Apostle to confine the abstinence

from malice and wickedness and the practice of sincerity and truth to such observance. The idea that the Lord's Supper is here referred to has wrought much mischief; it has impressed many people with the thought that they ought to be particularly good at sacrament time and a little before and after, and thus it has encouraged the notion that malice and wickedness are not so bad, sincerity and truth not so important at other seasons. I have known members of churches abstain from the communion, time after time, because they were conscious of some uncharitable feeling towards a neighbour, and thought that they might with the less sin cherish their uncharitableness if they did not approach the Lord's table—they would not commune in order that they might the more freely and with a clearer conscience hate their neighbour. People have queer reasons for not partaking of the Lord's Supper. I once knew a man who had the candour to confess that, engaged as he was in a business which he felt was not quite honest, he could not come to the sacrament; but he hoped soon to make money enough to retire, and then he should account it a great privilege to "break bread" with us. I have heard of a Lancashire manufacturer whose excuse for not taking the Sacrament at his church was that he was obliged to go to Manchester market every Tuesday. Paul seems to have in view no celebration, annual or otherwise, of the Lord's Supper when he says, "Let us keep the feast;" rather is his idea this—that the whole Christian life is a feast and a feast of Passover, a joyful commemoration of redemption through the sacrifice of Christ, a constant living upon Him in the spiritual partaking of His flesh and blood. Daily celebrations, say the Ritualists; nay, say I, but hourly celebrations, celebrations every moment, constant life in Christ, by Christ, for Christ; life a continual feast of faith, and hope, and love, through its being a continual remembrance

of Christ and a continual experience of His strengthening, comforting, cheering grace. But it is a Passover feast and therefore a feast of unleavened bread. Whether the bread at the Lord's table should be unleavened or not seems to us of very small moment; though I am not prepared to regard with scorn those who make an important point of this question; the symbolism of the Lord's Supper is undoubtedly more complete, as, undoubtedly, the conformity with the original institution is more exact, if unleavened bread be used; and the use of it might, on each observance of the ordinance, warn us against malice and wickedness, and teach us the value of sincerity and truth. But by the bread, whether leavened or unleavened, we understand the disposition of our hearts at all times. The feast is a lifelong feast upon Christ's salvation; the bread is that portion of the feast that we bring to it ourselves; and, as it had been a shameful thing to bring leavened bread to the Paschal Supper, so let us learn how shameful it is to bring to this feast of Christian faith, and hope, and love, such feelings as Paul describes by the comprehensive words, "malice and wickedness," and how necessary that we should cherish "sincerity and truth."

VI. THE CHILD AND THE MAN.—A parable may be defined much after the manner in which the Church of England Catechism defines a Sacrament. It is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace;" the outward and visible sign being something in nature which resembles and illustrates something in religion, this *something* being the "inward and spiritual grace." In most cases the outward and visible sign is intended to serve no other purpose than that of illustrating the inward and spiritual grace. No one would think of learning from the parable of the Sower a lesson in the art of farming, or, from that of the Talents, the

way of making a profit of 500 per cent. upon his money. But in the parable of the Prodigal the outward and visible sign has in itself an instructive value; because, apart from its being a fine illustration of the love of God to sinners, it furnishes a truthful, vivid, touching picture of what is commonly enough seen in our earthly life. And the parable of the Good Samaritan, while nobly setting forth our Saviour's compassion and His healing and saving power, teaches us a great lesson of neighbourly love and duty. Separate from the parable of the Sower and from that of the Talents their spiritual meanings, and there remains nothing much worth noticing; separate their spiritual meanings from the parable of the Prodigal and from that of the Good Samaritan, and there remains, in the one case, something for fathers and sons to learn, and, in the other, something for everybody to learn. These latter parables have a double value. The shell as well as the kernel is worth a good deal; the heavenly treasure is brought in earthen vessels that are too good to be broken and cast away, and of this sort is the parable now before us. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." Here the outward and visible sign is the change from childhood to manhood, with the great differences that exist between these stages of life; and the inward and spiritual grace is, as the context plainly shows, the difference that exists between the Christian's state in this world and his state in the world to come.

Such being the character of this parable, its outward and visible sign is almost as much deserving of attention as its inward and spiritual grace. Indeed the former, though subordinate to the latter, may be that, the consideration of which furnishes the more practical sort of instruction, and that of the more immediate value.

Confining our thoughts to the present life, there is much to be learned from Paul's words—"when I became a man I put away childish things." Paul could say this and say it with truth; for a less childish and more manly person than he appears to have been it would not be easy to discover. If wisdom, courage, patience, resoluteness, perseverance, temperance, magnanimity be manly properties, who in these respects was ever more manly than the Apostle of the Gentiles? But what he says is more than can be said by all who have attained the years, the stature, and the strength of men. The extent to which on becoming men people put away childish things varies greatly. Experience hammers a good many childish things out of us; hammers out of us some childish things, guilelessness to wit, which it were well to retain through life; but leaves others that ought to have been got rid of in the gradual transition from youth to mature age. There are a few mannish children; they are a kind of monster exceedingly unpleasant to meet with; but there are many childish men and they are monsters also, and such as it is very hard to endure with patience. Men as ignorant, as credulous, as thoughtless, as fickle, and as petulant as children; and so they continue all their days; the hardest experience of life failing to alter them for the better. For, if there be anything in this world that may be pronounced incurable, it is a full-grown and elderly childishness of mind and temper; this is the sort of person who, more than any other, answers to Solomon's description of a fool who, though brayed in a mortar, will be found to retain his foolishness. "When I became a man I put away childish things." Would that it were so in all cases; the world would not then be free from wickedness, it would not be free from suffering; but it would be free from blockheadedness, from credulity, from peevishness, and this would be a great gain.

But, to notice the special purpose for which Paul wrote this parable, which was to illustrate the difference that exists between our state in this world and that which we look for in the world to come; our mental state, however, rather than either our physical or moral. The parable occurs in the midst of a long discourse concerning spiritual gifts. Those gifts bestowed upon the Corinthians, one to this man and another to that, had caused much contention. The more favoured brethren were vainglorious, the less favoured jealous, while for charity, the best gift of all, no one seemed to care. And the drift of the Apostle's argument is this—What after all are these gifts of which some of you are so proud and others so envious? This knowledge, these tongues, these prophesyings? They are, at the best, no more than the words and thoughts and reasonings of a little child in comparison with the knowledge and the power with which you will all be blessed in that life for which you look. Yes,—of *a little child,* for although the word used by the Apostle is applicable to children who in years have almost ceased to be children, as our word infant is, in a legal sense, applied to young men and young women until they come of age, still, as used in Scripture, Paul's word is generally intended to denote very young children, and is frequently rendered *babes.* And so it seems probable that, when Paul speaks of his childish words and thoughts and understanding, he means us to think, not of a schoolboy ten or twelve years old, who may have a great deal more knowledge than his father has or ever had. The child whom Paul means is an infant, just beginning to think and to speak—and the pith of the parable is this,—that as much as he, man, and manly man, as he was, differed in knowledge and understanding from what he had been in the days of his very early childhood, so much should his heavenly state differ, intellectually, from that of his manhood.

It is a grand prospect that the Apostle thus sets before us, and many are the thoughts which it suggests. How much more glorious will our Saviour then appear to us, than He is as we conceive of Him now! To the astronomer the sun is not the same object as to a child, or to a man ignorant of science; not the same as it was to the astronomer himself in his early infancy, when all he knew of it was that it appeared about the size of a plate, that it rose in the morning and went down in the evening, and that there was warmth in its rays. Now, though still ignorant of much, he yet knows so much as to make his ideas of the sun almost immeasurably greater and grander than they were then. And, perhaps, our thoughts of Him who is "the Sun of Righteousness," the highest, noblest thoughts that any believer in Him has ever known on earth, are just as inferior to what we shall think of Him when we shall see Him as He is, and "know even as we are known." When we were children our parents loved us, but we did not always understand their love, did not always quite believe in it, because they so often forbad what we liked and commanded what we disliked. Now that we are men, we see that in those prohibitions and injunctions our parents, in their love to us, consulted our welfare. Even so, that which, in our Heavenly Father's dealings with us; now seems harsh and inconsistent with lovingkindness will be seen in the light of that better knowledge which will gild with the glory of an infinite love all the path that, in obedience to our Father's word, we shall have trodden. The parable has a word for those who find it hard to believe in Christianity; to whom its alleged facts appear to be doubtful, its records self-contradictory, its doctrines not merely mysterious but unreasonable. From Paul's parable let such learn to take something upon trust now as in their early childhood they took, and had to take upon trust, all

that was told them. We must all remember many things which we did not understand, which puzzled us, as altogether passing our comprehension; but they are perfectly plain to us now. And let this illustration of progress in Divine knowledge make us humble, tolerant, charitable. How few of our childish ideas and convictions have survived! Concerning almost all things we think very differently from our way of thinking in those early days; we see that on very many points we were mistaken, utterly mistaken, absurdly mistaken. And thus it may be that we are foolish enough to think our theology perfect and every divergence from our own creed erroneous. But, having found out how much we were in error in our childhood, let us admit the possibility of our being in error still, and not be over positive in all our beliefs. Although in regard to all essential, soul-saving, and life-directing truths we have a right to feel assured in what we believe, because God has told us so plainly, there may be much in our religious ideas that, in the brighter light of heaven, will prove to be as childish as any of those childish thoughts on other things which we have learned to abandon. "Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away."

How dismally does the atheist's belief contrast with this to which Paul asks our assent! It must surely be inexpressibly discouraging and sad to an intellectual man if his philosophy lead him to the conclusion that there is no future for him: that his lamp will go out in the darkness of death never to be rekindled; that, after a few years spent in the acquisition of a little knowledge which makes him thirst and long for more he will be extinguished and annihilated. Atheism may be tolerable to an ignorant and brutish person, who takes no interest in anything but the gratification of his animal nature, and to whom the heavens above and the earth beneath are no more than to the horse he drives, or the swine he

feeds, or the machine he tends; he, on the atheistic hypothesis, loses nothing but a life that is hardly worth preserving; but the thoughtful, studious man, so painfully conscious of the scant measure of his knowledge, and so desirous of knowing and understanding more and ever more of the boundless expanse which the worlds of matter and of mind set before him;—in his case this life is almost a bitter, cruel mockery, if this life be all. Thank God this melancholy creed is not ours. The Apostle here does but tell us, in his own striking manner, what the Scripture tells us in very many ways—that there is a glory to be revealed in which the mind shall find infinite scope for exercise and enjoyment, and in which there shall be an advance in knowledge, and in intellectual capacity and comprehension, similar to that which already distances the wisest man on earth from what he was in the days of his infantile ignorance and weakness. It was not altogether a lie that the tempter told our first parents when he said, "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." He tempted them to take a wrong, a sinful way of obtaining knowledge; but when Paul says, "I shall know, even as also I am known," he evidently looks forward to nothing less than that which the tempter promised as the result of eating the forbidden fruit. Is not Christ both the tree of life and the tree of knowledge? "In him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men."

VII. "THE OX THAT TREADETH OUT THE CORN."—This allusion to "the ox that treadeth out the corn" occurs in the midst of a passage in which St. Paul very distinctly and strongly maintains the right of Christian ministers to efficient and liberal support. And, referring to the same subject in another epistle, we find him again bringing forward "the ox that treadeth out the corn" in advocacy of the same principle (1 Tim. v. 18).

And so there seem to have been Christians in the time of the apostles who adopted the convenient and economical idea that religious teaching ought to be given for nothing, and that the man who accepted or looked for any remuneration was a base and mercenary hireling.

The Apostle's own practice in regard to this matter has been greatly misunderstood. From one or two passages of his writings it has been inferred that he depended for his support, always and entirely, upon the labour of his own hands as a tent-maker. Now this inference is very incorrect. It is probable that during the greater part of his ministry he was sustained by the churches on behalf of which he laboured. He tells us that, when at Thessalonica, he laboured night and day, because he would not be chargeable to any of the people there; and yet during that residence at Thessalonica, which does not appear to have extended over a month, his friends at Philippi sent "once and again" unto his necessities, and seem to have done so frequently afterwards. It would appear that, during his residence at Ephesus, Paul declined all ministerial support, for he said to the Elders of the Church—"Ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities and to them that were with me." In Corinth, falling in with Aquila and Priscilla, he abode with them and wrought, for Aquila, like Paul, was a tent-maker. For some reason or another Paul was very resolutely determined to receive no assistance from the Corinthians. "In all things I have kept myself from being burdensome unto you, and so will I keep myself. As the truth of Christ is in me, no man shall stop me of this boasting in the regions of Achaia" (2 Cor. xi. 9, 10). And yet, at the very time, he was living upon the help rendered him by other Christians. "When I was present with you, and wanted, I was chargeable to no

man, for that which was lacking to me the brethren which came from Macedonia supplied" (2 Cor. xi. 9). Nay, more, he says, "I robbed other churches, taking wages of them to do you service" (2 Cor. xi. 8). Paul no doubt had his reasons for treating the Corinthians in this high-handed, haughty, and contemptuous manner; but it is altogether a mistake to suppose that as a rule he refused the help that his Christian friends offered him. When he did see fit to refuse such help he did not always support himself by manual labour, but, as he says, "robbed other churches, taking wages of them" to do service to those from whom he was determined to take nothing. Evidently his conduct in relation to the Corinthian Church was an exception, and a rare exception, to his general practice; for he asks—"What is it wherein ye were inferior to other churches, except it be that I myself was not burdensome to you? Forgive me this wrong" (2 Cor. xii. 13).

St. Paul then was not like the tailor of Campillo, who worked for nothing and found thread. He not only in principle but in practice recognised the duty of Christian societies to sustain their pastors, and he gratefully accepted such sustentation himself. Few know how earnestly some ministers wish that they could do always as Paul did sometimes, as he did at Corinth, that they had the means of living independently of all help from the Church; but if they had, the churches would soon find that they had not ministers, but masters who would rule them with a rod of iron. They might charge nothing for their services except, perhaps, entire submission to their own will and caprice, a cost far greater than any stipend which the churches might be able to afford. I am aware that I may scarcely be able to look at this question in a purely impartial manner; but I think that, if I occupied a pew and not a pulpit, I should very much prefer that balance of power, or

something approaching it, which a paid ministry secures in a Church.

St. Paul in dealing with this question of ministerial support first refers to several illustrations furnished by affairs of ordinary life. "Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not of the fruit thereof? Or who feedeth a flock and eateth not of the milk of the flock?" All these questions are very reasonable, and every reasonable man at once answers them, and answers them decidedly, to the effect that such men ought to receive remuneration for their work. But the Apostle wishes to have the support of Scripture; therefore he adds—"Speak these things as a man, or saith not the law the same also? For it is written in the law of Moses—'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.'" So far all is plain; but Paul adds—"Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith He it altogether for our sakes? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written." Now here there is a difficulty. The Apostle seems to say that God cares nothing for oxen, that this statute of the law of Moses was not intended to secure kind treatment to oxen, but was written altogether for our sakes. Now to this question—doth God take care for oxen?—to which Paul gives, indirectly perhaps, but very decidedly, a negative reply, we feel bound to reply as decidedly in the affirmative. "Doth God take care for oxen?" Yes! certainly. I cannot but think that in this very statute of the Mosaic law God's care for oxen is shown forth. The poor beast, as he treads the corn and so threshes it, separating the grain from the straw, is to be treated generously and allowed, as long as he is diligent in his work, to take of the corn as he needs; at any rate, though some restriction may be imposed, some gratification is to be granted, and he is not to be muzzled. I do not think that this was said "altogether" for our

sakes; we feel certain that the law contemplated the interest and pleasure of the ox. Moreover, we know that God's tender mercies are over all His works, that He giveth to the beast his food, that He openeth His hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing. The cattle were considered when God would avert destruction from Nineveh. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God." Doth God take care for oxen? Yes! most certainly He does. The awkward word here is this "altogether;" "saith He it altogether for our sakes?" For this, with the reply, "For our sakes, no doubt, this is written," implies not only that in the enactment of that law the ox was not at all considered, and that the Jewish husbandman might muzzle him, but also that the Christian ministry, an institution not to be founded for 1500 years, was considered, and was alone considered, in the giving of that law. Now this is simply incredible. It makes the law for many centuries a dead letter, a precept utterly destitute of meaning. "Altogether for our sakes?" No! certainly not "altogether" for our sakes, but for the sake of millions upon millions of toiling beasts, through all those ages, to shield them from ill-treatment. It is hard to say how this word "altogether" should be dealt with. There it stands in the text, genuine and indisputable; and yet, in its literal force, totally denying the extension of God's care and kindness to the whole animal world. We are compelled to tone down its literal meaning and to read the Apostle thus:—Doth God only take care for oxen? Or saith He it not also and chiefly for our sakes? Such a method of handling the word "altogether" may not be allowable; we are not satisfied that it is; but if it be not we confess that Paul's interpretation of this portion of the law of Moses is an interpretation that we do not understand and cannot receive.

Anyhow, this law concerning "the ox that treadeth out the corn" is, by the Apostle, converted into a parable, by means of which he enforces the duty of properly supporting the Christian ministry. "For our sakes, no doubt, this is written, that he that ploweth should plow in hope, and that he that thresheth in hope should be partaker of his hope." Each labourer labouring in the hope of receiving the due reward of his work. But it is to be observed that the ox both plowed the ground and threshed the crop, which is the reason why he that ploweth and he that reapeth are here joined together, they are one. "The ox that treadeth out the corn" is in many instances sorely and cruelly muzzled. It is to be hoped that Jewish farmers observed the letter of the law better than some Christian churches observe its spirit. "The ox that treadeth out the corn" is often muzzled with an exceedingly meagre stipend, and is consequently reduced to a state of very abject dependence. A man with an income of £60 a-year, drawn from a few people whom he is bound to please and yet may very easily displease, cannot afford to speak his mind. I have observed such poor men painfully calculating the loss to their income if such and such persons were to take offence and leave the place. There are hundreds of Nonconformist ministers who, laboriously enough treading the corn, are muzzled and not unmuzzled. And this is our blessed voluntaryism, and for this we fight against endowments and would have them devoted to relieving the rates for sewage and paving. "The ox that treadeth out the corn" is also in many instances muzzled with an instrument of torture called a Trust Deed. This abomination is often ancient. It was drawn up by our great-grandfathers, who tied the Church down to a set form of creed which is generally unscriptural, being simply a reflection of the opinions held by those antiquated persons, who, more than any

pope, considered themselves infallible. They had seen an end of all perfection. Nothing more was ever to be learned of God, His word and His will, than they had learned. They were for the most part exceedingly ill-informed persons, who gloried in their ignorance as the best evidence of their being enlightened with the wisdom from above; and so, with a coolness and a confidence which nothing but ignorance can explain, they laid down the most solemn and awful dogmas, generally inclusive of some most blasphemous and indecent in their character, because they assert God to be a monster of caprice, injustice, and cruelty. The muzzle which Dissenters provide in the shape of a trust deed, in the Church of England takes the shape of the Athanasian creed, the baptismal service, the service for the visitation of the sick, and, as some have felt, the articles of religion, which have been called "the forty stripes save one." Another muzzle, more tightly bound than any other on the mouth of "the ox that treadeth out the corn," is Religious Opinion, as expressed in so-called religious papers, and at tea-meetings, and such like feasts of unreason. How poor Robertson, of Brighton, writhed under the attempts thus made to muzzle him! and many another man of high soul and liberal thought has felt the same. The Evangelicals, the extreme Evangelicals, both in the Establishment and out of it, are, of all others, the most given to this sort of muzzling. Their narrowness of view is something marvellous, and the worst of it is, that it gives them a certain ferocity which we find in no other civilized portion of English society. Surely it were well if the parable which Paul draws from the law were carried out into more extensive practice. "Saith he it altogether for our sakes?" According to many he saith it not for our sakes at all, but only and literally for the sake of the oxen. Perhaps some would tread out the corn a good deal better if

they were rather more generously dealt with. Having the Bible in our hands, we would fain see an end to all doctrinal articles in chapel trust deeds, and liberty accorded to the clergy and people of the Established Church to form independently for themselves their creed and their mode of worship. It is intolerable, absurd, wretched, to be in these matters tied and bound by those who have been for ages in their graves. And equally objectionable is it to be muzzled by spiteful gossip concerning what is sound and what is unsound. Let us all give and take more freedom of thought. Let us in fact be, in the true sense of the word, Freethinkers, and not be afraid to call ourselves such.

St. Paul's parable, however, is capable of a very much wider application than that which we have given to it. It extends to all work and all wages. Perhaps a hard political economy comes into collision with it and says —The ox shall have just as little corn as is absolutely needful for his existence, and, for the rest, he shall be muzzled. "The fair day's wage for the fair day's work" means, on the part of the employer, the smallest possible amount of money for the largest possible amount of labour; these things are regulated by the law of supply and demand, and there is no scope for generosity in the case. Well, and poorly enough do some of us get on under the unmitigated operation of this cast-iron law, against the abstract justice of which, perhaps, nothing can be said but which has produced such unkindly relations between employer and employed as are not productive of any advantage to either. There are people who, "on principle," never give a workman what is vulgarly called "a tip," that is to say, a gratuity. I am glad that I find no "principle" blocking up my way in this matter, for I have long proved that, call it "tipping" or not, the generous treatment of our fellow-men in regard to all work done is both pleasant and profitable, and

notwithstanding the insolent notice—"Gratuities strictly forbidden," I shall continue to do as I please, and make a difference between indolence and diligence, between surliness and civility. Often the consequences of muzzling the ox are very serious, resulting in the early death of men overworked; omnibus men, for example, who, in many instances, are engaged, all but incessantly, for fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen hours every day. And I could mention many a fatal railway accident that has carried death to many houses, the plain English explanation of which was "muzzling the ox;" keeping signal men on duty for thirty or forty consecutive hours, and drivers, stokers and guards, perhaps, a couple of days at their work without a moment's rest. Depend upon it neither individual nor company gains by "muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn."

VIII. THE TRUMPET GIVING AN UNCERTAIN SOUND. —"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" The Romans employed the trumpet in war for signals of every description, and, according to the sounds that were given forth from it, the soldier knew what was required of him. A mistake, therefore, on the part of the trumpeter might lead, would almost certainly lead, to disastrous results; the loss of a battle, the total defeat and destruction of a great army, might be the result of an uncertain sound, directing the troops to do what, just at some critical moment, they ought not to do.

Such is the parable, and St. Paul applies it to those uncertain sounds which were uttered by such members of the Corinthian Church as possessed the gift of tongues. Whether those tongues were distinct human languages, or mysterious, incoherent, rhapsodical expressions of feeling, such as are sometimes heard in highly excited religious meetings, it is not easy to deter-

mine. The gift bestowed upon the day of Pentecost would seem to have been a power given to the disciples to preach in the languages of the people from many countries assembled at Jerusalem, who exclaimed in amazement—"We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God." But the Apostle, referring to the gift of tongues in Corinth, so writes as to imply that it was not the faculty of speaking in languages which the speaker had not learned in ordinary ways, but a fervent, enthusiastic, and not easily comprehended outburst of feeling. This, at any rate, he says—"He that speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men but unto God, for no man understandeth him, howbeit, in the spirit, he speaketh mysteries." "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself, but he that prophesieth edifieth the Church." Evidently, whatever the gift of tongues had been at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, in after years, at Corinth, it was not in St. Paul's opinion a very edifying gift; it was in fact a trumpet that gave "an uncertain" because an unintelligible "sound." The Apostle did not wish to be hard upon those who in groans, perhaps, and loud exclamations gave expression, though it were meaningless expression, to their feelings, but he very greatly preferred the gift of prophecy by which men uttered sound sense to the edification of the Church—"Wherefore, brethren, covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues."

But, not to pursue further the consideration of that strange Church at Corinth, with its strange notions of doctrine and stranger ways of worship (the latter so outrageous that an unbeliever happening to enter the assembly would have supposed that he had got amongst madmen), let us notice the wider and more permanent facts, of which this parable may serve as an illustration; for the trumpet that gives "an uncertain sound" has, unhappily, long been in use in the Church; and those

churches which have set themselves resolutely against instrumental music have been unable to exclude this trumpet, however successful in resisting organs and fiddles. By the trumpet we may understand the means, whether tongue or pen, by which religious worship and instruction are carried on. In both forms the result is often such as may be compared to the "uncertain sound" of which Paul speaks in his parable.

Beyond all doubt, the trumpet gives "an uncertain sound" when the worship is rendered in a language "not understanded of the people;" "a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God and the practice of the Primitive Church." When, in the administration of the Sacrament, *Hoc est corpus* became "hocus-pocus," when what seemed to be the senseless jargon of the *pater noster* originated the contemptuous word "patter," and when the miller of Matlock took double toll because he heard the priest read "Tolle tolle" in the Gospel on Good Friday, the trumpet gave a very uncertain sound, excepting to such as knew something of the Latin tongue. But when it is neither Latin nor Greek, nor any other dead language, nor any foreign living language that is spoken in worship and in preaching, when the tongue used is English, and good English too, it may not be "understanded of the people." For the people, by whom we mean, say three-fourths of the inhabitants of the country, have but a limited knowledge of the English language. I have seen it stated that, in some parts of England, the labouring man's language consists of no more than some 400 words, or just about the 175th part of the words given by Webster in his dictionary. The labouring man's language may be much more extensive than as stated above, but still, in the use, on the part of preachers and lecturers and others, of myriads of words unknown to the uneducated multitudes, there must be very many instances of the trumpet giving "an uncer-

tain sound." I have heard ministers use such words in prayer as, without at all reflecting upon the intelligence of their congregations, could not be comprehended by all the worshippers present, and I mean the grown-up people and do not include the children. Highly to be commended and well worthy of imitation, with regard to plainness of speech in prayer, is the Liturgy of the English Church, which, like the English Bible, contains very few words "not understanded of the people." In preaching, the uncertainty of the sound resulting from the use of "inkhorn" words must often be very great, leaving the minds of many in a state of utter darkness and confusion. Most ministers of religion have probably discovered something of this, and found that they have been speaking in what to some of their hearers was really an unknown tongue. There is a well-known story of a minister who preached a sermon in which he very logically and learnedly demonstrated the existence of the Supreme Being; and was afterwards addressed by one of his hearers in language of grateful admiration, coupled with the qualifying remark,—"But after all I do believe that there be a God; axin your pardon, sir, I do;" so uncertain was the sound of the trumpet to that poor fellow; and there must be very many cases of the same sort. Now, while in scientific discourse an unknown tongue, unknown, that is to say, to the unlearned, may be excusable, may indeed be unavoidable, in worship and in the teaching of moral and religious truth there is not the slightest necessity for going beyond the range, I do not say of the farm-labourer's 400 words, but of the few thousands of words known and understood by nearly all the people. In sermons and religious books you seldom meet with a word which you would pronounce beyond this limit for which you could not find, within this limit, some perfectly good substitute, understood by nineteen-twentieths of the people from

Caithness to Cornwall. In other kinds of discoursing and teaching men must, I suppose, find their words where they can, and may feel the whole English language too limited for their ideas: but, as to moral and religious teaching, the English Bible is a triumphant proof that every moral and religious thought that we are required to set forth may be expressed in the most familiar terms. There is no excuse if, in regard to the expression of such thought, the trumpet give "an uncertain sound" through the use of words "not understanded of the people;" and it would be a very capital exercise if now and then a Christian minister were to prepare a sermon in which there should not be one word that could not be found in the English version of the Scriptures.

However, the most serious case in which the trumpet gives "an uncertain sound" is not that in which words and phrases, unintelligible to a considerable portion of the people, are employed, but that in which the language, though as clear as a bell and thoroughly understood by all, is untrue and misleading in its statements. In what a strange condition Christendom is at this moment! So many churches, sects, parties, denominations, and so many trumpets, each, with all the force of its blast, proclaiming that it gives no "uncertain sound," yet all contradicting one another. Catholic trumpets and Protestant. Of Catholic trumpets—Roman, Greek, Anglican. Of Protestant trumpets—evangelical and rationalistic. Two or more utterly discordant trumpets in the same Church or sect. The High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church trumpets; the Calvinistic and the Arminian; the Independent and the Presbyterian; the Baptist and the Pædo Baptist, and the many little sects of Brethren, each blowing its trumpet against the rest. And what a din they all do make as they call upon us to arm and do battle, not so much against sin and the devil as against our fellow Christians

and our fellow Christians' creeds; and where it is most confidently boasted that the trumpet gives no "uncertain sound" it requires no very attentive or critical ear to detect that that trumpet, beyond most others, is harsh with the harshness of extreme uncharitableness. Now, if by the certain sound we are to understand the sound that the trumpet ought to give, it is very plain that St. Paul's supposition—"if the trumpet give an uncertain sound"—is often a matter of fact. And we need not wonder if, in the midst of these uncertainties, some men, yea, many, perplexed, bewildered, bothered and confounded, are unable to make up their minds, stand aloof, wait for a more harmonious sound from the trumpets, and suspect that the whole thing is sound and nothing more. Yet it is amusing, and, if we were not accustomed to it, it would be amazing to notice the unfaltering confidence with which men pronounce upon the trumpets and their sounds, and seem to know exactly what is certain and what uncertain, the only really recognized standard being their own humour. And, frequently, that trumpet is said to give "an uncertain sound" which is loudest and clearest upon matters of plain moral duty. There are men who, if they had heard the trumpet whose sonorous voice accompanied the delivery of the law upon Mount Sinai, would have declared it a trumpet of "uncertain sound," because it called upon men not to steal and not to covet. A trumpet of "uncertain sound" also, and not to be listened to, is that which does not sound as other trumpets have sounded for generations. Any new thought, any fresh explanation of Scripture, any line of remark that tends to make orthodox Christianity more righteous, more humane, more reasonable, is resented. The trumpet must be blown exactly as it was blown by the Reformers or the Puritans, otherwise the sound is "uncertain," by which is meant that the doctrine is false, and dangerous, and dreadful. And so

the old trumpet-blowing goes on, dull and dismal enough for the most part it is,—but, for some cause not very intelligible, considered safe since so it was blown in the time of our great-grandfathers; and whatever is new is angrily silenced, at any rate there are many angry attempts to silence it, although it may be true music discovered in God's word, and such as might tend to bring all these bellowing and rudely discordant instruments into Divinest harmony.

If the trumpets are to give a certain and not "uncertain sound," we must all honestly go to the Word of God; wherein law and gospel, prophets and apostles, are all of one accord, of one mind, with one heart, speaking truth and glorifying God. I say we must go to the Scriptures honestly, for there is plenty of dishonest resorting to them in order to make them agree with the trumpets, and not to make the trumpets agree with them. If these Scriptures be the Word of God it is simply impossible that they should be so full of jarring notes as those which we hear from church and chapel trumpets. Those interested in Christianity had better lose no time in discovering and proclaiming the harmony which they profess to believe exists between the Bible and reason, and between one part of the Bible and another; lest a half-believing Church and an altogether unbelieving world, wearied with our jingle-jangle of mutually destructive doctrines, should cease to pay any attention at all to religion, in the conviction, fostered by these competitive and opposing trumpeters, that the certain sound of truth is given forth by none of them. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" The battles to which these uncertain sounding trumpets summon us are, for the most part, not worth fighting. What sensible man cares to contend about such contemptible trivialities as matters of form and ceremony, or such mysterious

subjects in doctrine as pass all human understanding? Let the trumpeters cease to mind such things. Some matters in religion are certain and some uncertain, some known and some unknown, some clear and others dark, some important and others indifferent. Ye men who blow the trumpet in Zion, look at the certain, the known, the clear, the important, and, in ringing, heart-inspiring tones, call upon the host of God's elect not to fight against each other, but to advance against the great enemies of God and man, ignorance and sin. Let your trumpets give this certain sound of a warfare worth engaging in, and many who now stand apart, indifferent to your sectarian disputes, will readily prepare themselves to the battle.

IX. GOD'S BUILDING.—About two hundred years before this epistle was written, Corinth was the scene of a terrible calamity. The people, impatient of the Roman dominion, rebelled, and their rebellion was punished with ferocious severity. Every male citizen was slaughtered, and the women and children were carried into captivity; the place was set on fire; the poorer buildings were consumed to ashes, but the temples and other edifices of a more substantial sort withstood the fury of the flames and remained, almost perfect in their beauty and their strength, towering above the ruins of the people's homes. It is not unlikely that St. Paul had this fact of Corinthian history in his mind when he addressed the Church at Corinth in the singular language of the verses above indicated. In those verses he speaks of buildings, some substantial and others flimsy, and of a fire which tries such edifices, devouring those formed of combustible materials and leaving the others uninjured. So now, by the light of Corinth in flames, let us try to read this parable.

"Ye are God's building." This is one of the Apostle's

favourite figures of speech. In one form or another it appears in several of his writings. There is a very noble passage in the Epistle to the Ephesians, where we read of the Church as "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone." Much to the same effect St. Peter speaks—"to whom (*i.e.* to Christ) coming as unto a living stone, ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house." And, indeed, this comparison of Christian people to an edifice is found in the words of our Lord—"on this rock will I build my Church." Now, this is the Christian idea of a temple. It is peculiar to Christianity; other religions glory in temples made with hands; but the only temple recognised by Christianity is that composed of men, a spiritual, not a material house. There may be some question as to whose building St. Peter's in Rome or St. Paul's in London may be; some question as to whose building this Tabernacle and that Bethel may be; but to each Church, to each congregation of faithful men, this may be said—"Ye are God's building."

St. Paul speaks of what he had done towards building that living temple in Corinth. According to the grace of God given unto him he, as a wise master builder, had laid the foundation. There is no unseemly boasting in this expression "a wise master builder;" it is prefaced with the words "according to the grace of God which is given to me;" wise, but wise only through the grace of God; so much grace, so much wisdom. And he *was* "a wise master builder." No one can dispute that. Only think how much of the strength and the utility, the beauty and the grandeur of the Christian Church is owing to what, by the grace of God, this man was enabled to do. It was the main business of the apostles to lay the foundations of churches, leaving to others the building up of the edifices constructed on those foundations. "I have laid the foundation;" so Paul describes

his work at Corinth. It was the laying of a foundation, and that foundation was laid in the preaching of Christ and His cross. Thus he says—"I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." That was the foundation truth upon which all was to be built.

Having laid the foundation in Corinth, Paul went to lay the foundation elsewhere, and left the Church at Corinth to be edified by other Christian teachers. "I have laid the foundation and another buildeth thereon; but let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon." It is a word of warning to all teachers of religion; for, granted that the foundation is laid, the one sure foundation even Christ Jesus, and granted that it is laid with the conviction that no other can be laid, still it is possible in the after-work of edification to make miserable mistakes, and to build up a Church that shall be no honour to Him on whom, as its foundation, it is built.

"Now, if any man build on this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble." Here, you observe, are two kinds of buildings; one formed of precious stones, of beautiful and costly marbles, richly adorned with silver and gold, a palace for a prince, a temple for a god; the other framed in wood, filled in with dried grass and thatched with stubble or straw. It is common to understand by these various materials various doctrines; the gold and silver and precious stones being sound doctrines; the wood, hay, and stubble unsound ones. But so to interpret the parable is wholly to mistake its drift. "Ye are God's building," says Paul to the Corinthian Christians; ye, not the doctrines taught you, but ye yourselves. And so, wherever this figure of speech is employed, persons are meant. "Ye are builded together for a habitation of God." "Ye, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house." "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets."

The gold, the silver, and the precious stones, the wood, the hay, and the stubble, are not doctrines but men; men professing Christianity, professing that they rest upon Christ as the foundation of their trust and hope. And among those who make such profession we find differences as great as the differences between these various substances. There was gold, there was silver, there were precious stones in that Corinthian Church; Fortunatus, Achaicus, and Stephanas, with his household addicted to the ministry of the saints; but there were also the wood, the hay, the stubble; those who split the Church into factions, those who were given to litigation, those who made the assembly for public worship like a bear garden. A great deal of wood, hay, and stubble seems to have been built into that Church at Corinth. Say what you will about religious equality, the fact of religious inequality cannot be denied. There are golden Christians and there are wooden ones. Some that shine like silver and stand like marble, while others are for any practical purpose of no more value than the dead grass or stubble of which the Apostle speaks.

Well, then, so it is. We ministers, preachers, teachers, priests, parsons, or whatever else we call ourselves, we build; and, perhaps, however heedfully we build, cannot altogether avoid mistakes. Gold can be distinguished from wood, silver from hay, precious stones from stubble, and he who should mistake one of these for another would be an idiot, unfit to be allowed for one moment among the builders, though he might perhaps carry a hod. But the spiritually precious and the spiritually vile cannot be so distinguished. Let us take heed; but, with all our care, it is likely that, together with the gold, the silver, and the precious stones, we shall, through ignorance or negligence, build up also the wood and hay and stubble.

However, "every man's work shall be made manifest,

for the day shall declare it." There is a day which Paul often speaks of emphatically as *the* day or as *that* day, and by which he means the day of the Lord's coming. Yes, verily, the day in comparison with which all other days are almost as nights, since so much still remains unknown, completely hidden in darkness. It is not perfect day as long as any heart can be so dark that we cannot tell whether it is Christ's or the devil's. "But every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire." There is a sense in which every day is revealed by fire; for what is each day as it comes but the revelation of that great fiery globe the sun? But a brighter day is coming, when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, and He will make it day in a sense in which, so far, day has never yet been seen. And as fire tries men's work, the fire of the Lord's coming, for it will be with fire as well as light, will test all Christian professors. The Roman general who destroyed Corinth, at the time to which reference has been made, gave the order to fire the city; a thousand torches were kindled, and applied here, there, everywhere. It was soon seen what the place was made of. The noble pillars and pediments of those Corinthian temples and palaces, lighted up by the raging flames, stood there unconsumed, uninjured; and there were the other things crackling like thorns, going off in smoke and sparks, soon burnt to dust and ashes, hardly a trace of their existence left. So "the fire will try every man's work;" the gold, the silver, and the precious stones will remain; the wood, the hay, and the stubble will be consumed and disappear. Here Paul expresses what is elsewhere expressed in many other ways, the salvation of the really good man and the ruin of all hypocrites.

And now, adds the Apostle, "If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward."

What this reward may be in its fulness we cannot tell. Reward enough, surely, for God's workmen, to see that their work does abide; to see that those whom we hoped we had brought to Christ really had been brought to Him; to see them, one after another, abiding the test of the judgment day, as a solid well-built structure stands the test of a fire that sweeps away all buildings of a perishable sort. These souls so saved are, at any rate, a part of the faithful builder's reward; "for what is our hope or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?" On the other hand, if a man's work should be burned, he shall suffer loss. And it is to every teacher of the Gospel a sad thought that, too probably, much of his work, unable to stand the test, will be burnt up, like wood, hay and stubble. Thus we may suffer loss. It is more than a perhaps; for no man who has worked as a builder of the living temple can feel sure of all the stuff that he has built into it. Yet, notwithstanding this discouraging prospect, let us be thankful that even he who, in his ignorance, or haste, or heedlessness, has built nothing but such rubbish shall himself be saved. Christian workers are not made so terribly responsible for their work that if it turn out bad they are to perish with it; were this so, no man would dare to undertake the work of teaching and preaching the Gospel. So he whose work, all whose work is burned so that not one abiding result of his Christian labour remains, may, nevertheless, be saved, and, if a true and faithful man, shall be saved; "yet," Paul adds, "so as by fire;" saved like a man who is rescued from a burning house, with danger and difficulty brought out alive; just barely saved and unable to save anything but his life, his property being all consumed. Thus would the Apostle warn all builders of the living temples not to rest in the thought that, though their work perish,

they are safe. It is surely better, immeasurably better, to be so saved that our work shall be saved with us, to endure for ever our reward and glory and joy. "Saved, yet so as by fire;" so saved, heaven can hardly be to us the state of perfect happiness which it can be if, in the trial, we do not suffer loss, but see our work approved.

X. PARABLES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.—These parables, four in number, occur in the midst of the Apostle's great and wonderful chapter concerning the Resurrection of the Dead. They are Paul's answer, or rather, a part of his answer to the question which he supposes some man would put—"How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" Sharply, perhaps a little angrily or contemptuously, the Apostle answers—"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:" &c.

And yet this question which Paul thought none but a fool would ask is asked still; and, what is much more strange, it is often answered, even by many orthodox people, in such a manner as flatly to contradict the teaching of the Apostle. "With what body do they come?" The reply most commonly made is—With the same body, the same in substance, though greatly changed in constitution.

> "Yes, and from winds and waves and central night,
> Tho' prisoned there, my dust too I reclaim,
> (To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
> And live intire."

So sings the poet Young, not he of Londonderry, but the author of the "Night Thoughts." And James Montgomery, in a hymn, very often sung in churches, says—

> 'Grave, the guardian of our dust,
> Grave the treasury of the skies,
> Every atom of thy dust
> Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment trumpet calls;
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay,
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

Poets may be excused if they be not very exact in their interpretation of Scripture; but the thought uttered by Young and Montgomery is that which exists in many minds, viz., that in the Resurrection, the body laid in the grave, or otherwise disposed of, will, atom by atom, be reconstructed and brought to life again. Of course this idea of the Resurrection adds enormously to the difficulty of believing in the doctrine, if, indeed, it do not make all intelligent belief in it impossible. Infidelity, of the coarser sort, has made capital out of this view of the Resurrection, and scornfully and flippantly described the coming together of parts that had been sundered for ages, and the difficulty of deciding to which body this or that particle of right belongs, seeing that it had formed a portion of two or half-a-dozen bodies successively. It is surely a great pity to give the unbelieving and the profane such a handle against Christianity. Does the word of God require us to believe in this corporeal identity and redeeming of our dust "from winds and waves?" It does not. The Apostle calls the man a fool who has such a notion of the Resurrection. "That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body." The bare grain is not dead, but it must die if it is to have the new and nobler life which it may have in "the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear" of the flourishing plant that will spring from its decay; and so man must die in order to his entering upon his new and nobler life. This life, however prolonged, prolonged to eternity,

could never be the eternal life of Scripture; the two differ not merely in duration but in character, as the healthy, well-filled wheat plant in the field differs from the bare grain in the granary. But the chief point in this parable is in the words "thou sowest not that body that shall be." The "bare grain" never re-appears; it is dissolved, we may say destroyed; we cannot say that any, even the smallest particle of it, is taken up into the plant; the "bare grain" is done with; its parts, scattered we know not where, will never be brought together again; but, from its decay and dissolution and destruction, there comes, at the appointed time, the body that God has given it. And when we lay in the grave the remains of a friend, we sow not that body that shall be. We sow that which will be dissolved and destroyed; that which will never be reconstructed; God will give a body in the place and stead of it, but composed of other materials. "This I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God." Why should we encumber the doctrine of the Resurrection with this unscriptural notion of corporeal identity? Why cast this stumbling-block in the path of the inquirer after religious truth? Why give this occasion to the infidel to treat our faith with scorn? "Thou sowest not that body that shall be." Elsewhere we find Paul speaking of our "earthly house of this tabernacle" as a temporary dwelling that is to be dissolved and, not rebuilt, but succeeded by a house from heaven. This body is a frail, perishable, and not over comfortable tent, suitable, however, and good enough for our pilgrimage in the present life; but when we reach the end of the journey and enter the promised land we shall no longer dwell as strangers and pilgrims in tents, but be received into everlasting habitations. The tabernacle first and then the temple, when the wandering in the wilderness was over; but the temple was not the tabernacle repaired,

enlarged, improved, or in any other way altered; it was, from end to end and from floor to roof, an entirely different structure; and yet, in other materials and in other proportions, all that distinguished the tabernacle was reproduced in the temple. So,—I think we may venture to say,—is the Resurrection of the Dead. And when we are set free from that idea of the re-gathering and re-organizing of the self-same particles of dust, we are set free from a good deal of foolish and inconvenient sentiment in regard to the treatment of the dead and of the places in which they are laid. There may be, as there ought to be, respect and even reverence for that which was once the "earthly house" of some human soul; but such respect and reverence are carried to a troublesome, and it may be even distressing extreme, when we cling tenaciously to the idea of the rebuilding of the poor old ruin. God does not intend to rebuild it, He will do something far better; He will give instead of it a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. "The resurrection of the body" is a phrase found in what is called the apostles' creed, it has no existence in the apostles' writings; what they speak of is the rising again of the man, not of the garment of flesh in which he was clothed.

The "fool" who asks—"How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?"—is such a fool as to think it beyond the power of God to form any other kind of body than this in which we now have our habitation. "With what body do they come?" Paul has replied—not with the same body. Not with the same! —is the supposed "fool's" reflection,—then how can they come at all? What other body can they have? This is the question, understood though not expressed, to which Paul replies in the other parables contained in our text. He calls upon the objector to consider the variety of the works of God in nature, both animate and

inanimate. "All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." Here don't let us be so foolish as to understand the word flesh as it is used in relation to food of various sorts; indeed this is, to all but Cannibals, made impossible by the first clause—"there is one kind of flesh of men." What the Apostle means here by the word flesh, is the whole make and structure of men, beasts, fishes, and birds. Never mind the classification. It is popular rather than scientific. And considered as popular language it would be difficult, if not impossible, to state, in just four plain words, the great variety in bodily forms, organizations, and habits, more clearly or more strikingly than Paul describes it by instancing men, beasts, fishes, and birds. Four words; the Apostle perhaps could not afford more in an argument so brief and so condensed; but we might use four thousand and still be very, very far short of mentioning all the varieties of creative wisdom, and power, and goodness which exist in the animal world.

"There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." Here is more variety. When you have gone over all the globe, traversed all its continents, climbed all its mountains, fathomed all its seas, surveyed every kind of object, living or not living, that is to be found from pole to pole, on land, in water, or in air, what have you done? You have only seen the "terrestrial bodies," but there are "celestial bodies" also, in as great variety and probably far greater. There is no reason why Paul might not have thought the stars inhabited; at any rate there were "celestial bodies;" there were angels; in them, as occasionally seen on the earth, there was a further variety of creative power; and these "celestial bodies" were more glorious than

any "bodies terrestrial." For instance, the angel of the Resurrection at the sepulchre of Jesus, whose "countenance was like lightning;" and the angel who, with a touch, broke the manacles that bound Peter, and opened the barred and bolted doors of the prison; and the angel that imparted healing virtue to the water in the pool of Bethesda. Angels, "celestial bodies" "that excel in strength," coming and going through the universe at the bidding of their Maker and in the performance of His will.

It is possible that by the "celestial bodies" the Apostle means the sun, moon, and stars. At any rate, whatever meaning may be assigned to the expression "celestial bodies," he proceeds to speak of what we commonly understand by the expression. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars;" and then further varieties and degrees, "for one star differeth from another star in glory." Paul speaks as a man who, without any help from telescopes, and probably with very little astronomical knowledge, just looks up to the face of the heavens and admires the glories which by day and by night they reveal. A great variety of appearances, all of them wonderful and magnificent; the rising and the setting of the sun, with all the various colours and different degrees of light; the ever-changing phases of the moon; the different magnitudes of the stars, some conspicuous, some barely visible; and the constellations, Pleiades, Arcturus, and Orion, and many more; and now and then a comet, mysteriously making its appearance; and generally one or more of the planets, known by their apparent wanderings in the sky.

Simple zoology, when Paul speaks of the flesh of men, of beasts, of fishes, and of birds; and simple astronomy, when he speaks of the different glories of sun,

and moon, and stars; and altogether a simple cosmos, when the whole universe is described as composed of celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but, simple as all this is, it is very much to the Apostle's purpose as he answers the question—"With what body do they come?" With what body? Is this a difficulty to Him who has created these innumerable bodies, all so various, living and inanimate, large and small, bright and dark, strong and weak, subtle and gross, beautiful and fearful? With what body? Is He at His wits' end to contrive a fitting habitation for the souls that He has not only made but redeemed? No, no! Great as is the variety seen in nature, there is yet another of which Paul speaks—"there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body;" and, in the creation of this supreme wonder of wisdom, power, and goodness, God will crown and complete His glorious works. To quote the words of Frederick Robertson,—"We simply reply to the objection, With what body do they come?—Look at the creative Power of God." That Power is not exhausted; many, and various, and wonderful as are the beings it has formed, it will form another, gloriously surpassing every one of them,—"a spiritual body."

XI. FIGHTING WITH BEASTS.—"If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?" It is generally admitted that this allusion to fighting with beasts cannot be accepted in its strictly literal signification. If, whether at Ephesus or anywhere else, the Apostle had been thrown to the lions to make sport for the spectators in the Amphitheatre, we should surely have found, either in his Epistles or in the Acts of the Apostles, some clearer statement of the fact than can be gathered from the words quoted above. We understand the passage figuratively; and thus it is, if not a

parable, something after the manner of a parable. It is a representation of some contest, intellectual, moral, or spiritual, under the similitude of one of those barbarous exhibitions which were so common in the Apostle's time. The account of Paul's visit to Ephesus, given in the Acts of the Apostles, throws very little light upon this figurative fighting with beasts. It is true that we read of a great commotion raised by the silversmiths, whose craft was in danger because the people were being so rapidly converted from idolatry that the silver shrines for Diana were becoming a drug in the market; but, in that disturbance, Paul was not exposed to much peril; his friends would not allow him to "adventure himself into the theatre;" besides, there is all but conclusive proof that the epistle in which he speaks of fighting with beasts was written before that tumult at Ephesus took place. Why then does he speak of Ephesus? For this reason, probably, that he wrote from Ephesus; and it is very likely that at the time of his writing, or, indeed, during the whole of his stay at Ephesus, he met with much opposition, and was often in danger of being slain. In 1 Cor. xvi. 8, 9, he says—"I will tarry at Ephesus until Pentecost; for a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." To these adversaries he probably refers in the text. The allusion to his fighting with beasts occurs in his discourse concerning the resurrection of the dead; and so he asks—"what advantageth it me" that I run all these risks, "standing in jeopardy every hour," "dying daily," being every day very much in the position of a man condemned to fight with lions and tigers? of what advantage is all this to me if the dead rise not? "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" or, to quote the most modern and scientific translation—"let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall be water, carbonic acid, and ammonia." The spirit

of the passage is this: If the dead rise not, if there be no life to come, I am a great fool for exposing myself to so much suffering and danger in preaching the Gospel.

But now, taking this expression, "I have fought with beasts," and understanding it in its broadest figurative sense, this is what Paul had to do, and what he did, not at Ephesus only, but in many other places. It was something like fighting with beasts when the mob stoned him at Lystra; when "lewd fellows of the baser sort" made an uproar against him at Thessalonica; and when, at Jerusalem, the Sadducees and Pharisees would have torn him to pieces. Paul had to face some very ugly beasts; for example—the scoundrels who made money out of the mad woman at Philippi; and the justices and the jailor in the same city; and Demetrius of Ephesus; and the high priest, Ananias, who commanded that he should be smitten on the mouth; and the chief captain in the Temple, who asked him whether he were not "that Egyptian" which had made an uproar, "and led out into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers;" and Tertullus, who found him "a pestilent fellow and a mover of sedition;" and Felix, who pretended to respect him, in order that he might get money from him as the price of setting him at liberty. From the time of his conversion, when his enemies laid wait to kill him in Damascus, until he was martyred at Rome, Paul's whole life was, in a very serious sense, a fighting with beasts.

Many of those beasts were heathens; but some were Jews and some were Christians. When we consider what heathenism was, when we allow ourselves to think of its extreme filthiness, we can well understand that, in arguing and expostulating with pagan priests and other supporters of idolatry, Paul had to deal with very beastly people and very beastly principles. As to the Jews, he does not hesitate to speak of some of them

on this wise—"Beware of dogs" (Phil. iii. 2). Possibly we are not correct in supposing that in these words he speaks of Jews; but, be this as it may, the Jews were everywhere dogs in their treatment of him; snarling, barking, biting; indeed the wildest and worst of all the beasts he had to fight with were his own misguided countrymen. But there were beasts in the Church too; Christian beasts; at any rate, beasts professing to be Christians. One, for instance, in the Corinthian Church; you may read of him (1 Cor. v.), and that beast was not alone; there were others in the Church who excused him, or, rather, quite approved of his conduct. There would seem to have been some beastly Christians in Crete, for Paul, approving the testimony of one who had said, "The Cretians are always . . . evil beasts," says to Titus, "Wherefore rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith." There were Christians of another stamp who, though, perhaps, not guilty of gross immorality, were as bad as wild beasts to Paul; those who in his absence slandered him, denied his apostleship, tried to undermine his authority and to destroy his work. What beasts those fellows were who said "his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible;" and those who, at Rome, "preached Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds." Both in the Church and in the world, Paul had to deal with many exceedingly nasty people, brutal in their feelings and brutal in their ways, and almost everywhere he was compelled to fight with beasts.

Similar, in some measure, is the conflict in which we all have to take part. The Christian life is often described as a fight; it were not incorrect to describe it more particularly as a fight with beasts. Some may say that it is very uncharitable and un-Christian thus to speak of our fellow-men; but we are much mistaken

if those who say this do not think with us, and sometimes speak after the same manner. Who has hesitated, of late, to call the Turks and Bashi-Bazouks beasts? Nay, who has not said, over and over again, that these creatures, or many of them, are far worse than any beasts? The use of such language is an honest way of expressing a just indignation and a well-merited contempt, and there are some men whom the meekest, mildest, and most smooth-tongued person will, on occasion, denominate beasts. And for such honest expression of what we feel, we have the high authority of Him who, though He is the greatest friend of man, and of the worst of men, called some with whom He had to do serpents, vipers, wolves in sheep's clothing. And, take the Scriptures through, you find that roaring lions, and ranging bears, and bellowing bulls, and filthy swine, and carrion-loving vultures, and stinging scorpions are spoken of as the emblems of wicked men. We must not, for a mealy-mouthed charity or a namby-pamby refinement sacrifice truth; and some people are most truthfully described when, not altogether denying their human nature, we speak of them as beasts.

Try to abate any vice, and you will soon know by experience that there is still such a thing as fighting with beasts. Advocate, zealously advocate peace, temperance, purity, and the beasts that are interested in war, in drunkenness, and in debauchery, will instantly rage and roar against you. Throw yourself into any cause that is not popular, and the beasts will come, and, according to their respective natures, they will come cackling, or hissing, or howling, or barking, or biting. In every contested election there is a good deal of fighting with beasts; so much of it, indeed, that men of sense who wish to keep clear of the claws of one, the teeth of another, and the dirt that stands thick upon a third, hesitate about going into the conflict at

all, and so, in many cases, the beasts contrive to elect one of themselves. And as it was in St. Paul's time, so now; some of the beasts infest the Church, while others prowl about in the world. Any great ecclesiastical agitation discovers the fact that there are beasts in the Church. In what Church? asks one. In all sorts of Churches,—is our reply. Men, as crooked in their goings as a serpent, as unpleasant in their manners as a pig, as little to be trusted as a fox in a poultry-yard. It is often with great care and management that a Church congress, union, meeting of any sort, in which discussion takes place is kept from being a perfect bear-garden. However, we are improving. There is more kindness, at any rate more courtesy, than there was in former days; and there is, perhaps, a little more tolerance in regard to expression of opinion. Controversy is not quite so fierce as it used to be; Orangemen and their old adversaries growl at each other's processions, but don't often break each other's heads; and generally there is more of barking than of biting between Churchmen and Dissenters, and between the various sects of each. Nevertheless, we are bound in all honesty to say that we have ourselves, within a very recent date, witnessed some scenes of Church life, and had others credibly reported to us, which called to our minds the Apostle's words, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus." Well, God speed the time when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together." All these creatures are to be found in Churches, but they are not always on such pleasant terms as those described by the prophet.

Fighting with beasts. Well, and what if the worst beast a man has to fight with should prove to be himself? Worst or not, if there be anything of the beast in him, it is more dangerous to him than any

such properties in others. Others he may shun, but he is always his own companion. While claiming the right, in the interests of truth, to denounce some people as beasts, we admit that this right is often far too freely used; and it may tend to moderate the use of it if every man will first think of what he is himself. The Psalmist makes a humiliating, but honest, confession when he says—"So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before Thee." Well, there is an example of frankness which we shall do well to follow. God forbid that we should fall into the miserable cant of calling ourselves "worms" because we think it the pious thing to say. We may, indeed, be far worse than worms, which are not always very hurtful creatures. What is there in us that merits to be classed with the characteristics of animals, and animals of the more unpleasant and injurious sort? There is many a man who, on carefully studying himself, would find in his heart a whole menagerie of noxious creatures. We shall all find some such in our hearts, and the discovery ought to make us charitable, ought to make us careful how we speak of other people as beasts, for "they who live in glass houses," &c. And, as to the fighting with beasts, let each man fight with the brutishness, be it much or little, that he knows exists in his own thoughts, feelings, and habits; that so he may really be a man and not a monster; a man in all his mind, in all his heart, in all his speech, in all his ways; the last vestige of the brutal having been removed by the holy discipline of truth and grace.

XII. GOD'S HUSBANDRY.—According to an old proverb, "good husbandry is not bad Divinity;" and, certainly, if we take the word husbandry in its old-fashioned sense, as denoting the art of farming, and if, in farming, we include the planting of trees as well as the tilling of

the ground for the purpose of raising crops of corn, the resemblances borne by husbandry to Divinity are both numerous and striking. The Scriptures of both the Old Testament and the New abound with illustrations of religious truth drawn from the manifold processes of husbandry. Israel is a vine which God brought out of Egypt and planted in Canaan, where it took deep root and filled the land, sending its boughs unto the sea and its branches unto the river. The Messiah is spoken of in prophecy as a rod springing from the stem of Jesse. The glory of the Kingdom of God on the earth is set forth in such words as these, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Undoubtedly the most instructive and, in all respects, the finest of these similitudes is that furnished by our Lord's great parable of the sower; another, scarcely inferior, we find in the parable of the tares; and the labourers in the vineyard, the wicked husbandmen, the barren fig-tree, and the true vine are so many varieties of the same similitude. John the Baptist, demanding fruits meet for repentance, speaking of the axe as laid at the root of the tree, describing the Christ as one whose fan is in his hand to winnow the corn, and who will gather his wheat into his garner, and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire, adopts the same line of illustration.

We are now concerned with St. Paul's use of this class of parable, and we find that he frequently resorts to it. The Apostle makes the most general allusion to this similitude between the natural and the spiritual in 1 Cor. iii. 9—"Ye are God's husbandry." To read the passage aright the emphasis must be laid upon the word God's. The Apostle is rebuking the factious spirit of the Corinthian Christians. They gloried in men; one said, I am of-Paul, and another, I am of Apollos. Each party sounded the praises of its favourite minister, and

that rather to the disparagement of the minister chiefly favoured by the other set. Some considered their conversion due to this teacher, others ascribed their conversion to that teacher. The Apostle sweeps away all such partiality and all such foolish magnifying of teachers, their office and their work, by reminding the Corinthians of all parties that, if they be converted, God has converted them, that the work is His, that the thanks and the praise are due to Him. "We" (ministers) "are labourers together with God." "Who then is Paul and who is Apollos, but ministers" (servants) "by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." "Ye are GOD'S husbandry;" not ours, except in this very limited and subordinate sense, that we are God's ploughmen, God's farm-servants; but the field is His, the seed is His, the weather is of His sending, and to Him, and to Him alone, belongs every sheaf, every grain, of the increase. Thus the whole Church of Christ is represented as God's farm, in the cultivation of which He employs as His servants all ministers of the Gospel. And from this representation ministers of the Gospel may learn something as to their position and their work. They are God's farm-servants, and they are to till the farm, not according to their own fancies, but according to their Master's instructions. They are not even bailiffs, they are only labourers. Farm-servants; agricultural labourers! Yes! cries some discontented minister—yes, and the resemblance holds good in more respects than one. No class of men is so badly paid as the agricultural labourer. Well, such it must be confessed is the fact; and let those who think of entering the ministry face the fact, and either accept the service, poorly paid as it is, or seek some other and more remunerative occupa-

tion; but no man should ever enter this service without a strong and cheerful faith in the righteousness and kindness of his Master, in the assurance that He has in store, for every diligent servant, a far greater reward than the richest benefice on earth, to be given, not grudgingly, but right willingly, when the day's work is done.—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And let these farm-labourers respect each other and each other's work. "I have planted, Apollos watered." Paul does not deny the right of Apollos to engage in the work, neither does he claim any superiority for himself and for his department of the service. Too often God's labourers are given to wrangling. Some would fain drive others out of the field, using the tools given them for the work (the talents wherewith they are endowed) not in hedging and ditching, in reaping and thrashing, so much as in attacking one another; one saying to his fellow-servant—"The Master never hired you;" and he replying—"If He hired you He made a great mistake, for you know no more about the work than a horse knows of great circle sailing." Thus, if they dig, they dig at each other; if they cut, they cut each other; if they thrash, they thrash each other. Farm-labourers are not the most intelligent class of men, are often considered rather stupid; possibly in this, as well as in the matter of wages, the analogy holds good.

By means of a parable or similitude drawn from a certain department of husbandry, Paul illustrates the union of the Gentiles with the Jews in the Christian Church. "If some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive tree, wert graffed in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive tree" (Rom. xi. 17). In the apostolic age it was very difficult to persuade the Jewish Christians that Gentiles could have any part or lot with them in the blessings of salvation; now the case is reversed, for, on the part of Gentile Christians, there is a widely-spread

incredulity as to the possibility of a Jew's conversion to Christianity; and we are too apt to forget that Christianity did not originate with us, and that the most ancient of Gentile Churches were but wild olive branches graffed into the old Jewish stem. But the Apostle rebukes this prejudice against the Jews. "They also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be graffed in; for God is able to graff them in again. For if thou wert cut out of the olive tree which is wild by nature, and wert graffed, contrary to nature, into a good olive tree: how much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be graffed into their own olive tree? For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits." Those natural branches still exist, as distinct as ever from the rest of mankind; reserved, in their distinctness, miraculously so reserved, "until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel shall be saved."

The Apostle finds in husbandry, at any rate, in a matter near akin to husbandry, an illustration of the Christian's steadfastness in Christ. "Rooted and built up in Him" (Col. ii. 7). Here we have two metaphors. In the former the believer is represented by a tree, in the latter, by a building. It is with the former that we are now concerned. "Rooted in Him." As when a tree strikes its roots deep into the earth and becomes firmly fixed and established, so that, let the storms blow and rage with ever such violence, it stands unmoved from year to year, and from age to age; thus the believer has the roots of his faith, and hope, and love deeply fixed in Christ, in His power, wisdom, righteousness, and mercy, and so abides, unshaken amid all the winds of doctrine, and gusts of opinion, and tempests of persecution that overthrow so many whose religion is nothing but a formal profession or a feeble sentiment.

Agriculture furnishes Paul with a fine emblem of the effects that inevitably result from the course of conduct

that a man chooses to pursue. "Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7). THAT in quality—"For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting" (Gal. vi. 8). THAT also in quantity, or rather in proportion—"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully" (2 Cor. ix. 6). The present life is the seed time, the life to come will be the harvest. Be a man good or bad, he is sowing for that harvest; be he the busiest of the busy, or the idlest of the idle, he is sowing, sowing, sowing, day after day, thought, words, deeds that will come up again and be what, in joy or sorrow, he must one day reap. This is a view of life worthy of consideration. It goes far towards explaining what otherwise is so painfully perplexing, the present prosperity of so many bad men, and the present adversity of so many of the best. We must wait until the harvest ere we can know whether a man has spent his life to his advantage or to his ruin. And from this parable let us take encouragement and "not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9). But, indeed, there is some reaping in this life. There are first-fruits both of good and evil; the former to cheer and encourage those who do well, the latter to warn such as do ill and turn them, if they will be turned, to a better course. And the harvest will be, neither in quantity nor in quality, the same to all. The man who defers sowing to the Spirit until late in life has no reason to expect so great a harvest of gladness and glory as he who betimes begins to sow that which at last will yield the rich return. And yet time does not exactly measure the result. One man may be a Christian for fifty years and sow less of good than another sows in as many weeks or even in as many

days. There are some old Christians whose reflections cannot be very comforting as they think how sparingly they have sown those seeds of truth that have been committed to them. "Behold, a sower went forth to sow." We may say of many a professing Christian—Behold, a man who ought to go forth to sow, but stays at home and keeps the seed corn in the sack, making no use of it at all.

Perhaps the best, the most practical of all the Apostle's applications of the parable founded on husbandry, is that in which he speaks of Christian life and character as fruit. In several instances he thus applies this figure of speech; but one may suffice. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. v. 22, 23). Nine eminent virtues, each of which is well worthy of separate consideration; and yet the Apostle does not call them the fruits, but the fruit of the Spirit; indicating that, not one, or two, or three of these graces distinguish him in whose heart the Spirit dwells and works, but that they are all to be found in such a man; all, from love the first, to temperance the last; so that no Christian ought to feel satisfied, but much dissatisfied, if, however conscious of the existence, and abundant existence, in his character of this or that virtue, he has reason to know that any one of them is absent or but sparingly produced. "The field is the world," but man is a world in himself; and we may say the field is the man, or the field is the human heart, in which, if the Spirit sow the word, this fruit, all of it, will spring forth to the Christian's great happiness and to God's great glory. "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples." And now, in the face of Paul's description of the fruit of the Spirit, how do we feel as we think of Christ's great rule—"Ye shall know them by their fruits?"

THE WHOLESOME WORDS OF JESUS CHRIST.

I. CONCERNING GOD (1).—I confess that the title of this series of short addresses is not altogether what I could wish it to be; for it seems to imply that I do not consider all the words of Jesus wholesome, and that I have the presumption to select from them such as I think worthy of being so called. I beg to assure you that nothing could be further from my intention than such a thought. Not one word spoken by Him and recorded in the Gospel do I consider other than wholesome, and wholesome in a high degree. Our title is based upon the following passage—"If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even to the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness." St. Paul declares all the words of Jesus to be wholesome; and what he says we mean; but, for the sake of brevity, we give our title in this form.

To no man's words can greater praise be given than that which is conveyed by this word wholesome. Health, using the word in its broadest sense, is the greatest of all blessings, and that which is wholesome is that which gives, improves, and preserves health; this is precisely what the words of Jesus do, and of all words, the words that do this are the best. To be wholesome, words ought to be plain and such as all people, or as many people as possible, can understand; and they ought to be brief, so that men may not be wearied by too large a demand made upon their time; they should also be instructive, giving information concerning all that pertains to the health they are intended to promote; and faithful, warning men against all deceptions, giving them notice of all dangers, free from flattery, stating with

perfect honesty and fearlessness all the facts of the case; it is well also that wholesome words should be of an encouraging character, such as shall abate men's fears and raise their hopes, drive away their sorrows and fill them with joy. In all these respects the words of Jesus are wholesome. For plainness, they are, generally, such as most people can understand sufficiently for all practical purposes; their brevity is such that every one of them can be read in a few hours; their instructiveness is so great as to have taught the world more important truth than it has gathered from all other sources; as to their faithfulness, though they are not faithful to a fault, they are faithful enough to give no small measure of offence to people who do not like to be told of their duties and their sins; and, if wholesome words ought to be words of encouragement, the greater part of the words of Jesus are of this character; indeed, one great design of all His words is to make us glad. In one way or in another, all His words are wholesome, and not the least so, those that we are most loath to accept, those that require of us that which we are most unwilling to do.

I admit that there are some of His words that have not a very wholesome appearance. "Take no thought for the morrow;" "if thy eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee;" "sell that thou hast and give to the poor;" "if any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." The wholesomeness of these words is not very clear, and others might be quoted to which the same remark applies. Often as we read His discourses we are compelled to exclaim, with some who heard Him,—"This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" Of some of His words the truthfulness, of some the wisdom, of some the morality, may seem doubtful. But a careful,

intelligent, and honest examination makes all plain, and justifies us in pronouncing such words, all of them, as thoroughly wholesome as any others that He spake.

The words of Jesus, though far fewer than those of most other teachers, refer to a great variety of subjects, Divine and human, heavenly and earthly, spiritual and temporal; and, to begin with, I shall on this occasion notice some of His

Wholesome words concerning GOD.

Of such words the world stood much in need when Jesus was on earth, and it stands much in need of them still. Looking back to the ideas which, in His day, men formed of God, we find that the Jews, though favoured with the Old Testament Scriptures, held many incorrect opinions in regard to the God whom they worshipped, whom, one might say, as Paul said of the Athenians, they ignorantly worshipped. They would seem to have read to very little purpose those portions of their scriptures which set forth the goodness and mercy of God. They believed that while He regarded them with great favour, He looked upon all the rest of mankind with indifference or with hatred. Poor also must have been their idea of God's wisdom, when they thought to please Him by paying tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, while they "omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith;" and small their idea of His righteousness, when they thought such trash as their righteousness would be acceptable to Him. As to the heathen of that time, St. Paul tells us what their conceptions of the Divine Being were,—"Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts and creeping things." Where Christ is unknown the world's ideas of God have undergone but little change. But even among Christian

people there is need of some better thoughts of God than are commonly entertained. Due honour is not paid by all Christians to His wisdom, righteousness, and love. Many think that He is greatly pleased with their fantastic ceremonies, that He is highly gratified by their ascetic practices, that He delights in inflicting torment upon those who do not obey Him. There is a good deal of Moloch and Baal in the God of many Christians; of those, for example, who hold that if a man do not believe every item in the Athanasian creed "he shall without doubt perish everlastingly;" of those who believe that out of their Church there is no salvation; of those who teach that infants, dying unbaptized, are, for the sin of Adam, punished with eternal misery in hell. Such thoughts of God have proved anything but wholesome. It is vain to assert that they have produced a wholesome dread of sin; or, admitting that, in some cases and on some natures, they have had an effect similar to that which the fear of the gallows sometimes has upon a scoundrel, is there any moral value in such fear?—is the man whom it possibly restrains from crime, himself any the more deserving of respect? But these atrocious ideas of God have been, to a large extent, unwholesome. Believed as they were by all professors of Christianity in former times, they formed the ground of persecution. It is no wonder that, by killing their fellow creatures, men thought they did service to a God who, they believed, did something to them compared with which death is an unspeakable mercy. The justification of persecution is this, and, with such a belief in God as we have described, the justification is one the logicalness of which it would be hard to disprove, that, since the teaching of error may lead to men's eternal torment, no man ought to be permitted to teach anything contrary to the orthodox faith. Such, in times past, were the results of these unwholesome thoughts

of God, and such indeed, in some parts of the world, they are still. And now what is the state of the case? It is this, that thousands and tens of thousands of men, whose intellects and consciences cannot possibly accept these notions, conceiving that they are elements of Christian doctrine, repudiate Christianity altogether; and the unwholesomeness of such teaching may be seen, aye, and must be seen, in a widely spreading infidelity; and not only so—the unbelief in this teaching goes so far, that multitudes of professors of religion joke about the eternal tortures of hell, and thus another unwholesome result of these ideas is a gigantic hypocrisy.

Much need is there of better thoughts concerning God, and such thoughts we have in the wholesome words of Jesus Christ. Against the foolish and unworthy thought of God's being pleased with a worship made up of ceremonial, more willing to hear prayer when it is accompanied with the burning of incense than when this ceremony is omitted, more gratified by praise when sung by people in white surplices than by people in common attire, more ready to meet with men and bless them in a consecrated than in an unconsecrated building, against this mischievous nonsense we place these wholesome words of Jesus Christ—"God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." This is a wholesome word; simplifying, purifying, elevating the whole tone of religious worship. And what do the words of Jesus say, as against those ideas of God which ascribe to Him such injustice and severity as to make Him a grisly terror? If it be not upon record that Jesus uttered exactly those blessed words, "God is love," it is He who taught His beloved disciple so to write; this great lesson John learned from Him. And Jesus says substantially the same thing in that wholesome word—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth

in Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life." "Whosoever believeth in Him;"—it is verily a wholesome word for each and all, from the best to the worst; health to the sick, life to the dead, is in this wholesome word. But, of all His words concerning God, the best is that which was so often on His lips, and by which He taught us to call God our Father; a name not altogether unknown in the Old Testament Scriptures, yet of rare occurrence there. This, like many other truths, rather dimly made known by Moses and the prophets, Jesus brought fully to light. He seldom speaks of God by any other name; He speaks of Him not only as His Father, but as ours also, that so we might have all confidence in His loving kindness and tenderness, and render Him a service, not of slavish fear, but of filial love. Once more, to select another from Christ's many wholesome words concerning God, He says, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." And so we are to regard Him as "the express image of His (the Father's) Person." Such as Christ is, such is the Father. And what is Christ? Of all that ever lived on earth the gentlest, the kindest, the most patient, the most forgiving; pitying, helping, healing, comforting; denying Himself, sacrificing Himself, for a sinful and miserable world. And "he that hath seen Him hath seen the Father." "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." He has shown us the Father and it does suffice us; so suffice us that it ought to correct and utterly dispel those hard, unjust, and shameful thoughts of God which have been so prevalent. Surely any man who meditates upon this wholesome word, "he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," must feel that to think of God as a sort of Moloch or Baal is a most abominable error, and an error for which, with Christ before us as "the image of God," there is no excuse.

The words of Jesus concerning God are wholesome

words; fitted to induce belief in God, and not to drive men into infidelity; fitted to attract men to God, and not to repel them from Him; fitted to inspire confidence in God and love to Him, and reverence for Him, instead of making Him an object of terror and of hatred; fitted to heal every wounded spirit, to relieve every burdened conscience, to comfort every sorrowful heart. The words that can do all this, and, on the testimony of millions of men, have done it, must be, in the truest and highest sense, "WHOLESOME WORDS."

II. CONCERNING GOD (2).—In the first of these series of addresses I noticed some of the wholesome words in which our Saviour makes known the character of God; words that ought to correct many unwholesome ideas that men have formed of God. But the words of Jesus, to which I drew attention in that address, would of themselves give a partial, one-sided, and unjust impression of the Divine character. I referred chiefly to what our Lord says concerning the Love of God. Now, wholesome as those words are, it is possible to put them to an unwholesome use, possible for a man to encourage himself in evil by the consideration that "God is Love." "Let us continue in sin that grace may abound;" this was an inference, drawn at a very early period, from such a view of God's character as recognised no other attribute than Love. Jesus says much concerning the Love of God; He says quite as much about His Righteousness.

The chief work which Christ came to do in this world was just as much the result of God's Righteousness as of His Love; and but for His Righteousness that work had been needless. Jesus came, as He Himself tells us, "to give His life a ransom for many," to shed His blood "for the remission of sins." This was the great work which the Father gave Him to do; but this work the Love of God alone could not have required of Him; it

is indeed a work that seems altogether the reverse of what might be expected from God's Love; it appears to be unjust and cruel in the highest degree. A sinless, obedient, loving Son required by His Father to die, and to die such a humiliating, bitter, horrible death. All through His life on earth that sinless, obedient, loving Son was a sufferer, although the Father could have saved Him from every kind of suffering; the only person who ever lived in the world entirely free from sin was called upon to suffer more than any other, however vile. Can this be accounted for by the fact that "God is Love?" Certainly not. The explanation of the sufferings and the death of Jesus is to be found in the Love and Righteousness of God combined; in the Love that yearned for men's salvation and the Righteousness that required an expiation of men's sins, and the cross is just as much the revelation of the latter attribute as of the former; there, if anywhere, "Mercy and Truth are met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

Concerning the Righteousness of God Jesus often speaks. There is no recorded instance of His addressing God in prayer as the merciful God; but we find Him using these expressions—"Holy Father" and "Righteous Father;" and holiness and righteousness signify one and the self-same thing. Jesus exhorts us to "seek the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness." In many of our Saviour's parables the Righteousness of God is fully as conspicuous as His Love; in some His Love is scarcely seen at all, the whole revelation being that of Righteousness. The servant was forgiven 10,000 talents; but afterwards refusing to forgive his fellow servant a debt of 100 pence, his lord revoked the favour he had conferred, "and delivered him to the tormentors until he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my Heavenly Father do also unto you, if

ye, from your hearts, forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." The husbandmen will not give the fruit of the vineyard to him who owns it. They send his servants away empty; they beat one and stone another; at last they kill his only son. "When the Lord, therefore, of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen? They say unto Him—He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard to other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their season." This reply Jesus evidently approved; for he rejoined—"Therefore I say unto you, the Kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." A certain king made a marriage for his son. The men who were invited would not go; again and again they refused, and went "one to his farm, another to his merchandise, and the remnant took his servants and entreated them spitefully and slew them. But when the king heard thereof he was wroth, and sent forth his armies and destroyed those murderers and burnt up their city." Love invites many to that feast; but Righteousness casts out one who goes without a wedding garment. The owner of the vineyard commands the barren fig-tree to be cut down that it may no longer cumber the ground; and the dresser of the vineyard begs one more year for the fruitless tree,—"and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then, after that, he shall cut it down." In all these parables God's Righteousness is quite as prominent as His Love.

"He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Is that so? Well, then, let us see Christ as He appears in some of His own parables. He is the shepherd who goes to seek and to save His lost sheep; He is the Samaritan who takes compassion upon the robbed and wounded wayfarer. But He is also the husbandman who will gather up the tares and bind them in bundles

to burn them; He is the nobleman who, going "into a far country to receive a kingdom," returns and reckons with the servants to whom he had intrusted his money, and, while rewarding those who had been faithful, condemns him who had been unfaithful; He is the lord who lends the talents, and casts the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; He is the Bridegroom who says to the foolish virgins who come to his door too late,—"Verily, I know you not." In these parables Righteousness is more conspicuous than Love. And in Christ's solemn description of the final judgment, while Love speaks loudly in—"Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," Righteousness speaks as loudly in "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." And seeing Christ we see One in whom is all Righteousness and who teaches all Righteousness, and makes large demands in regard to Righteous conduct on the part of His disciples. He tells us to follow Him; He sets Himself before us as our example; there is not a single interest of Righteousness of which He is not careful to the uttermost; His teaching bears much upon Righteousness, and such Righteousness as the world had never before known; Righteousness far excelling not only that of the Scribes and Pharisees, but even that of the law and the prophets. His practice of Righteousness was perfect; His zeal for Righteousness unbounded. No prophecy concerning Him was more clearly fulfilled than that of the Psalmist —"Thou lovest Righteousness and hatest wickedness." He that hath seen Him hath seen the Father's Righteousness no less plainly than the Father's Love.

The name by which He has taught us to address God is "Our Father." This name, pre-eminently expressive of Love, is only in a slightly inferior degree expressive

of Righteousness. There are fathers who are neither kind nor just to their children; but every name by which God's character is illustrated must be taken at its very best, must be understood as indicating its own properties in the highest degree; and a father worthy of the name is one who not only loves his children but also treats them righteously. Indeed his love, if wise, will lead him to treat them righteously. He will not spoil them with indulgence; he will not so overlook their faults as to encourage them in evil. He, more than any one else, will observe their ill-doing and correct it. Not a temper, not a word, not a habit that he disapproves will he allow to pass unnoticed or unrebuked. His great object will not be to please them, but to train them up in the way they should go; so to educate and discipline them as to secure their truest welfare and make them men and women as free from fault as he can make them. When Jesus told us to call God our Father He in effect told us to expect and submit to chastisement for our faults;—"What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" And this is the explanation, if not of all our sufferings, of most of them,—Divine Love dealing with us in Divine Righteousness. And thus do Love and Righteousness meet in the great Father-name which Christ has revealed.

The words, the many words in which, directly or indirectly, Jesus speaks of God's Righteousness are no less wholesome than those in which He speaks of God's Love. They may not be quite as pleasant to us, but they are none the less wholesome on that account; it is neither the most agreeable food, nor the least disagreeable medicine, that is always the best for us. What Jesus tells us concerning the Love of God needs to be accompanied by what He tells us of His Righteousness, in order that our boldness and confidence may be checked by reverence and godly fear. It is true that "perfect

love casteth out fear;" and, when our love is perfect, we shall be and have a right to be entirely free from fear; but, as long as our love is imperfect,—and who does not feel that it is very imperfect?—fear has its place, and its office, and its power. "He that feareth is not made perfect in love;" and, consequently, he that is not made perfect in love feareth. It is not the fear that is wrong, but the imperfectness of the love. We need to know and remember both the Love and the Righteousness of God. Were His Love alone revealed, we might think sin a matter of indifference; were His Righteousness alone proclaimed, we should feel salvation to be impossible; in the one case we should presume, in the other despair; in the one God might be regarded by us as a foolishly lenient and indulgent parent, in the other as a hard and exacting master. Let us be thankful for both the revelations which, in their combined effect, cannot but produce the happiest result, in the wholesome confidence and equally wholesome reverence which they will teach us to cherish towards our Loving and Righteous Father.

III. CONCERNING SIN.—Our Saviour's teaching concerning sind iffers very widely from that which He found current among His fellow countrymen. Many things which they regarded as grossly wicked He looked upon as harmless, and many others in which they saw or affected to see no sin at all, He pronounced to be in the highest measure offensive to God. They thought it wrong for a man, however hungry, to pluck an ear of corn and rub it between his hands on the Sabbath day; they thought it something very dreadful to sit down to meat with unwashed hands, but they seem to have thought that there was nothing wrong in pride, ostentation, anger, malice, covetousness, hypocrisy. They would not enter Pilate's judgment hall, lest they should

be defiled, yet made no scruple about falsely accusing Jesus that they might shed His innocent blood. Thus they strained out gnats and swallowed camels, and were very fain to pull the motes out of their brothers' eyes, unmindful of the beams that were in their own. These perverted, not to say inverted, ideas of sin found no favour with Jesus Christ. He ranged sins in a very different order, pronouncing those least which the Jews thought greatest, and those greatest which they thought least; and, not only so, such was His boldness that He lived in the open and constant commission of many things which His countrymen, or the religious portion of them, shrank from with perfect horror. By many He must have been regarded as a very irreligious man. Indeed they called him a Sabbath-breaker, a glutton, a drunkard; His friendliness to publicans and sinners was proof that He was no better than they; and, in short, He was so utterly abandoned to wickedness that the only way of explaining His conduct was to suppose that the devil had got entire possession of Him and driven Him mad.

Now Christ's teaching concerning sin has been before the Church and the world for many centuries, but neither the world nor the Church has fully accepted it. The old practice of straining out gnats and swallowing camels still prevails; and, if the sins which the Jews considered great have been recognised in their extreme littleness, still, those which they regarded as too small to deserve notice are looked upon very much as the Jews looked upon them in our Saviour's day; and, on the whole, sin, according to the world and according to the Church too, is more what the Scribes and Pharisees pronounced it to be than what Jesus Christ said it was.

It is very certain that to our sinless Saviour every sin must have been an object of His intense aversion; but it is instructive to observe the manner in which that aversion is expressed. In one chapter (Matt. xxiii.) we

find the expression, "Woe unto you," uttered by Jesus eight several times; but who were the persons addressed? Not the publicans nor the so-called sinners; not thieves, not drunkards, not Sabbath-breakers, not harlots; every one of those woes is denounced against the Scribes and Pharisees, who were venerated as the most pious of all men. There is much in both the words and the actions of our Lord to show that He thought far worse of the Church than of the world, of the synagogue-going, prayer-saying, twice-in-the-week-fasting folk, than of people who lived in open and undisguised wickedness. To these we find Him speaking kindly and compassionately; to the woman who was a sinner—"Thy sins are forgiven;" to the woman taken in adultery—"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more;" to Zaccheus, the chief of the publicans—"Make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house;" to the robber on the cross—"This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Gentle, forgiving, comforting words for all those whom others treated with hatred or contempt because of their gross wickedness; but, if ever Jesus speak severely, it is when addressing the flaming religionists of His day, the men who kept the Sabbath, compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, would perhaps have died rather than eat a morsel of pork, but devoured widows' houses, and, for a pretence, made long prayers.

Evidently Christ's teaching concerning sin is not of a commonplace sort. It is not a homily upon the wickedness of intemperance, fornication, theft, violence, and other vices, the sinfulness of which is commonly acknowledged; the sins most vigorously assailed by Him are of another class, of a class regarded with much indulgence by many Christians, as well as by men who make no profession of Christianity. For example, an unforgiving spirit. Of this we do not think very badly; we often

try to justify it, pleading the greatness of the provocation we have received; we have known Christian men cherish it, and cherish it for years, waiting and watching to have their revenge; such a state of mind is accounted as nothing compared with a single act of intemperance. We have never known any person excluded from a Church because of his unforgiving disposition. This hatred may be diabolical in its intensity, it may be well known, openly expressed ten thousand times, but the man retains his Church membership, and, everybody would be amazed if, for such an offence, he were excluded. And yet the parable of the unmerciful servant, and those solemn words, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you," are enough to show that, according to our Master, an unforgiving spirit, no less than the most scandalously immoral life, bars a man's admission to heaven. Take another example—Selfishness. Selfishness is a word of very large meaning, but we use it now as it is most commonly understood, as indicating an unsympathising state of mind, as describing the man who thinks only of his own welfare, and is very indifferent to the sufferings of other people. Now this is not commonly accounted sinful. A man of this character is not admired, neither is he condemned; though he may be despised, though he may be disliked, still few will say that he is a downright wicked person. Such a man is not considered unfit for Church fellowship, and no one shrinks from him as a person unfit to be associated with. If he be rich, he is much toadied to and flattered; the idea of putting him on the same level with the drunkard and the profane swearer would not be listened to for a moment. No, the enormity of this sin is not recognised as, through Christ's teaching, it ought to be. For His teaching concerning it is very decided. What was the sin of the rich man who was clothed in

purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day? It was not, so far as we know, dishonesty, nor drunkenness, nor Sabbath-breaking, nor heresy; it was just this, that he allowed the beggar to lie at his gate without rendering him the help he ought to have rendered, and for his selfishness he was damned. The well-known words (Matt. xxv. 31—46) in which Jesus describes the last judgment are worthy of careful and honest attention. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." These! Who? People who don't believe the Gospel, don't go to church or chapel, people who get drunk, people who act fraudulently in business, or people who are not sound in faith? I am not now concerned to say what becomes of such, but all that we can say of those concerning whom our Lord here speaks is that they are selfish and unkind; they may be as orthodox as St. Paul, they may be constant attendants at church, or at chapel, they may be as sober as teetotalism can make them, and perhaps they never told a lie since they were born; but they have withheld food from the hungry, drink from the thirsty, clothing from the naked, help from the sick, sympathy from the suffering; that is to say, they have not been kind, and that is positively all: no other charge is brought against them; they are selfish, and, for their selfishness, they are sent into everlasting punishment.

But according to Jesus Christ the sin of sins is hypocrisy. It was very prevalent in His time; it was, indeed, the religion of the people. Our Lord says much concerning it. He describes this hypocrite as sounding a trumpet before him when about to give alms, that hypocrite as standing to pray at the corners of the streets, a third as thanking God that he was not as other men, and telling all the people in the temple what an excellent man he was. Hypocrites paying tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and neglecting the weightier

matters of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith; hypocrites making clean the outside of the cup and the platter, which within were full of extortion and excess; hypocrites binding on men's shoulders heavy burdens and not moving them with one of their fingers; hypocrites "like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." Nothing so moved Christ's indignation as hypocrisy. The common estimate of this sin is not His. Certainly we dislike it, condemn it; but it is not so bad to us as it evidently was to Him. We are conscious of committing it, and committing it frequently. We say prayers and sing hymns that are expressive both of beliefs that we don't believe and of desires that we don't desire; we give thanks at table often without the slightest feeling of gratitude to God, but just as a matter of decent and customary form. Men will flatter those whom in their hearts they despise; and be most respectful towards those whom, when absent, they laugh to scorn or vilely abuse. And of all this we think very lightly; we do not justify it; we acknowledge that it is wrong; we are angry when we find that it is practised upon us to deceive us; but it certainly is not to us the master and monster wickedness that it was to Jesus Christ. If a man promise his neighbour the payment of what he owes him and does not keep his promise, we call him a rogue; but, however much obedience, devotion, zeal, beneficence, a man, in prayers or hymns, promises to God, we never expect the performance of such promises; we take it as quite a matter of course that they will not be performed; we should be very much astonished if any man acted fully up to what he tells God he will do. Are we not right when we say that with us hypocrisy is no sin compared with what Jesus Christ pronounced it to be?

There is a difference, then, and a very broad difference

between His teaching concerning sin and our thoughts in regard to it. His scale of sins and ours do not correspond. Sometimes a fault stands higher in our scale than in His; for example—many of our Sabbatarian scruples; for surely no one can suppose that Jesus would have reproved a man for whistling or shaving on the Sabbath; and there is another class of faults, so called, which probably are greater in our estimation than in His, to wit—errors in religious belief. Most Christians having adopted the notion that error is and always is sin, doctrinal faults have been enormously magnified, while those relating to morality have been proportionally slighted, until error concerning the nature of original sin is, with some, more serious than almost any fault in the form of actual sin. There are evils of which we think more than Jesus thought, but others, and they the greater and the greatest, of which we think far less. Sibboleth instead of Shibboleth is dreadful; but hatred instead of love, covetousness instead of generosity, hypocrisy instead of sincerity, are hardly worth taking any account of, and one ounce of heresy is worse than ten tons of uncharitableness.

We leave it to our readers to judge for themselves which are the wholesome and which the unwholesome words concerning sin—Christ's or ours?—and by ours we mean those words concerning sin that are current in the world and in the Church. Our conviction is that the more we reflect upon man's words concerning sin the more unwholesome they prove to be. They often fanatically and unjustly and cruelly condemn what is perfectly harmless, and still oftener approve or apologise for what is wicked and injurious. Man's words concerning sin have little power to make us WHOLE; they may heal, or slightly heal, many wounds, but leave others, and those the most dangerous, altogether uncured. How can a man be pronounced *healed* and *whole* if, though

not intemperate, nor profane; nor dishonest, nor impure, he is malignant, selfish, hypocritical? On the other hand, the words of Jesus concerning this subject are such as, if accepted and obeyed, must produce a thoroughly healthy tone of thought and feeling. Other teachers seek to save us from some sins, and they perhaps not the worst, the purpose Jesus has in view is to save us from sin of every sort and in every degree. One word spoken by Jesus and having reference to sin must not be forgotten; it is more memorable than any other: "He took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying—Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins." This is surely the wholesomest of all His words concerning sin; it is the word which, more than any other, expresses its exceeding sinfulness, and, more than any other, appeals to us to abhor and to forsake it. But more of this in our next address, in which we shall treat of our Lord's wholesome words concerning Forgiveness.

IV. CONCERNING FORGIVENESS (1).—Forgiveness is a subject to which our Lord frequently refers. This is what we have good reason to expect. He came to "save His people from their sins;" and, while forgiveness is by no means the whole of salvation from sin, there certainly can be no such salvation without it. To very little purpose had Jesus given us good advice and set us a good example, so directing us in the path of duty, if He had been silent in regard to the sins we have committed and to the question of their forgiveness. A man can have little heart to do right, unless he has some assurance of the pardon of the wrong that he has done. The name Jesus would be altogether a mistake, and the Gospel would be utterly unworthy of being so called, if the forgiveness of sin were not one of the

chief themes treated of in Christ's discourses; and we accordingly find that He has much to say upon it. But He speaks not only of God's forgiving us, He speaks, perhaps quite as much, of our forgiving one another; and what He says upon both these forgivenesses is thoroughly wholesome.

He tells us that God's forgiveness of sin is a very full forgiveness. This is well illustrated in the parable of the Unmerciful Servant, which, by the way, might just as fittingly be called the parable of the Merciful King. "One was brought unto him which owed him 10,000 talents;" an enormous sum of money, equal to about two millions sterling; and that great debt was all forgiven. Such is the right royal scale upon which, according to Jesus Christ, God forgives sin. Our Lord names as large a sum as one man could under any circumstances be supposed to owe to another, that so we might have a large idea of God's forgiving grace, and be encouraged to believe that in that grace there is forgiveness for us, and for the very worst of men. "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men;" this statement is followed by an awful exception, "the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven." These words have been to many a source of great alarm. Bunyan, speaking of them in his "Grace Abounding," says—"they did more afflict and terrify my mind than an army of ten thousand men that might have come against me." But this one unforgivable sin is, we think, so defined that we may know whether we have committed it or not. Our Lord spoke thus—"because they said, He hath an unclean spirit;" they ascribed His miracles to the devil; they said, "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils"; that was the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. Why this sin should be made an exception is an impenetrable

mystery; but he who, whatever his wrong doing, knows that he has not ascribed the wonderful works wrought by Jesus to the devil's power, has no reason to fear that he has committed the unpardonable sin. The full discussion of this subject would occupy much more space than in this address can be given to it; but, solemnly recognising that one sin for which there is no forgiveness, let us be thankful for Christ's words, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." This dreadful but, thank God, solitary exception made, what remains? why every other enormity of sin against God and man; every vice and every crime of which man or woman can be guilty; no deed of dishonesty, sensuality, or cruelty is excepted; monsters of wickedness, from whom we shrink with fear and loathing, creatures whom we imprison for life or hang out of the way, there is not one of them whose evil doing is such as to put them beyond the range of God's forgiving mercy. And the Divine forgiveness declared by Christ is a very free forgiveness. "Have patience with me and I will pay thee all," cried the servant who owed the 10,000 talents; and probably he might have paid something; when he, his wife, and his children, and all that he had were sold, there might have been some assets worth having; but his master loosed him, and forgave him the debt; he did not say, I will have patience with thee, but he said—I will have mercy on thee, I will not ask thee to pay me all, I will not ask thee to pay me anything, I forgive thee the debt even to its last farthing. A free forgiveness. The Publican in the parable made no promise to fast twice in the week, to pay tithes of all that he possessed, or to do anything else wherewith to merit, in whole or in part, the forgiveness he so earnestly desired; but he smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and went down to his house justified; freely

forgiven. The returning Prodigal intended to say to his Father—"Make me as one of thy hired servants;" intended, by working in the field as a common labourer, to earn his father's forgiveness; but before he had time to utter these words he received such a welcome as assured him there was no need for such an arrangement; he was freely forgiven.

We must by no means overlook what Jesus says of Himself in relation to the forgiveness of sin. He did not come merely to declare it, as prophets had done before Him, and as apostles did after Him; He was a preacher of forgiveness, but He was much more. From both prophets and apostles abundant testimony might be quoted concerning His part and place in regard to forgiveness; but we confine ourselves to His own words, which clearly indicate His having come to obtain as well as to declare the forgiveness of our sins. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." "The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." "I lay down my life for the sheep." "Thus it behoved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations." Certainly our Lord's allusions to the connection between His sufferings and our forgiveness are not numerous; He said comparatively little about it because His disciples were then scarcely able to understand such doctrine; but afterwards, when the Holy Spirit had guided them unto all the truth, they very clearly saw the design of their Master's death, and declared it to be the propitiation for the sins of the whole world. But not to enter upon their explanations of the death of Jesus in relation to the forgiveness of sin, His own words upon the subject,

though few, plainly indicate that such a relation exists. Theologians, however, seem to have gone beyond the record in some of the doctrines which they have drawn from our Lord's words, and from those of the apostles bearing upon this subject. It has been asserted, and we may say that it has become a very commonly accepted belief, that Jesus, in His sufferings and death, endured, in a concentrated form, the exact equivalent of what the whole world, or, if not the whole world, all the saved, must otherwise have endured as the punishment of their sins. Now it certainly is very difficult to imagine, in the sufferings of Christ, such a concentration of suffering as should be equivalent to all the punishment due to the sins either of the world or of the saved, especially if that punishment be, as our Lord Himself declares it to be, "everlasting." There is one element, and, as we conceive, one of the most torturing and terrible of all the elements of punishment for sin which most certainly Jesus did not endure, and that is, remorse of conscience; there is another fearful element of the final punishment of sin which Jesus did not experience, namely, utter and absolute despair. May we not also well believe that one of the bitterest miseries in the cup of punishment for sin is hatred of God and all goodness? There is nothing of this in the sufferings of Christ. Indeed, the chief punishment of sin is sin itself; of this there was nothing in the Holy, Harmless, Undefiled One who suffered on the Cross. To say that Jesus bore the punishment of our sins, or an equivalent thereto, is to use unguarded and unscriptural language. He bore our sins and suffered for our sins; but we are not justified in saying that He endured, either more, or less, or other than what, apart from His death, we must have suffered. The words of our Lord and those of His apostles warrant us in believing that God would not, and in righteousness could not, forgive sin without

a signal manifestation of its awful character and of its due desert; and the sufferings of Christ were that manifestation; a free forgiveness; yet not so free as to allow us to suppose that sin is a trifling affair, that God takes very little notice of it, and that we may commit it with impunity. We heartily believe in the doctrine of substitution, but we do demur to the doctrine of equivalent suffering, as one neither taught by Scripture nor consonant with fact; we believe that Christ suffered for us, yet that what He suffered was, neither in kind nor in degree, what the world must but for Him have suffered, but just what God in His wisdom and righteousness judged fitting in order that the world might know the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

Our Lord speaks not only of God's forgiving us, but also of our forgiving one another. His wholesome words on this topic I defer to our next.

V. CONCERNING FORGIVENESS (2).—Our Saviour very distinctly sets before us God's forgiveness of our sins as the great example to be followed by us in dealing with our neighbour's trespasses against us. It is very possible, as the parable shows, that he whose master has remitted the debt of ten thousand talents may be of so unforgiving a disposition as to seize his fellow-servant by the throat with the demand—pay me those 100 pence that thou owest me; but all who read the parable feel the monstrousness of such conduct, and fully approve of the withdrawment from such a wretch of the favour that had been conferred upon him. The lesson of the parable, one of its lessons at any rate, is this—in thy treatment of thy neighbour remember and imitate God's merciful treatment of thyself; thy neighbour's trespass against thee, however great, is, in comparison with thine against God, no more than 100 pence to 10,000 talents; have patience with him; nay, more, have mercy on him

and forgive him the debt. You believe that you are forgiven and yet you won't forgive! Then your belief in your forgiveness is a mistake; "for if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses;" and you know, your conscience and your common sense tell you, that this is perfectly reasonable and fair. I have spoken of God's forgiveness as free; yet here is a limitation of its freeness; here is a condition apart from compliance with which, say what we will of the mercy of God and of the atoning sufferings of Christ, there is no forgiveness, no more than if we were guilty of the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. We are even forbidden to ask forgiveness in prayer excepting on this distinct understanding, "as we forgive them that trespass against us." In prayer, perhaps in private prayer, certainly in public prayer, this is too much forgotten. Twenty times over you may hear prayer for forgiveness without any reference to this condition for once in which it is mentioned; and so this clause, "as we forgive them that trespass against us," is well nigh lost sight of; but there it stands for ever in those words in which Jesus teaches us how to pray. And He has much more to tell us on the same subject. Peter said to Him—"Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven." "If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and, if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him." In other words, our forgiveness of our neighbour is to be as full and as free as God's forgiveness of us. This is our pattern, as St. Paul reminds us, "Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

There is yet another kind of forgiveness of which Jesus speaks. On a certain occasion He said to the Apostle Peter—"Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven" (Matt. xvi. 19). On another occasion He said the same words to His disciples (Matt. xviii. 18). There is nothing in the latter passage and its context to show that the words were addressed only to the twelve. In a third instance we find our Lord speaking after the same manner. On the day of His resurrection, "when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, ... came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them . . . . Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained" (John xx. 23). There, again, the persons addressed were not the apostles alone, but the disciples; the disciples then in Jerusalem; we may suppose, with probability, the greater part of the one hundred and twenty who met together on the day of Pentecost; the disciples—it is impossible to limit the word to the apostles. And, therefore, it fares badly with the supremacy claimed for Peter; he is placed on the same level with his brethren; and it fares just as badly with the claims put forth for apostolic succession, or for any priesthood, clergy, ministry, or other particular order of Christians, as endowed with any special power or authority to remit or to retain sins. There is as good reason for supposing that Jesus thus spoke to Mary Magdalene as that He thus spoke to St. John. If there were any Christian of that time who was not thus addressed, and to whom this authority was not given, that Christian was an apostle,—Thomas, who was not present on the occasion. Finding these words spoken to the disciples, without the slightest hint of their being intended for the apostles any more than for the rest,

we must surely understand them as addressed to the whole Christian Church, ministers and people alike, and equally having this authority given to them. I take the words in a simply and purely declaratory sense. Thus they are taken in "the absolution" of the English Prayer Book. He "hath given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins." I would venture to make this alteration—He hath given power and commandment to His people to declare and pronounce to all men, being penitent, the absolution and remission of their sins;—and so I believe we should express what Jesus meant in the words that He addressed to His disciples on the day of His resurrection. Let it be particularly observed that, just before our Lord thus spoke to the disciples, "He breathed on them and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." It is, therefore, only as the Holy Ghost is received by minister or layman, by man or woman, that this authority is bestowed; but let the Holy Ghost be received by minister or layman, by man or woman, and the sin remitting and sin retaining power is conferred. But to what does the power amount? To this—a declaration of the forgiveness or non-forgiveness of sins; and this declaration is made whensoever the Gospel is preached. Let any Christian say to his neighbours, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," and he declares the remission of his penitent neighbour's sins; let him say—"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him," this is a declaration of the non-forgiveness of his impenitent neighbour's sins. In short, the words recorded by St. John, as addressed to the disciples on the day of the resurrection, are just equivalent to those recorded by St. Mark as addressed to the eleven, shortly before our Lord's ascension,—"Go ye into all the world and preach

the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

"Whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted, and whose soever sins ye retain they are retained." These are the only words of Christ concerning forgiveness, the wholesomeness of which seems doubtful. Confessedly a very unwholesome use has been made of them in the interests of priestcraft, and the authority intended, as I believe, for all Christians has been usurped by a class and made an engine of superstition and a source of sordid gain. But "where the bee sucks honey the spider sucks poison." These words, rightly understood, are not unwholesome. It is for the comfort of every penitent, inquiring, anxious soul that there should be those well-instructed and well-experienced Christians, whether ministers or laymen, who, without being presumptuous, can pronounce a careful and sound judgment as to his state of mind; and equally, for the guidance and safety of men apt to deceive themselves, that such well-instructed and experienced Christians should, without bigotry and uncharitableness, faithfully point out the fact that they are deceiving themselves and fancying that their sins are forgiven when they are not. This declarative authority, well guarded against abuse, is in a high degree wholesome, and indeed is essential as a part of that capacity of judging in spiritual things which the Church of Christ really must possess if it is to have any of that "discernment of spirits" without which all would be confusion, and the kingdom of God could have no distinctly manifest existence. Concerning the wholesomeness of the words of Christ relating to God's forgiveness of us and our forgiveness of one another, I think little needs to be said. His words concerning God's full and free forgiveness of sin and concerning His own sufferings for our sin are wholesome, putting

heart and hope into us, causing us to see the awful nature of sin, and tending to make us hate and shun it with all our souls; and very wholesome also are these words in this respect, that they cannot fail, when believed in, to cherish in our hearts such love to God as no other doctrine can inspire; while the words of Jesus upon our forgiveness of one another are words which, in proportion as we allow them to influence us, cannot but promote patience and charity and brotherly kindness; words so wholesome that, were they universally received and obeyed, they would put an end to all strife, litigation, and war, and bless the world with peace and gentleness and love.

VI. CONCERNING ANXIOUS CARES. (Matt. vi. 25-34.)—Take no thought. Take no thought. These are the leading words in the portion of Scripture above referred to. Three times over does our Lord repeat them. "Take no thought for your life;" "take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" "take no thought for the morrow." Now these words, associated as they are, not with riches and luxuries, but with the very necessaries of life, seem strange. Had Jesus said—Take no thought for stately houses, gorgeous equipages, vast estates, we could easily understand Him, and readily acknowledge the sensibleness of His advice, as advice fitted to diminish the number and the pressure of our wants, and to enable us to live contentedly, free from the worry and the temptations that beset a plan of life that is ever demanding more than can be easily, or, perhaps, honestly obtained. But when the requirement is—Take no thought for those things without which you cannot live, it is a requirement with which compliance is impossible, and, if possible, would be both unwise and wicked. There surely must be a mistake somewhere.

And there is a mistake; a mistake that has arisen from those changes which time brings about in the meaning of words. Two hundred years ago English writers often used the word thought in the sense of anxiety, and to take thought was to be anxious. Not to occupy space with many quotations, there is one passage in the Bible in which it is perfectly clear that the phrase in question had, in the 17th century, this now all but obsolete meaning. It will be found in 1 Sam. ix. 5. To turn this phrase into the English of the present day, we render it—Be not anxious, or be not distracted. Jesus, then, gives us no such monstrous advice as would tend to make men idle and reckless, and so bring them and their families to beggary and thieving. What He forbids is anxiety or distraction of mind in regard to temporal things. And so this maxim, instead of being regarded as fanatical, will be found to accord closely to the testimony of experience, which most certainly is this—that, however needful thought may be, in the conduct of our daily pursuits, whereby we provide for our daily wants, the anxieties and distractions from which Christ would free us, so far from being helpful, are, in the highest degree, hurtful to our temporal interests. Don't we all know that the cool-headed man is the man most likely to be successful? But the cool-headed man is the man who, knowing much about thought, knows nothing of anxiety and distraction. How strange if it should turn out that this command, which seems to aim at the utter destruction of our earthly welfare, should be precisely the command most certain to secure it! Don't laugh at it, for perhaps it will be found that, altogether apart from religious considerations, it is one of the soundest pieces of common sense and worldly wisdom ever uttered.

Jesus, while telling us, and telling us so repeatedly and emphatically, not to be anxious, is careful to give

us His reasons why we should not allow ourselves to be troubled and distracted about the things of this life. And His first and chief reason is that we have a Father in heaven, and "He knoweth that we have need of these things." And He is the best judge of what we need. Children, little children, and quite as much children grown up, do not know exactly of what they are in need. They know what they wish, though not always even that, but they don't know what they want; and parental wisdom, affection, and authority, are mainly exercised in withholding what is wished but not wanted, and in giving what is wanted but not wished. Let us leave it to our Father in heaven to determine what we need; to distinguish between our wishes and our wants, which we cannot safely trust ourselves to do. He knoweth all things, and therefore knoweth that we have need of this for which we do not care, and have no need of that for which we so earnestly long. He knoweth our need, and He can and will supply it. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, and yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them; are ye not much better than they? . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Now to all this a man may say—Am I then to sit still and do nothing? If we adopt this course we shall neither be fed like the birds nor clothed like the flowers; the reasoning is absurd. But we draw a very false and unfair conclusion from the words of Jesus, if we suppose He speaks of the birds and the flowers as our examples. God supplies the need of each creature according to its nature, and requires the co-operation of

each creature according to its capacity. The lilies of the field cannot toil, cannot spin, cannot do anything of themselves, and therefore God does all for them. The fowls of the air cannot sow, cannot reap, cannot gather into barns; but they can walk, they can fly, they can see, they can scratch, they can do many things in searching for and catching their food; and God requires that they shall do these things, and, on the condition of their doing these things, He feeds them. But man's capacity is greater than that of flowers and birds; man can toil and spin, man can sow and reap and gather into barns; and according to the selfsame law that rules in providing for flowers and birds, he must exert himself and God will feed and clothe him. Yet, in every case, the whole supply is from God. Each creature's capacity is God's gift; the bird's instinct, the man's reason; yes, and the plant's power of receiving from earth and water, and air and sunshine, that which makes it grow. Let no man be either so foolish or so unjust as to infer from Christ's words that He would have us imitate the flowers in neither toiling nor spinning, and the birds in neither sowing nor reaping. "Are ye not much better than they?" but one main point in which we are better than they is this—that we are gifted with capacities so much greater than theirs. There is a fine argument in these illustrations. A man has a garden, in which he carefully grows and tends his flowers; he may also have birds, of beautiful plumage or exquisite song, which he keeps well attended to in their cages; but if he also have around him a group of sons and daughters, they will be much more in his mind and in his heart than the flowers and the birds. All the flowers of the field are God's flowers, and He clothes them; all the birds of the air His birds, and He feeds them; but we are His children; shall He not care for us? We must indeed deserve the reproof conveyed by the exclamation—

"O ye of little faith," if we cannot trust Him to treat His children well, when we see how He lavishes His goodness on His flowers and His birds.

Another reason why we should banish anxiety from our minds is this—that anxiety will do us no good. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" or, as the question is now generally read, "Which of you by anxiety can add one cubit to his age?" which of you by anxiety to prolong his life, can prolong it a year or even a day? To this some one may reply—I think that by taking thought I can add to my life. If I be careful about my health, temperate in my habits, watchful of what my constitution requires, I may hope to live longer than if I were negligent. Well, all this is true, but it does not touch our Lord's question; for His question is, which of you can, by being anxious, lengthen his life? And now, what is our answer? We may give it in a very common and very truthful saying—"It is not work but worry that kills a man." By taking thought life may be prolonged; but did you ever know a man who lived the longer because of his anxieties and distractions? Is not the case very much otherwise? Do not anxieties and distractions cut off cubit after cubit from what might have been the length of a man's life? Do not anxieties and distractions, suffered by men in business, often cut down the three score years and ten to fifty, or to much less? And is it not generally acknowledged that freedom from such a wretched state of mind is highly favourable to length of days?

A third reason assigned against such anxious care is this—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." First of all, see to it that you are godly men, and there is not much to fear in regard to your temporal estate. It is a great promise—"all these things shall be

added unto you;" but there is nothing miraculous in the fulfilment of it; such fulfilment is perfectly natural. For what is likely to be the result of seeking first, seeking early in life, the kingdom of God and His righteousness? Consider the principles adopted by the man who takes this sensible course; consider the habits that he forms; consider the rule of life which he follows; consider the sort of friends with whom his tastes and his pursuits lead him to associate. Is there in any of these that which will injure his health, beggar his purse, corrupt his character, injure his reputation, or in any way put him at a disadvantage in fighting his life-battle? Most certainly not. The young man who has first sought the kingdom of God and His righteousness is not a man who thinks honesty of little or no account; not a man who is so greedy of gain as to run wild in speculation; not a man so vain as to strut about in borrowed or stolen grandeur; not a man who makes the public house his place of resort; not a man who is on intimate terms with such rogues and blacklegs as live or try to live by gambling. He who seeks first the kingdom of God and His righteousness has, of all men, the best chance of realising the largest amount of true happiness to be had in this world.

"Take no thought," be not anxious, "for the morrow," says our Saviour. He does not forbid forethought; He does not condemn provident habits; He does not encourage reckless expenditure; He does not justify a man in idly waiting for whatever may turn up; but He would have us be free from distracting thoughts of what the morrow may bring forth. Sufficient for each day is its own burden of evil and sorrow; deal with that burden when it comes; don't hurry forward to bear it now; wait until it is laid upon you. And this is sound, sensible, wholesome advice. Meeting troubles half way does not lighten them by a single grain; the fear of them

yielded to beforehand will very much unfit us for action when they come. Let us not give way to such distraction. How often have we found that the storm we so much dreaded had blown past and done no harm! The morrow is all unknown to us, and, were we gloomily to think of all its possibilities, we should have no heart nor courage left in us. But Christians are not to think of it thus anxiously. Our Father will not die to-night; we shall not find ourselves orphans to-morrow. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and sufficient for the day, for the darkest and stormiest day, is the Father in whom Jesus teaches us to trust. And all His teaching upon this subject of anxiety and worldly care is a sensible and manly testimony against a form of cowardice that is very common and very contemptible.

VII. CONCERNING FAULT-FINDERS.—When our Lord says, "Judge not," we must understand His words in their spirit and not in their letter. Of many persons we are compelled to form some judgment. You cannot safely deal with a man in business unless you previously come to some opinion as to his character and circumstances; and the evidence may be such that you are obliged to form a very bad opinion of him and refuse to have anything to do with him. Rogues must not expect to get the better of a Christian man because his Master says, "Judge not;" his Master also tells him to be wise-as a serpent. Jesus here uses the word judge in a sense which it very commonly bears in Scripture, viz. that of condemning; and what He says amounts to this—Do not condemn your neighbour. Of course all judicial proceedings are excepted, and scoundrels must not think that the magistrate acts in an un-Christian manner, when he sends them to the treadmill, or, if need be, to the gallows. What Jesus forbids is the cherishing of a fault-finding spirit and the utterance of fault-finding

words concerning one another. Every one knows that the practice of forming unjust and uncharitable judgments is very common, and that the expression of such judgments forms a very large proportion of many people's conversation. Next to the weather, our neighbours' faults and failings come to be talked of when we meet; and it is well that the weather is so changeable, for if it were more steady we should be thrown upon scandal as our only resource. Often, without sufficient knowledge, we presume to pass an unfavourable opinion upon our neighbour's politics, upon his religion, upon his conduct in business, upon his domestic affairs. We may feel no ill will towards the person whom we so severely criticise; be he friend or foe, he comes in for our unkind judgments. Nor do we spare such as are neither friends nor foes. We judge persons with whom we really have nothing whatever to do. To their best actions we are apt to ascribe some bad motive, and a man can hardly do a generous deed, but some one will say that he did it with a view to popularity. If a man grow rich, there are those who will suspect that he has made his money through meanness and greed, if not indeed through downright dishonesty; if a man fail and go down in the world, it is because he was reckless, or intemperate, or guilty of some other vice. Thus men speak of men, and women of women; for all this wretched tattle and small scandalous talk goes on out of the hearing of the person so mercilessly vivisected. The practice is as cowardly as it is ungenerous and unjust. One need not think so badly of human nature as to adopt the old proverb, "If all people knew what is said about them there would not be four friends left in the world;" yet, if we consider the extent to which detraction enters into many people's conversation, there is much to justify that proverb, although, perhaps, in adopting it we commit the very fault which we condemn.

"Judge not that ye be not judged." That ye be not judged by whom? By your fellow men? It is to be feared that, whether a man judge them or not, they will judge him. The most uncensorious man in the world will not escape the censure of the uncharitable; they will censure even his uncensoriousness, and pronounce him a hypocrite or a fool, because he speaks well of all and never has an ill word for any. When your uncharitably disposed man cannot find a vice in his neighbour, and he will do his worst to find one, he is so disappointed and out of temper, that he begins to pull his neighbour's virtues to pieces. Rely upon it, you will not escape your neighbour's evil judgment because of your passing no evil judgment upon him. No, but this "judge not that ye be not judged" is a warning of Divine judgment; judge not your neighbour lest God judge you; lest God bring up all your faults and deal with you accordingly; "for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Jesus speaks of God as judging and measuring. God will bring us into judgment for all our unkind and unfair judgments of our fellow-men. In the Great Day we shall be held accountable for every word of scandal that we have spoken to the injury of our neighbours. If for every idle word that men shall speak they must give account, how much more for every unkind, malignant, spiteful, mischievous word! And not only speech but silence; the silence that insinuates what is not fair; the silence that damages a neighbour when bold, truthful, generous speech might save him from harm; of such silence an account will be required The thought of our being thus judged by Him who searches our hearts and hears every word we say, ought to impose a check upon this evil habit. We think, and rightly think, that the

drunkard, the thief, and the man given to violence are very odious persons; but they are not more odious, nor are they anything like so injurious as the tale-bearer, "whose words are as wounds," and the "whisperer, who separateth chief friends;" and neither drunkenness nor any other vice does such harm to society as this miserable love of scandal and evil speaking. There is, therefore, abundant reason why God should deal with it rigorously in the final judgment of the world; so rigorously as for ever to shut it out of heaven. There are some people who, if admitted to heaven with the tongues they now have, would spend their delightful eternity in finding fault with the angels, in complaining that the song of the redeemed was not well rendered; in gossiping with infinite gusto about the sins of Noah and David and others whom they would meet there; and in setting all the place in an uproar through spreading evil reports about the apostles and martyrs. If we wish to be judged mercifully, let us judge each other mercifully; if we would not have our sins arrayed against us in the Great Day, let us not mention our neighbours' sins against them now; for, while there is a solemn warning, there is also a very blessed promise in these wholesome words—"With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

This lesson is brought more closely home to us by the parable of "the mote and the beam." This parable is an old Jewish proverb with which it is likely our Lord's hearers were familiar, and by adopting it and making it His own, Jesus would evidently have us understand that, while every sin is a sin, there are greater and lesser sins, in such disparity as that which exists between a speck of dust and a balk of timber. But, among sins, which are the motes and which the beams? We are apt to answer such a question according to our taste and our habits; the

motes being the sins we "are inclined to," the beams those we "have no mind to." To one the mote is covetousness, and the beam the drinking of a glass of wine or the smoking of a cigar. To another the mote is sharp practice in business, and the beam taking a walk on a Sunday. To a third the mote is spending the evening in scandalising one's neighbours all round, and the beam spending it at whist. To a fourth the mote is behaving like a bear or any other brute in his own house, and the beam any offence against good manners in his neighbour's house. To a fifth the mote is swindling to the extent of £100,000, and the beam the neglect of family prayer. To a sixth the mote is theft, and the beam the being found out and exposed. To a seventh the mote is fraudulent bankruptcy, and the beam unsound views about original sin. And so we might go on and show that, in our judgments, the mote and the beam often take each other's places, the less sin being accounted the greater, and the greater the less. Now when we try to learn what Jesus meant by the mote and what by the beam, we arrive at this result—that the sins of the publicans and sinners, who knew no better, their drunkenness, their lewdness, their Sabbath-breaking, their profaneness, their disregard for all religion and all morality, were, in His estimation, as motes compared with the sins of the Scribes and Pharisees, who laid claim to much goodness and yet were covetous, unjust, and extortionate under the cover of a religious profession. Their sins were the beams; and the beam of beams was hypocrisy. There was no open and avowed sin that our Lord seems to have detested so much as a false profession of religion. And it were well for us to bear this in mind, so that we may have a just idea of the greater and lesser sins, and so neither deceive ourselves, nor too severely judge our neighbour, whose sin, though it be drunkenness, or Sabbath-breaking, or cursing and swear-

ing, may be, to our own, no more than the smallest splinter of a lucifer match in comparison with a tree fit to make the mast of a ship.

It is not, in itself, wrong to say to our brother—"Let me pull the mote out of thine eye;" let me speak to thee about this sin of thine; let me warn thee of it; let me point out in what, if unrepented of and unforsaken, it must end. It is the duty of Christians to "admonish one another;" and to let a man sin on without some attempt to save him, is as wicked as to allow a blind man to stumble over a precipice or a child to run under the wheels of a carriage. Yes, by all means say to your brother, "Let me pull the mote out of thine eye," but not while there is a beam in your own. If you be a covetous man, and remonstrate with your neighbour upon his intemperance, Jesus pronounces you a hypocrite. If you be an unkind husband, and preach to your neighbour about his never going to church, Jesus pronounces you a hypocrite. If you have had to compound with your creditors, and prate to your neighbour about his neglecting his soul, Jesus pronounces you a hypocrite. In such cases the beam is in your own eye and the mote in your neighbour's; and if your neighbour be so inclined, as on your reproving him he is very likely to be, he can turn upon you and say, Who are you that you should find fault with me? look to yourself, reprove yourself; if I be a kettle you are a pot, just as black as myself, perhaps far blacker. When Satan takes to reproving sin it is time to tell him to shut up.

But it will be asked—Does not this teaching stop the mouths of us all? If we are not to reprove sin in others until we are without sin ourselves, we shall never pull the mote out of our brother's eye—we must leave it there, at the risk of its blinding him. If none but the faultless are to try to correct men's faults there is an end to all correction; and, of all men, ministers of religion, unless

they can prove their faultlessness, will have to come down from their pulpits and never ascend them again. Now, our Saviour's teaching does not go this length. The man whom He condemns is the man who, though worse than his neighbours, affects superiority. If a man say—Brother, there is a mote in thine eye and there is one in mine too, and perhaps this in mine is bigger than that in thine; let us then, each as we can, perform for the other the good office of removing these sources of pain and causes of obscurity in our vision; such a proposal our Lord would not object to; would, on the contrary, fully approve. "Admonishing," but, mark, "admonishing one another;" the admonition not being all on one side; and he who admonishes must not resent his being admonished. At any rate let the beam be cast out; let him who ventures to find fault be not worse than his neighbour, because it is a senseless thing and useless for a man guilty of a greater sin, to reprove his brother for a less. Of all men an oculist surely ought to have the keenest, clearest, truest sense and power of sight; if he be in this defective he cannot expect people whose eyes are affected by accident or disease to submit themselves to his treatment. There must be no beam and if possible no mote either in the eye of him who would see clearly to pull the mote out of his brother's eye. The parable reads a lesson to us all, but chiefly to Christian ministers, and all other teachers of morality and religion; for they can deal boldly, frankly, and effectively with other men's faults just in proportion as they are free from fault themselves.

The words of Jesus on this subject are very wholesome; wholesome in that they impose a check upon all uncharitable talk about our neighbours; wholesome in that they teach us to look at home and see what faults are there; and wholesome in making self-reformation the basis of all attempts to reform others.

VIII. CONCERNING ALMS-GIVING.—It is worthy of notice that our Saviour quite takes it for granted that His disciples will give alms, that they will be kind-hearted, open-handed people. He does not command them to be charitable; He assumes that, as a matter of course, they will be very willing to bestow help upon those who are in need. "When thou doest thine alms;" observe how confidently it is supposed that, as a Christian, this will be your habit, your common custom, one of the most ordinary acts of your life. There is no argument about it, no entreaty; perhaps our Lord would consider argument and entreaty on such a matter an insult to His people.

Now some readers may be ready to ask, what do you mean by alms-giving? Do you mean the bestowment of help upon every person who comes to you with a tale of distress? We certainly do not mean that; we know too much of the rascality practised by beggars of all grades to advocate the indiscriminate bestowment of help upon them. Of those who come to us, whining for relief, the probability is that not five per cent. are in the least deserving of it, or would really be benefited by anything we might give them. It is a pity that we do not consider more than we do the meaning of our words. Alms-giving means showing mercy; but it is no mercy to a street beggar to give him a shilling which he is sure to spend at the next public-house round the corner; it is no mercy to give an idle vagabond a coat or a pair of shoes with which he will go straight to the pawnshop. Alms-giving means showing mercy, and mercy may be shown in various ways according to various wants. To very many the truest alms-giving would be to give them a month's imprisonment with hard labour. Alms-giving is certainly a difficult art, which those most willing to learn it are often slow in learning, if ever they learn it at all. The difficulties and discouragements that beset

private alms-giving have given rise to societies which profess to organise charitable work, and promise to do your alms for you if you will trust them with the money; —a hard, cold-blooded substitute for personal kindness, and one neither over wise nor over honest, while the management or mismanagement is likely to walk off with a large proportion of the income. No, after all, and notwithstanding all our mistakes, let us do our alms ourselves as well as we can, and not surrender our own plain duty into the hands of fussy and pretentious societies. If we look for those upon whom we might wisely bestow our bounty we shall find them; only we shall have to look for them, because they are not of the sort that put themselves forward and go about whimpering from street to street; these had better be left to the magistrates and the poor-law people; we have to pay for their support in the rates, and the scoundrels ought never to have a penny of our alms.

Our Saviour found the practice of alms-giving very common among the Jews; and, to do the Jews justice, they were not unmindful of the duties of rendering help to their neighbours in distress. They gave and they gave largely. Jesus, Himself the most beneficent of men, found no fault with His fellow-countrymen on that score; He did not complain that they gave too seldom or too little; He had not to appeal to them as Christian ministers find that they must appeal to their congregations. The Jews gave largely, but they were at fault in their motives; their object, according to our Lord's testimony, was, in many cases, neither to obey God nor to show mercy to the poor, but to be seen, admired and praised by their fellow-men. Their way of giving alms corresponded with this motive. We infer their practice, the practice, that is to say, of some, perhaps many, though not all, from our Lord's words—"Do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the syna-

gogues and in the streets." It is generally supposed that this sounding of a trumpet is to be understood figuratively, and as a sort of proverbial expression, as when we say that a boastful man is given to blowing his own trumpet. Whether the Jewish hypocrite actually sounded a trumpet before him when he gave alms we cannot be sure; but it is not unlikely that he did so, pretending that his object was to gather round him the poor and needy, and not at all to attract the attention and command the admiration of others. Whether the trumpet were sounded or not is a matter of no moment; the motive of these hypocrites was—to be seen of men. And they had their reward; they had it in full; all that they would ever get; and that reward was the gratification of their own vanity in hearing themselves applauded. They had their reward, and a poor reward it was; so poor, indeed, that it is questionable whether many men bestow their money in charity under the influence of such a motive. So general, however, is the conviction that men will do anything for popularity, that, if a man venture to indulge in any remarkable act of kindness or public spirit, a thousand snarling curs join in denouncing his motives, in saying that what he does, he does for the sake of a little popularity. Sir William Brown built a public library in Liverpool; Mr. Baird gave half-a-million to the Church of Scotland;—thousands of Liverpool people ascribed Sir William's gift to his alleged inordinate vanity; and, while my acquaintance with Scotchmen is very large, I have never met with one outside the pale of the Scottish Establishment who would for a moment admit the possibility of Mr. Baird's having been in the smallest degree influenced by either zeal or charity. When we can read men's hearts as Jesus read them it will be time enough for us to say what this man and that man did in order to have glory of men; meanwhile it is more

generous and more just, to give men all the credit we can give them for some worthy motive in all that they may give, and all that they may do.

Leaving other men's motives to Him who alone has the right to pronounce judgment upon them, let us consider, for our own direction, what Jesus says to us:—"When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth is not to blazon our good deeds abroad to the world; more than that, it means not to talk about them to our friends; nay, the commandment goes further—my left hand, in common with my right, is a part of myself—I am not to let myself know what I have given. But, it will be said, that is absurd; that is impossible. Well, it may be so; but take Christ's words in their spirit rather than in their letter, and they mean doing good unconsciously; the habit of mind being so entirely and spontaneously beneficent that a man does a kind deed without thinking anything about it. There are selfish men who may speedily forget the instances in which they turn a deaf ear to appeals that have been addressed to them; and generous men are equally capable of forgetting their deeds of generosity. Thus our charity may be hidden even from ourselves, when we think very little about it, when we make no note of it, when, because it is so common, so habitual, and so easy, it makes no impression upon our memory. "That thine alms may be in secret." Well, this cannot always be so. Indeed, if it could, it would rather awkwardly conflict with another of Christ's laws:—"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." It is impossible for all good deeds to be kept secret; the spirit of these words—"that thine alms may be in secret"—is recognised and honoured when we know that we are entirely free from ostenta-

tiousness, and that, were it practicable and expedient, we should, under all circumstances, prefer the concealment of our names ; but when one man's known example is likely to encourage others to go and do likewise, and when the non-appearance of his name would lead others to think the cause unworthy of their support, one may surely depart a little from the letter of the rule "that thine alms may be in secret." Our Lord often charged those whom he helped and healed not to make Him known ; and, when the fame of a miracle wrought by Him gathered a great multitude around Him, He departed into a solitary place ; He would have done His alms in secret if He could ; but it was impossible ; and so, in His deeds of kindness, there was generally full publicity (for "He would not be hid"), but always the entire absence of a wish to be seen and praised of men. The donors are not always in fault when this spirit of reserve and modesty and good taste is departed from. To many a good man it is extremely painful to hear some coarse-minded secretary or treasurer read out his name at a public meeting—"T. Jones, Esq., fifty pounds ;"—and then to be compelled to listen to a round of applause from the people, forming the overwhelming majority of the audience, who have given nothing, and don't mean to give anything but their hypocritical approval. And then how horrid to observe that, as the list is read in a descending scale, the cheers become fainter and fainter. The snobs, who mainly form the audience, almost rise to their feet and applaud long and loudly when it is announced that some M.P. or J.P. or other swell worth £10,000 a year has given £100, but subside into contemptuous quiet when some half-crown is announced, the scraping together of which by some poor woman has cost much effort and self-denial. In connection with the publication of charitable deeds, there is much that is in execrable taste, much that is intolerably

offensive to the most liberal givers; and, however impracticable it may be to act strictly according to the letter of the rule—"that thine alms may be in secret," it were well for all charitable institutions to regulate their methods of procedure as much as possible in the fine modest spirit which the letter of this rule implies.

But really there are some people who don't deserve the protection afforded by the rule of secret alms-giving; people who may well not let their left hand know what their right hand doeth, lest their left hand should be utterly ashamed of their right hand's miserable meanness;—"that thine alms may be in secret"—yes! yes! for shame's sake let it be in secret; don't let your neighbour, who thinks that you, of course, gave a guinea to the collection, don't let him know that what you sanctimoniously call your mite is a sixpence. "That thine alms may be in secret;" and sometimes the alms is so entirely in secret that God Himself does not see it, because there is none. In the matter of church and chapel collections, boxes, and still more those new-fangled nuisances bags at the ends of long sticks, afford fine cover for meanness and lies. They are a direct encouragement of shabby and untruthful practices against God and man; and, believing that ostentation is a far less sin than fraud, we give the palm to a mode of collection that we have seen in the Staffordshire Potteries, as incomparably the best: there each collector has two dinner plates, one of which he sends along the pews in succession, while into the other he pours in succession what each pew gives. It is only the generous giver that deserves the protection of secrecy; the shabby people, who substitute half-pence for shillings, and pennies for half-crowns, are treated as they deserve when, all such protection being denied, they are compelled for shame's sake to give decently, or to appear openly in all their nasty stinginess and greed.

IX. CHRIST'S GOLDEN RULE.—There is none of our Lord's sayings that has obtained so general a consent as that which has been given to these well-known words —"all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do you even so to them." All sorts of people express their admiration of this rule, and everybody seems to have taken it for his guidance, if we are to believe what everybody says. It is so plain, so fair, so generous, as to command the approval of all men's minds and consciences. But with all this consent and admiration, our obedience is very limited; and, indeed, obedience is not so simple a matter as it seems to be. When we come to the careful consideration of this rule, we must understand it with some rather important limitations. All things;—but the all things must all be right things, or we may find ourselves sinning all round for mutual convenience. For example:—one unprincipled fellow might say to another—"If you will tell a lie for my sake, I will tell one for yours when you require a lie to be told to get you out of trouble;" or, "If you won't inform against me, I won't inform against you." And so, in circumstances which it is not at all difficult to imagine, this noble rule of life might be the basis of a conspiracy to commit all manner of crimes. Certainly the words of Jesus must be taken with this understanding—that the all things whatsoever we would that men should do to us be right things, in the determination of which we are to consult our judgment and our conscience.

And now to notice some practical applications of this great law, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you."—We would, then, that men should deal with us honestly; that, in all business transactions, they should act by us fairly and honourably, neither practising upon our ignorance nor taking hard advantage of our necessity; we would that they should duly

pay us what they owe us, and keep perfect faith in regard to every engagement they make with us. In all this we certainly wish no more than we have a right to wish. Well, then, let us deal thus with our neighbour, and see to it that we don't, either negligently or wilfully, put it out of our power to deal honestly with him by entering into engagements which it is but an even chance, if it be so much, whether we can keep or not. Christ's rule imperatively demands the payment of all debts, the fulfilment of all lawful promises. And we would that men should deal with us justly in other matters beside those relating to business. We would that they should be just in their opinion of us and in the expression of those opinions, if they must speak of us at all; and there are some people who, if they had not their neighbours' characters to talk about, would have no subject of conversation left them but the weather. Unless we be very vain and foolish we don't wish to be praised and flattered; but we do wish not to be undeservedly ill spoken of; and on this principle all that we say of one another should be regulated.

And we would that men should treat us generously. It is very possible for us to be unreasonable in our desires and expectations in this matter of generosity; and every person in needy circumstances has immense ideas of the extent to which people ought to help him. We have known men who, when well to do, never, for a moment, thought of giving a penny to any one in distress, but who, when themselves overtaken by calamity, were astonished beyond measure that every man's purse was not freely opened to them; these, by the way, are the fellows who complain most bitterly that the world is hard; fellows as hard as flint themselves. Still, without humouring such unreasonable creatures, we would all fain be dealt with kindly, with kind

thoughts, words and deeds; and, according to the law of Christ, whatever kindness we think ourselves entitled to we ought to show to others. The man who is in want, is no fair judge of the kindness that ought to be extended to him; he is sure to exaggerate his merits and his claims; but if we be not in want we can form something like a correct estimate of what, were we in needy conditions, we might reasonably desire and expect. Let us then act according to the estimate so arrived at.

Further, if we be right-minded people, we would that men should deal with us faithfully; warning us of any danger into which we were liable to fall; reproving us for our faults; doing what they could to set us and to keep us right. How often have we known a case in which, when a man has gone astray, some one has said, "Well, I knew it would come to this, I saw that he was too friendly with fellows who would do him no good. I felt sure that he was going to the dogs; but it was no business of mine, I did not know how he would take it, if I spoke to him and warned him." But to him who has thus seen his neighbour gradually decline from the path of rectitude and safety we would say—According to Christ's great law you ought to have considered what you know would have been good for yourself had you been in your neighbour's place. You feel that, if you were on the road to ruin, the faithful words of a friend might be of infinite service to you, and, in allowing him to go to destruction, you have sinned against this law.

Again, we would that men should be patient with us; patient with our infirmities; with our weakness, our unskilfulness, our slowness, our ignorance, our mistakes, our temper; patient with many and many a defect that must be annoying to those with whom we have to do. Let us be patient, then, with those whose failings are trying to us, perhaps injurious to us. It is true that such patience must have its limits, for it may be carried

so far as to injure those on whose behalf it is exercised; but let not the limits of our patience be drawn too strictly; give him who tries your patience as many chances of doing better as you know you might yourself reasonably desire, not forgetting that you may be trying some other person's patience as much as this troublesome being tries yours.

Not to bring forward more instances and illustrations of the fulfilment and the non-fulfilment of this golden rule, enough perhaps has been said to show that, with all our complacent approval of it, compliance with it is by no means common. You have met with many a man who says—"This is my principle;"—but did you ever meet with one of whom it could be said that this was his invariable practice? At the best, our observance of this rule is very partial; we don't observe it always, in all things and towards all. There are times when every man's conscience reproaches him and compels him to say—"I have not done to that neighbour as I should wish him to do to me; I have not spoken of him as I should wish him to speak of me; I have not been so kind to him as I should wish him to be to me; I have not been so considerate of his feelings as I should wish him to be of mine." We must acknowledge that this divine law, though so simple, just and reasonable, is one that we find it hard to obey; one that, unless God help us, we cannot obey. And this being so, let us ask Him for His help, and surely He will give it.

What a blessed world this would be were this rule universally or even generally observed! What justice, truth and honour there would be between man and man in all transactions of trade and commerce; what an absence of all meanness, of all deceit, of all selfishness, and, consequently, of all misunderstandings and quarrels; what kind and generous treatment of all that are in need; what patience with all who are afflicted with

infirmity of mind or body; when each should, in careful and honest thought, put himself in his neighbour's place and his neighbour in his, and consider what, in such reversed conditions, he might fairly and reasonably desire his neighbour to do to him! Really all crime and almost all misery would be banished from the world, were all the world faithfully to obey this one grand law of neighbourly duty. Our Saviour has, in this one sentence, given mankind the instrument of their complete deliverance from war, from slavery, from cruelty, from injustice, from poverty, from about every source of trouble and sorrow. Yes, it is even so; and it is sad, it is really startling, to think that, although the world, or the Christianized portion of it, has for centuries been in possession of this simple and sovereign remedy for its wrongs and its wretchedness, and has most freely acknowledged that it really is such a remedy, still it has to so very small an extent acted upon the prescription of the Great Physician, that its wounds and its sicknesses are almost as bad as if it had never heard these wholesome words at all.

To direct and encourage us, in the endeavour to obey this rule, let us remember how He who gave it us fulfilled it. He looked upon men in their guilt, their suffering, their mortality, and thought what, were He in their case, He should wish might be done for Him, by one who had the power to do it. And then, not only in thought but in fact, He took the sinner's place, and bore the sinner's sin, and died the sinner's death, that the sinner, that all sinners, might have this righteousness, happiness, and eternal life. Of all fulfilments of the Golden Rule this is the most complete, the most noble, the most sublime. So let us take this law, sanctified and sealed with the cross of Christ; and may God help us, in the faithful imitation of so glorious an example, steadfastly to observe and keep it unto the end.

X. THEIR WHOLESOMENESS PROVED BY THEIR EFFECTS (1).—Whether we speak of wholesome words, of wholesome food, of wholesome exercise, of wholesome dwellings, of wholesome habits, or of anything else that we consider and pronounce wholesome, all at last comes or must be brought to this test,—what are the effects which these things produce? And so the words of Jesus Christ must be proved. It may be enough for some that, convinced of His infinite wisdom, righteousness, and love, they feel sure that His words cannot but be wholesome; it may be enough for others, that, having read Christ's words and pondered them well, they are satisfied that their tendency is wholesome, that they are highly calculated to make men's thoughts, words, and deeds thoroughly wholesome; but still, for many, the only ground of belief in the wholesomeness of these words is ample and trustworthy evidence of their wholesome effects upon those who understand, believe, revere, and obey them. And the demand for such evidence is very reasonable. It is made in regard to almost everything else; and where the demand is not made, as in the case of those foolish people who, on the lying testimony of any quack, take the rubbish that he calls medicine, the result is often disastrous and always disappointing. We bring the words of Jesus to this practical proof; and it were well if all men would be satisfied with doing this, and instead of cavilling at the words themselves, and saying of one it is unwise, of another it is impracticable, of another its tendency is highly injurious, would just honestly inquire into the actual results, and talk no more of tendencies, but get into the region of facts.

Now it is something if we can say with truth that the words of Jesus Christ have not been productive of any bad results, that they have never misled any one, never done any harm. For certainly, to no other words has

such heed been given as to His; no other words have been received with such reverence, or obeyed with such carefulness, as men have shown in regard to His. Millions of people, without much reflection upon the reasonableness of His words, have just accepted them simply because they are His, and because they felt bound to do whatever He required of them; and they would have done it, had it been of ever so questionable a character in a moral point of view. The readiness on the part of so many to render an absolute obedience, perhaps we might say a blind obedience, to Christ's words would certainly have brought to light any evil effect, if any evil effect could result from His words. The believers in Mahomet soon discovered, by their obedience to him, the evil that was in his teaching; and Christ now and always has had disciples quite as devoted to Him, and any unwholesome word spoken by Him must have had a terribly unwholesome effect.

But some will ask—Are you so sure that Christ's words have produced no bad effects? Have they not made many people fanatical? Have they not stimulated many to the perpetration of crime? Have they not fostered many delusions, and driven not a few poor creatures into insanity? We do not hesitate to say that the words of our Lord have never produced such results—never. Do you find anything of the sort on the part of those who heard Him, and to whom His words came with all their original fire and force? Which of His disciples will you pronounce a fanatic, a criminal, a fool, or a lunatic? We don't read that the people who heard Him fell down in a state of prostration or screamed, or got wildly excited, as so many do at revival meetings. And let His words be preached, His and not ours, and there will surely still be the same freedom from all that is contrary to decency and order. Bad results have followed the mixing of our words with His, as bad results will

follow if some vile spirit be mixed with the purest and wholesomest water that ever sprang from a spring, or was drawn from a well. Foolish things, unjust things, cruel things, frightfully barbarous things have been done in Christ's name, but never at Christ's word; and if His word have been referred to in justification of such things, the reference has always been grossly unfair. If people get into a state of so-called religious mania or melancholy, it is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff that many parsons of all persuasions preach to them. Let preachers imitate Him of whom it is said that the people "wondered at the GRACIOUS WORDS that proceeded out of His mouth," and they will never be the means of sending any poor creature to the lunatic asylum; but, on the contrary, such wholesome words will save many from going thither; for most of those who find their way to such places, do so through not giving heed to Christ's words, and if they had only listened to Him they would now have been in their "right mind." We do then venture to say this much—that no bad results have arisen from the words of Jesus Christ, and that there is not one of His words that we could wish He had never said. We go through them all, deliberately, carefully, estimating as accurately and impartially as we can, the effects they are likely to produce; we inquire into each of His sayings, to ascertain what its effects have been; and we say with all sincerity, that, in our judgment, no bad effects have sprung, no bad effects could spring, no bad effects will ever spring from any word that He is reported to have spoken. Men disposed to cavil and to mock, may make merry over some of Christ's words and ask—What would become of the world if all were to act upon such precepts as these—"take no thought for the morrow"—"lay not up treasure on earth"—"sell what thou hast and give to the poor"—"give to him that asketh of thee, and

from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away"—"whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also"? Such objections remind us of the sermon preached by the Prior of the Blackfriars at Cambridge, against Latimer's advocacy of the people's right to read the Bible;—"The baker, when he heareth that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, may perchance leave our bread unleavened, and so our bodies shall be unseasoned; also the simple man, when he heareth in the Gospel—If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, may make himself blind, and so the world will become full of beggars." To which sage reasoning Latimer replied that the common people were not so incapable of understanding the nature and limits of figurative language; "for, if we see a fox painted preaching in a friar's hood, nobody imagines that a fox is meant, but that craft and hypocrisy are described, which are so often found disguised in that garb." Is any one afraid that because Jesus says, "take no thought for the morrow," "lay not up treasures on earth," "give to him that asketh thee," men, accepting these words, will cease to be industrious and prudent; or that because He says, "whosoever shall smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also," injustice and violence will go altogether unchecked. Let those who profess to fear such results of Christ's teaching, say how many men they have met with who understand it in so literal a sense as to have got any harm from obeying it. Taken in the bondage of the letter, evil might ensue, but taken, as all people with a grain of common sense do take them, in the freedom of the spirit, all those commandments that seem to threaten our worldly interests, are in the highest degree wholesome; and at any rate, you may talk of tendencies as you please, as a matter of fact the man who, through the influence of Christ's words, throws up his business and flings his money away, and

allows himself to be insulted and beaten, taking no measures to protect himself, is as rare as Prior Buckingham's beggar made blind through a too literal obedience to the command—"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." As to the matter of impoverishment in particular, I should like to know what proportion of the paupers in our workhouses have landed there, penniless and in rags, in consequence of their having paid a too literal obedience to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. Does any reader suppose that the proportion of such paupers would amount to one in twenty thousand? No! the conduct that leads men to the workhouse is in almost every case such conduct as sets Christ's teaching at nought; and it is not too much to say that there would be no poverty in all the world, if all the world faithfully accepted and intelligently acted upon the teaching conveyed by the words of Jesus Christ. He came to save us from all evil, and from the evil of poverty as well as from evil in other forms; and the world at this day is incalculably richer in all material wealth and comfort than it would have been but for his teaching. Again I say that no harm has arisen to men through their obeying the words of Jesus Christ. In estimating the effects of these words we have not to credit them with this, and debit them with that, and then strike a balance; there is nothing to be debited against them; it is all credit, all profit; they are all wholesome words, without the admixture of a single grain of unwholesomeness for mind, body, or estate, for the individual man, or for society.

So far I have said no more of the effect of Christ's words than that it is not unwholesome in any respect, or in any degree; but I have to show that their effect, all their effects are wholesome, and eminently so; that they have not only done no harm, but have done good, great good to all who have received and obeyed them.

XI. THEIR WHOLESOMENESS PROVED BY THEIR EFFECTS (2).— Let our Saviour's teaching be tested by its effect upon Himself; that is to say—let us observe how the principles taught by Him wrought upon His own mind and conduct. No one can say with truth that He taught one thing and did another; be His teaching what it may, wise or unwise, good or evil, He, at any rate, was perfectly consistent with it; He is a faultless example of conformity with all that He inculcated, and in Him we have the effect of the faithful and entire surrender of the whole man to His words. And what do we see in Him? Certainly the wholesomest, soundest, noblest character that ever lived in this world. No one can say to Him, "Physician, heal Thyself," for He is free from all infirmity. It is only befitting, that principles should find the first proof of their wholesomeness in the man who propounds them. We should pay little attention to a blind man who might be such a fool as to offer us a prescription for the restoration and preservation of sight; we should not be likely to take the advice of a man far gone in consumption, if he told us of a medicine that was sure to save us from that malady. Our first question to any man, who proposes this and that for the relief or improvement of human nature, is—Have you yourself benefitted by it? Show us the virtue of your remedy by its effect upon yourself. This question put to Jesus Christ is answered by the fact that conformity in all respects with the teaching that He offers us, made Him the most glorious man that ever lived.

In speaking of the wholesomeness of Christ's words, this is a good beginning—that we can point to Christ Himself, in all the grandeur of His character, in all the nobleness of His life, and say—these are the words of Christ converted into deeds—His principles carried fully into practice. But we have more to say upon this

subject. We have to notice the wholesome effect of His words upon all who receive and obey them, and, indeed, upon all men, believers or unbelievers, who have, in any way or measure, come within the range of their influence.

There is one result of His words which in a very practical manner proves their wholesomeness, but which has scarcely commanded the attention it deserves. We refer to the saving of human life which Christ's teaching has effected. He said that He had come "not to destroy men's lives but to save them;" and He has amply and wonderfully fulfilled His promise; He *has* saved men's lives, saved the lives of millions of men, women, and children. He has done this, through destroying to so large an extent heathen idolatry. In all ages one of the most horrible practices of heathenism has been the offering of human sacrifices. East, west, north and south this practice has prevailed to a most frightful extent. The language of the Psalmist, in reference to the Israelites in their apostacies, is applicable to the greater part of the heathen world, in modern as well as ancient times;—"They sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils." No inconsiderable portion of the human race has been slaughtered through such dire superstition; and the lives so destroyed have not been those of aged people who must soon have died in the course of nature: the gods were not supposed to care for such offerings, and therefore children and young men and maidens were generally chosen for the service, as most acceptable to the demons whom the people worshipped with such terrible earnestness of devotion. We need scarcely remark that wherever the words of Jesus Christ have been received idolatry has perished and with it the dreadful ordinance of human sacrifice; and wherever this practice still prevails, let His words be made known, let His Gospel be preached, and there will

be no more such shedding of blood, with a view to calming the anger and currying the favour of the gods. There can be no doubt that, so far, the words of Christ, through the destruction of idolatry alone, have saved very many millions of human lives.

Another great saving of human life has been effected through the influence which His teaching has had upon slavery, in mitigating it and abolishing it. At His coming a very large proportion of the civilised world was in a state of bondage. In most instances the owners of slaves had unlimited power over them, and, as they were generally cheap and easily replaced, millions of them were capriciously and barbarously murdered for very trifling offences; the lives of many of them were shortened by excessive toil; and such of them as were unfortunately so wiry and strong, as to live to old age, were commonly turned out to starve and die in the fields or in the streets. Now, there is no question as to the influence of Christ's words in first procuring for the enslaved less cruel treatment, and in finally setting countless millions of them free. This we do and will claim entirely for Christ. Law, philosophy, custom, pride, greed, were all strongly in favour of the institution; no voice but the voice of Christ was lifted up in favour of the enthralled; to Him alone most of the working peoples of the world, where free, owe their freedom. And here again is the saving of millions upon millions of lives; because, though some modern slaveries may not be destructive of life, that is more than can be said of many of the slaveries which the mighty words of Christ have brought to an end.

In many other ways the humane principles inspired by our Lord's teaching have led to the saving of life. Before His coming, humanity, as we understand the word, was almost unknown. There was very little of it among the Jews; there was, if possible, less of it among

the Gentiles. Such was the dearth of humanity that even natural affections almost ceased. It was the common practice to put parents to death when they became old and dependent, and to put children to death because it was troublesome and expensive to keep them ; and the numbers of poor, aged, sick, friendless people destroyed day by day in many parts of the world exceeded all computation ; while the modes chosen for putting them to death had very little of euthanasia in them, but appear for the most part to have been designed for the express purpose of making death painful and in every way dreadful. But wherever the words of Christ have gone and taken root in the minds and breasts of men, a glorious change has been the result ; kindness, pity, help have sprung into existence, and every variety of human need has been supplied, every form of human suffering assuaged, and the old commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," which, for 1500 years, had been little more than a dead letter, became a living power when given a second time by Jesus Christ in the form of His great rule—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Let us think, if think we can, of all the poor and destitute whose wants have been relieved by Christian kindness, of all the sick whose health has been restored through the ministrations of Christian love, of all the orphans who have been rescued from death by the hands of Christian pity, and, tracing all these deeds to their source in the words, the spirit, the example of Christ, who shall say how many millions of lives He has saved, through His being the author of most of the humane feeling that the world has ever known ?

His teaching has done much to save human life by its influence upon the treatment of criminals. There is, in our opinion, no doubt that the entire and consistent

following of His precepts would put an end to capital punishment. We know that, on one occasion, He distinctly refused to condemn a person who had been guilty of an offence which, not Roman legislation, but the law of Moses pronounced to be punishable with death. But, the abolition of the death penalty apart, our Lord has, in a multitude of instances, so wrought upon men's judgments and feelings as to secure a less terrible fate for the violators of the law. In the absence of Christianity the criminal codes of most nations have been barbarously severe. There is much that is dark and dreadful even in the Mosaic law, so far as the punishment of offences is concerned. A man was stoned to death, by order of the Israelitish law-giver, for gathering sticks upon the Sabbath. It is not easy to reconcile such severity with our ideas either of justice or of mercy; and the apologies which divines have made for it are, so far as we are acquainted with them, neither sensible nor honest:—they generally amount in plain English to—serve him right. It is mainly to the growth of Christian sentiment that we owe the softening of those savage laws which, in our own country, were in force until a comparatively recent date; and year by year hosts of thieves and other offenders who, had those laws remained in force, would have been hanged, have had their lives spared and their crimes punished in a much more gentle and considerate manner. It is strange but true that, as we walk our streets, we can spot the fellows, as much at liberty as ourselves, who but for Jesus Christ would have long since swung from the gallows.

Further, our Lord has effected a great saving of human life through the power of His word to cure men of vicious habits. Vice kills multitudes. It is said that in this country alone 60,000 persons per annum die through intemperance; we may add 40,000 more of cases in which other forms of vice prove fatal. Well,

we have abundant reason to believe, and indeed to know, that obedience to the words of Christ, compliance with His rules of life, preserves millions of people from those vices which are so fatal. There are many more than 100,000 men and women in this land, living sober, righteous, and godly lives, who, but for the teaching of Christ, would have been the votaries and victims of profligacy; many more than 100,000 whom the teaching of Christ has reclaimed from such habits. Let us all remember that vice on the part of parents means feebleness, disease, suffering, and early death to many of their offspring; so that in whatever degree our Lord's words lead men and women to live wholesome lives, they give health to their children, and it may be to their children's children; and thus there is really no telling how far this life-saving power of His words may reach.

"The sorrow of the world worketh death," says St. Paul; and never has the truth of these words been more obvious than it is at the present day. It has passed into a proverb that "it is not work but worry that kills a man." The insatiable love of money, the mad haste to be rich, the incessant toil to this end, the excitement of expectation, the depression consequent upon loss, the anxiety suffered through fear of loss, the cares that fill the minds of poor men and women struggling desperately with adverse fortune, these things are fatal to thousands. Well, now, if men did but accept Christ's teaching, there would be no death from such causes; and there must be millions upon whom the words of Christ have taken such hold as to save them from being worried to death in these ways. They have received His words—"take no thought for the morrow;" "your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things;" "the very hairs of your head are all numbered;" "if God so clothe the grass of the field . . . shall He not much more clothe you?"

and these, and such words as these, understood in their true spirit, and received in faith, bar the doors of their hearts against all the wolves of distracting cares, and they live through troubles that others could not stand.

Thus, in a purely physical and sanitary sense, the words of Jesus Christ are wholesome words. They have saved, are saving, and yet will save, innumerable lives through destroying idolatry, abolishing slavery, inspiring men with humane feelings, making laws merciful as well as just, restraining vice, and driving care away. The wholesomeness of their effects in a moral point of view will be the subject of the next and concluding article of this series.

XII. THEIR WHOLESOMENESS PROVED BY THEIR EFFECTS (3).—In our last address on this subject we noticed the proof of the wholesomeness of Christ's words which is afforded by the fact that they have been the means of saving an utterly incalculable number of human lives. In the most literal sense, He is the Great Physician—infinitely the greatest that ever lived; by His wholesome rules of life saving men from suffering and from death to an extent very far surpassing all the results of medical science. Probably for one life the doctors save, Christ saves scores; and, indeed, it might be said of all such lives as are saved through the help of hospitals and infirmaries, and other charitable institutions founded for the relief of physical suffering, that Christ saves them, because, but for Him, we have no reason to suppose that any such institutions would ever have been brought into existence. It matters not what other name may be associated with a hospital, Christ is the real founder of them all, and all the good they do ought to be regarded as most distinctly the result of His wholesome words.

But to speak now more particularly of the morally wholesome—health of mind and soul; such health as

is implied in truthfulness, purity, kindness, gentleness, courage, and all other virtues. It is true that no teaching, whether by word or by example, has made men morally perfect; faults may be pointed out in the best results that have been obtained; but it is very certain that no results comparable with those yielded by Christ's teaching have ever sprung from any other source. If we take that which, in the estimation of Christians probably, comes nearest to their Lord's teaching, the instruction given in the Old Testament, we find the result far inferior; no character formed under the influence of Moses, David, or the prophets, can be placed on the same level with St. Paul or St. John, or even with the average Christian of the Apostolic age. Those inconsiderate and undiscriminating sceptics who point the finger of scorn at Old Testament characters, and take pleasure in bringing into prominence the failings and vices of Noah, Abraham, Jacob, David, are, without intending any such thing, just bearing their testimony to the glorious power of Christ's teaching. Say the worst you can about the intemperance, the untruthfulness, the selfishness, the lasciviousness, the cruelty of such and such leading personages spoken of in the Old Testament; those men never heard a word of Christ's teaching, and, in the absence of Christ's teaching, these failings and sins are just exactly what all knowledge of human nature leads one to expect. Granted that David in his Psalms curses his enemies in the most ferocious spirit, he never heard the command, "Love your enemies." There is neither a vice nor a crime recorded in the lives of Old Testament characters, that does not bear its testimony to the need there was for some more wholesome words than those of the law and the prophets; and the worse you can prove such men as Jacob and David to have been, the more do you sustain our argument for the wholesomeness of Christ's words. Chris-

tians have done their own cause no good by enlarging so much as they have done upon the virtues of those men of the older dispensation; according to some, Abraham and Moses, David and Job, were such wonderfully holy men that one is inclined to ask what need then was there for such a teacher, such a physician as Jesus Christ? It is far more honest and far more to the support of the Christian cause, to admit to the full, all that was vile in Jacob's deceitfulness, in David's lustfulness, in Joshua's cruelty, in Samson's brutality, in Elisha's revengefulness, and then to bring into contrast with all such horrors the character formed by Christ's teaching as seen in such men as the Apostles and the great majority of the early Christians, as seen, indeed, in eminent Christians of all ages. It is time we said less about those Old Testament people as examples worthy of our imitation;—examples! God forbid; there is hardly one of them the imitation of whom would not lead us into the commission of things for which we should deservedly suffer some penalty of the law, or should, at any rate, be banished from all decent society. It may be said—you should imitate them in this particular, but shun their example in that;—but the men who were capable of such nastiness as marks the lives of so many of those Old Testament characters, are men whom it is just as well not to hold up as examples at all. There is One who hath left us an example that we should follow His steps, and having His example, we need no other. Well, we pass from the Old Testament to the New, and in the latter we find a very different class of people from those who are so prominent in the former. Bad people, certainly, but they are such as would not receive Christ and His teaching;—but notice those who did yield to His influence. We find no such drunken, lying, slaughtering, unclean creatures as those Old Testament men, whom

it is necessary to whitewash with so many apologies in order to make them look at all decent. We find in Christ's scholars a far higher style of man than Abraham, Joshua, David, Elijah: Paul, in moral grandeur worth any dozen of the men of the earlier age; and Stephen, certainly not surpassed in courage by Daniel and his companions in Babylon; and John, than whom, the Lord Himself excepted, a finer character can scarcely be found in Christian History; and, generally, the members of the Christian Churches, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free, living in truth and purity and brotherly love. And the materials out of which these noble and beautiful characters were formed, were for the most part so poor, so worthless, so bad. Men ignorant, superstitious, false, impure; materials about as vile as human nature anywhere in the world could supply.

Concerning the moral wholesomeness of Ch rist's words it may be well to notice what has been said by Mr. Lecky, a writer, certainly not unduly biased in favour of Christianity, a writer, indeed, whose works most Christians would pronounce very decidedly anti-Christian. Mr. Lecky, in his *History of Morality*, says—"It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love, and shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions; has not only been the highest pattern of virtue, but the highest incentive to its practice; and has exerted so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life, has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists. This has indeed been the well-spring of whatever has been best and purest in the Christian life. Amid all the sins and failings, amid

all the priestcraft, the persecution, the fanaticism which have defaced the Church, it has preserved, in the character and example of its Founder, an enduring principle of regeneration." Such testimony from such an authority is well worthy of consideration; no believer, however partial, could give or desire a more distinct or complete recognition of the really supreme wholesomeness of the teaching and example of our Lord. It may be very truly asserted that almost everything that ever has been done to improve the moral condition of the world is due, more or less directly, to the influence He has exerted. Before He came, none cared for the guilty, the miserable, the lost, any more than the Priest or the Levite for the wounded and dying traveller.

The wholesomeness of Christ's words, as proved by their effects, is no mean evidence of the truth of Christianity. Let men wrangle as they will about the dates, authenticity, inspiration of the Gospels; about the possibility of the miraculous; about the reasonableness or unreasonableness of this or that Christian doctrine; here is the broad and ever broadening fact that the words of Jesus Christ produce such blessedly wholesome effects as no other words have ever proved capable of producing, even in a very inferior degree; all that ever was said by prophets among the Jews and by philosophers among the Gentiles is simply weak and all but worthless in its effect, compared with the words of Jesus Christ. These words have given and still give to millions of mankind such light, such life, such comfort, such strength, such hope as to produce on many minds the conviction that, were there no other evidence, the wholesomeness of His words is evidence enough. No miracles which He is said to have performed in healing men's bodies are a thousandth part as miraculous as these amazing and incomparable words by which He heals men's broken hearts and wounded spirits, and makes

them strong to resist temptation, to endure trial, to persevere in duty; and somewhat altering the words of Nicodemus, we can say and we do say—"Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can speak these words which thou speakest except God be with him."

In thinking of the world's future, of what men may be and do in generations to come, our chief ground of hope lies in the wholesome words of Jesus Christ. Science will, probably, pursue its course, discovering more and more of the wonders of the universe, and adding continually to man's power; but this expectation would hold out small promise of real good to the world, if we could suppose that the words of Christ would cease to affect men's minds and hearts and lives. So far, we really see no declining in their power. When such a man as John Stuart Mill affirms that, even in these days, a rational sceptic would do well to make Jesus the subject of imitation, it would seem that our Lord's teaching is by no means losing its energy. Less, perhaps, is now thought of such dogmas as are formulated in creeds, but there seems to be more respect for the precepts propounded and exemplified by our Saviour. "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." And He is in the world now as He has been these 1800 years; in the world by His words, by His spirit, by the all-commanding influence of His love; still the world's light, the source and only source of its moral and spiritual illumination; and, as long as He is thus in the world, we need have no fear of the world's growing worse; the probability, if not indeed the certainty is, that it will steadily improve, as ever since His coming it has done. At any rate, the good or evil of the world's future depends far more upon men's acceptance or rejection of "the wholesome words of Jesus Christ" than upon anything else. In these words the

world has the proven remedy for most of its ills, if not all of them, and it will indeed play the fool, if it cast these words away for any others that quacks, whether in the garb of priests or philosophers, may offer it.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

I. THE NET SPREAD IN THE SIGHT OF THE BIRD.—The net so spread, Solomon tells us, is spread in vain; spread in vain "in the sight of any bird." Birds differ in sagacity and some are bolder than others; but there is no bird so utterly stupid as not to understand the fowler's design if it see him spreading his net, or so foolhardy as wilfully to run into the danger that is set before its eyes. Such was the belief in Solomon's time; larger discovery in natural science may have rather modified the wise man's statement, and we believe that there are birds of wonderful simplicity, that can be very easily deceived, and are not at all akin to those "old birds not to be caught with chaff" of which a familiar proverb speaks. Nevertheless we suppose that, as a general rule, Solomon's assertion is true, and "the net is spread in vain in the sight of any bird." But what is Solomon's meaning when he thus speaks? He means to contrast the good sense of the bird with the senselessness of many men, in whose sight the nets intended to catch them are not spread in vain. The most brainless buzzard is not to be taken in by the fowler who, in its sight, spreads his net; but there are men in thousands who just walk straight into manifest mischief with their eyes (such as they are) wide open. It is not in vain that the begging impostor spreads his net in the sight of charitable people. I have never been half so much

surprised at the ingenuity of such impostors as at the thick-headedness of many kind-hearted folk in not perceiving at a glance that the story which is spread as a net to catch their sympathy and their money, is a lie from beginning to end. It is probable that more than half the money given by the charitably disposed is given to fowlers who spread their nets of canting deceit and whining falsehood. Another sort of net which is not spread in vain in the sight of some of our human birds is the political net by means of which votes are caught; a net made up of all manner of promises, but promises given under pressure and without the slightest intention of performing them. A stunning, bouncing, false cry at an election time, is a net which catches many birds that ought to have more sense. The mercantile net is also one which may be spread in the sight of many birds with the certainty that some of them will be taken. It is now a long time since the South Sea bubble burst; nearly a generation has passed since the great railway madness wrought such havoc; but we are just as gullible as ever, and fine, fat, stupid birds are caught as easily now as at any former period. At the sight of any promising speculation they will flock like vultures to the prey, and, if they get their necks wrung, the verdict of common-sense is—serve them right. But the nets that are spread with the greatest success are those which are laid for the purpose of entangling men in vice. The race-course, for example, which has for many such irresistible charms, notwithstanding the flutterings and shriekings of so many poor birds that have been caught in its meshes and plucked to their last feather. And, more injurious still, the gin palace, which every sane person ought to know exists for the express purpose of beguiling men and women, and getting hold of their money through muddling their brains. But, spread as it is, in the sight of the birds, as obviously a net, a snare, a trap,

as if the fact were stated in large letters on the sign-board, the foolish creatures allow themselves to be taken and done for. And there are fowlers, both men and women, who spread nets with the view of entangling some fine bird in a matrimonial alliance; and this is often done in a manner so glaring, not to say so coarse and repulsive, that it is a marvel it should prove successful; and yet successful it often is, and a young lady of property, and well educated, is caught by some fellow not worth a rap in money, manners, or morals; and the hopeful scion of a family well-connected is run off with by the cook or the lady's-maid. Now all these instances, and many more might be mentioned, should surely raise the question, are we of the human species so very much wiser than birds and other animals which we are accustomed to regard as very inferior to us? In many cases what we call instinct seems to be safer and more sensible than what we call reason. Perhaps the Darwinian theory of the "descent of man" would find as much support on mental and moral as on purely physiological grounds. There may be more than a mere figure of speech, more than resemblance, something of reality, of natural kinship, when some human beings are described as asses and geese, and we might, with equal truth, go far lower in the scale of intelligence.

II. RICHES MAKING TO THEMSELVES WINGS.—"Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make to themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven." Did Solomon speak thus from experience? It is very likely that he did. Perhaps he never was what most people would call poor; but we find that his death was a great relief to his people, because his yoke had been very heavy upon them, and, living, as he did, in such splendour, luxury, extravagance and vice, it is no wonder that the expenses

of his establishments led to an unbearable burden of taxation. A man who had so many wives, concubines, servants, flatterers about him must have seen his riches, however great, make themselves wings and fly away; and then the despotic voluptuary would, of course, lay on more levies, until he impoverished his people if he did not impoverish himself. He saw his riches, or rather the riches of his defrauded subjects, fly away as an eagle toward heaven, perhaps there to accuse him to the King of kings as a tyrant and a robber. But, to say no more of Solomon's experience, whatever that might be, he utters a noteworthy truth in delivering this proverb. Riches do often make to themselves wings and fly away; and they are not the wings of a goose, that can hardly fly over a hedge; nor the wings of a pigeon, that will return to its dovecote; nor the wings of any common or weakly bird, that might not fly fast or might drop the prey from its bill; no, they are the wings of an eagle, a rapacious bird, a strong bird, a bird of swift and lofty and untiring flight, a bird not easily shot when flying, not easily reached when in its aerie; there is little hope of recovering what the eagle carries away; and thus riches lost are, as a rule, lost for ever. It is not always true that riches make to themselves wings; they may be carefully hoarded, wisely invested, largely increased, and kept with such firm grip from one generation to another as to abide in the same family for centuries. There is no need to take Solomon's words as forming a rule without exceptions; there are exceptions and many of them; yet what Solomon says is so often true that most men must have seen some examples of what he states. It is true on a large scale as well as on a small; true of nations as well as of individual men. For how many countries are there and how many cities, once the richest places in the world, and now of all

the places in the world the poorest; faded, decayed, ruined? Egypt and Babylon; Tyre, Carthage, Rome; their riches have made themselves wings and flown away. And as to individual men, it is not alone the wealth of men moderately well to do in the world that takes its departure, but, often, that of the great millionnaire in commerce, and that even of the great landowner who is not exposed to the risks of business life. The riches, hardly worth calling riches, of the hard-working and saving craftsman are scarcely more likely to make themselves wings, or have wings made for them, than the untold wealth of great bankers and great lords of the soil; and the world abounds with impoverished and unhappy men, to whom nothing is left but the festering wounds which the eagle's talons have made in their hearts.

There are many wings on which riches, great or small, fly away. There are the wings of misfortune; plain, blank, inevitable misfortune; against which no forethought could effectually guard. Illness, throwing a man out of work and consuming his savings; bad weather, destroying the farmer's crops and leaving him so poor that he cannot pay his rent; death, depriving a family of him who was its only support. It is not possible, or, if possible, it is not easy in all such cases to provide, by any form of insurance, against such misfortunes as, suddenly befalling men, deprive them of their all. And there are the wings of fraud. There are men who, like eagles, watch for their prey, and seizing it on the first opportunity, fly off with it, heedless of the wrong they do or the misery they cause. Every man who has anything, if it be no more than a ten-pound note, ought to know that there are scoundrels who covet it and will make a grab at it if they can; but it is rather more than we can reasonably expect that every one should be so shrewd and so much upon

his guard as to baffle all the tricks and dodges of those knaves whose trade is to deceive the simple and the unwary. If it be necessary to set a thief to catch a thief, honest men are at a great disadvantage; and it is to be feared that fraud will long continue to fly away with much hard-earned money, and, if the eagle be caught, caged, chained, or have his neck wrung (the old-fashioned way of dealing with him), that is poor compensation, and not another bird of the same breed will be in the slightest degree warned by his brother's fate. Let all compassion be felt for those whose riches are carried off by misfortune and unpreventable fraud; but there are the wings of carelessness; the carelessness that does not insure life and property that might be insured; the carelessness that really invites to dishonesty and tempts to the commission of crime; the carelessness that leads a man to neglect his business, to leave it in the hands of others instead of looking after it himself, and looking after it sharply. Surely, when we hear of clerks and others holding subordinate positions in offices embezzling their employer's property to the extent of many thousands of pounds, we cannot but suppose that, in many such cases, there must have been some kind of carelessness. We call the fellow who makes off with the money a defaulter; perhaps, in many an instance, the robbed, almost as much as the robber, deserves to be so named. The wings of extravagance are very long and very strong, and they carry off more riches than misfortune, fraud, or even carelessness. There is no saying what extravagance cannot make away with. No matter how much comes in, extravagance can cause more to go out; and the richest man thus becomes poor, and, much more, the man who is not rich, but still gets enough to keep him and his in comfort, if he would only be economical and exercise a little wholesome self-denial. But he will ride

when he ought to walk; he will drink wine when he ought to drink water, or, at any rate, be content with a glass of beer; he will fill his house with company when he ought to live very quietly; and so at last he has the company of the bailiffs; and we have heard of a man whose pluck we cannot but admire, in that he made two of these gentlemen wait at his table when he had a great dinner party at his house. Unfortunately, the frog, who has just contrived to jump out of the ditch and sees the ox in the meadow, will swell himself until he bursts in his foolish effort to be as big as his bovine neighbour. And "that's the way the money goes;" extravagance in meat and drink, in clothes and furniture, and in a thousand other items of expenditure, and "the Michaelmas rent is spent to the last farthing in the Midsummer moon," and, ere long, this gentleman's name appears in the gazette, and then the people who had fawned upon him and praised his port say, "What an ass!" and thenceforth give him the dead cut. But there is an eagle of stronger wings and bolder flight even than extravagance; an eagle which, probably, Solomon never saw, for he was almost unknown in his time—and that is speculation. The bird is usually poor and lean enough, but uncommonly sharp in sight, and appetite, and talons. He may generally be seen about the Liverpool Exchange and similar places, if there be any such. A needy creature, he watches the greedy creatures and makes them his victims; croaking 20 per cent., 40 per cent., he attracts their attention, and is successful to an amazing and prodigious extent. Riches are rolled to his feet; riches saved, riches begged, riches borrowed, riches stolen, all goes and the eagle is off; the silly dupes stare, and they may stare, but they will never see their money again. No doubt much may be said in favour of speculation; no doubt there is speculation and specula-

tion; no doubt speculation has done great things for the world; but speculating with other folk's money is only a more or less ingenious way of breaking the eighth commandment, with the ninth and the tenth, and sometimes the sixth into the bargain.

Lest riches should make to themselves wings, it is well to be beforehand with them and to make for them the wings of Charity; for, as an old writer says, "the only way to make perishable goods eternal is to transmit them to heaven by acts of kindness and mercy." We have heard of a tombstone that bears this inscription—"What I spent I had; what I kept I lost; what I gave I have." On the wings of Charity riches fly, not merely towards heaven, but right into heaven itself; and there, wonderfully transmuted into far more precious and durable substance, they will be found in due time by him who can trust the promise—"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

III. THE FOOL BRAYED IN A MORTAR.—"Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."—PROV. xxvii. 22.

Wheat when brayed in a mortar is the same in substance though not in form as it was before it was submitted to the process that breaks it and pounds it into flour; and though it were taken from mortar to mortar and brayed in a score of them, still it is what it was. And thus with a fool; it is hard to discover the discipline that will drive his folly out of him; after having been brayed, and brayed severely, he may not appear exactly as he did aforetime, not so strong, not so healthy, not so well dressed, not so well off in the world, but not a whit less foolish.

There are various kinds of fools and various kinds of

mortars in which, according to their kinds, fools are brayed; but to very little purpose.

There is the conceited fool. He is often brayed in the mortar of ridicule. His follies and weaknesses are laughed at; he is the butt at which a thousand arrows of derision are shot; he is the sport, perhaps the scorn, of all who know him; his self-importance, his affectation, are caricatured without mercy. But, in many cases, in most cases, such a fool does not see, cannot be made to see, that there is anything ridiculous about him, or, whether he see it or not, the braying to which he is subjected, though repeated every day of his life, leaves him as full of his self-conceit as ever.

There is the dogmatical fool. His fixed belief is that he is right and that every one else is wrong. To other people, to all other people, his notions may appear strange, extravagant, unfounded; this makes no difference to him, unless it be that the more others disagree with him the more confirmed he is in his opinions. Indeed, of opinions he makes little account; he thinks nothing, but knows everything. The Pope did not venture to consider himself infallible until the Church pronounced him so; the dogmatic fool has asked no man's leave, no man's advice; he hangs his infallibility on his own hook and sets you at defiance. You bray him in the mortar of reason; you crush to powder all his assertions, all his inferences; you demonstrate that his facts are all fictions, his arguments all fallacies, but in vain; he still believes as before. If his dogmatism relate to religion, bray him in the mortar of Scripture. Take Moses as your pestle; then take David, Solomon, the sixteen prophets, the four evangelists, the twelve apostles; pound him with each in succession; you won't alter his convictions. Indeed, are we not all everlastingly braying each other's politics with reason, and each other's religion with Scripture, and with hardly

any result, excepting that we make each other very angry, and all the more determined not to alter our minds and not to forsake our respective parties in church and state? Perhaps we ought to confess that we are all included in this class of incorrigible blockheads.

There is the thriftless fool, a very common character, a ne'er-do-well, a fellow afflicted with what is very expressively called "bone laziness." He is extravagant withal in so far as he has anything to be extravagant with. He has had as many chances of getting on as fall to the lot of other people; but he grumbles much, makes little, saves nothing. The mortar in which most commonly this fool is brayed is poverty. This ought to beat the idleness out of him; the very prospect of it ought to waken and sharpen him up; but neither the prospect of the infliction nor the experience of it, often produces any good effect. When this fool has been brayed for a while with hunger and rags, and debt and abject misery, should there be a cessation, should he have another chance, receive help from friends, money from one, work from another, it will generally be found that the milling he has passed through leaves him as it found him, with the "bone laziness" in every bone, just as before. We all know creatures of this sort; perhaps we have tried to help them and failed. What to do with them and for them is a question very hard to answer. St. Paul certainly suggests an answer, and rather a severe one—"If any man would not work neither should he eat;" but then, what of the wife and children? and the thriftless fellow is often one who has a large family to throw upon his friends or upon the world.

There is the vicious fool, who falls among bad companions, takes to bad habits, drinks, gambles, neglects his work, forfeits the confidence of all who have the misfortune of knowing him. The mortar of poverty is the place for him too; but the result of his being brayed

in it, is not infrequently this—that he lays his hands upon what does not belong to him; the mill of poverty just grinds him into a thief. It is commonly the fate of such a one to be thrown or to fall into the mortar of sickness. The diseases that wait upon the various forms and degrees of intemperance are terrible pestles, apt to beat a man all to pieces body and mind. But if the wretch be spared the blows that would kill him outright, if he be kindly permitted by the outraged laws of nature to recover and have another chance, it is, as a rule, all to no purpose. We have often heard the miserable victim of vice promise and vow and swear all sorts of reformation, in the event of his being spared this once. There is no language in which we place less confidence. It is probably uttered in perfect sincerity; but the chances are a million to one that, in a few weeks after recovery, the penitent will be in every respect as vicious as he ever was. And this fool is generally flung into the mortar of disgrace and contempt. He has justly lost all claim to respect. He is pounded with hard looks and hard words from those who once were his friends. He is beaten by refusal after refusal to render him any assistance; blow after blow falls upon him as, in his life of beggary, one old acquaintance turns him out of his office, and another won't give him a shilling, and a third threatens to hand him over to the police if ever he trouble him again. But all is unavailing.

There is the criminal fool. He, in most instances, has been a vicious fool. Having chosen vice instead of virtue, vice, ere long, leads him, drives him, drags him into crime. The awful temptations to which poverty exposes him, the raging passion which intemperance excites in him, the devil-may-care recklessness into which the contempt of society plunges him, almost inevitably end in crime. And then he is cast into the mortar of a prison and brayed with the formidable

pestles of our righteous but by no means severe criminal law. There he is in the mortar for weeks, months, years; perhaps under very good discipline; giving, it may be, hopeful signs of amendment. And when he comes out? Alas! alas! the very word—ticket-of-leave—is suggestive of the too frequent, the almost invariable fact that even a braying in prison does not drive the foolishness out of this fool. Recently a woman was brought before the stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool, charged for the seventy-fourth time with being drunk and disorderly. There seems to be nothing in the prison that can bray out the foolishness, unless it be the gallows; and perhaps that only sends in the other world a still uncorrected and still incorrigible fool, while its power to deter others in the world from a criminal course is, to say the least, very doubtful.

There seems to be no pestle and mortar contrivance that can expel the foolishness, whether of conceit, or dogmatism, or idleness, or vice, or crime. All this is very discouraging. But God has not left human nature in this hopeless condition. His gospel, applied betimes, is very powerful to save us from becoming fools, and to restore us to our right mind if we have been so unfortunate as to give way to any such serious kinds of folly as threatens us with loss, wretchedness, and destruction. The foolishness of man can be driven out only by the wisdom of God; and the wisdom of God is Christ.

IV. WINE IS A MOCKER.—It *is* a mocker; it is, indeed, an utter mockery, if the half that is said of it be true. It is, in many cases, a most vile imposture. The art of adulterating it has been brought to great perfection; for it consists not merely in the blending of different wines, but in the use of materials that are entirely foreign to the grape. The body and flavour of port wine are pro-

duced by gum-dragon, and the colour by a preparation of German bilberries, to which is added the washings of brandy casks, and a little salt of tartar to form a crust. Sherry is flavoured with sugar-candy, bitter almonds, and the unfailing washings of brandy casks. If the colour be too high it is lowered by means of blood; and softness is imparted to it by gum-benzoin. Pale sherries are produced by means of plaster of Paris, by a process called "plastering." In this way a pale, dry sherry is made, charged with the sulphates of lime and potash. Large quantities of clarets are manufactured in this country from inferior French wine and rough cider; the colour being imparted to it by wormwood or cochineal. Madeira consists of Vidonia with a little Cape; to which are added bitter almonds and sugar; and Vidonia and Cape are adulterated with cider and rum, carbonate of soda being added to correct the acidity. Champagne is made from gooseberries, rhubarb stalks and sugar; the product being largely consumed at balls, races, and public dinners. And a great part of the wine of Germany and France has ceased to be the juice of the grape at all. The processes of blending, softening, fortifying, sweetening, plastering, &c., &c., are carried on to such an extent that it is hardly possible to obtain a sample of genuine wine even at first hand. Moreover, books are written on the subject, giving the plainest directions for the fabrication of every kind of wine. The materials for such fabrication are numerous, and among them we notice such delightful things as these—elderberry, logwood, Brazil-wood, red sanders-wood, cudbear, red beetroot — for colour; lime, litharge, carbonate of lime, carbonate of soda, carbonate of potash—to correct acidity; catechu, sloe leaves and oak bark—for astringency; sulphate of lime, gypsum or Spanish earth and alum—for removing colour; cane sugar—for giving sweetness and body; acetic ether—for giving bouquet or flavour.

These statements seem almost incredible; but we think that the authority on which we make them will command some respect, if not entire belief. What we have written above is condensed from, is almost word for word an extract from, the article on Adulteration in the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' Vol. I., published the year before last [1875]. So that this is not an old story of old tricks and rascalities; not in a single instance does the writer of the article, when speaking of wines, use the verbs in the past tense; he does not say that champagne was at one time produced from rhubarb stalks and gooseberries, but that it is so produced now; and he declares that, at this time (at any rate, the year before last, and things have scarcely mended much since), "it is hardly possible to obtain a sample of genuine wine, even at first hand."

Will "the trade" remove our anxiety by telling us, assuring us, proving to us that the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is in error? Will "the trade" repudiate these dreadful charges? Will "the trade" guarantee the genuineness of what it sells for port, sherry, claret, &c.? On the assumption that such a standard authority as that from which we quote is correct, we make the remarks that follow, but shall really be delighted to find that we are altogether wrong, and that we have not been swindled, poisoned, and befooled as this writer tells us we have been.

If it be "hardly possible to obtain a sample of genuine wine even at first hand," what do we get when we dine at an inn, or ask for a glass of wine at a restaurant or a railway refreshment-room? What abominable messes and mixtures and muddles those must be which are had from neither first nor second hand, but have gone through no one knows how many hands, all skilful in such roguery. Now, to call a spade a spade,—the proper thing to say at the counter of the restaurant would be,

not—"Let me have a glass of sherry," but, "Bring me, if you please, a mixture of your best plaster of Paris, bitter almonds and blood." And at dinner, unless you have, and are sure that you have, "a sample of genuine wine at first hand," don't ask your friend to take port, but say —"Do help yourself to this fine old preparation of German bilberries, gum-dragon, and salt of tartar." And when you have a wedding breakfast at your house, be honest with your guests, and instead of cheating them into the absurd belief that they are drinking champagne, be outspoken enough to tell the waiters to take round the rhubarb-stalks and gooseberries. And this might be a useful meditation for a gentleman on visiting his wine-cellar:—"Here is my choicest elderberry, and here my most divine Brazil wood; in this bin I have laid down my oak bark and sloe leaves; in that, my plaster of Paris, and above it is my pale, dry sherry, charged with the sulphates of lime and potash." The doctors know very well that not one in a thousand of their patients can obtain "a sample of genuine wine at first hand," and it would be only honest when they prescribe claret to order it in this form—"Take some rough cider, coloured with cochineal." And what a singular document might be made by faithfully translating the wine merchant's bill—

To the washings of brandy casks	£5	10	0
,, Gum-dragon	0	17	6
,, Spanish earth	3	4	0
,, Lime and litharge	0	12	0
,, Gooseberries and rhubarb	17	6	0
Total for making a fool of yourself ...	£27	9	6

And are these the horrid beverages for which we are such simpletons as to pay from 3s. to 15s. a bottle, none of it obtained "at first hand," and therefore we may suppose none of it "genuine wine"? With the witches in Macbeth, the makers of these drinks might sing, as they watch the process—

"For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble."

As far as wine is concerned, nothing can be more calculated to make men abstainers than the consideration of such facts as we have noted above. Gentlemen sipping their port or claret after dinner, and talking, as at such times they often do, of the intemperance of the working classes, are apt to wax indignant while they speak of the detestable things with which the poor man's beer is adulterated; little supposing that the stuff they themselves are drinking, and for which they pay such a price, is made up of things far worse. Well might Solomon say, "Wine is a mocker." This it was even in his time, and this it is much more in ours, "for they did not know everything down in Judee." The wine-merchants of Solomon's day were not acquainted with plaster of Paris, nor can we suppose that gooseberries or logwood were much in their line of business, to say nothing of Spanish earth or catechu. Wine, as we have it—not "genuine at first hand"—*is* a mocker. It mocks us with every kind of false pretence as to its character and its value; it mocks us with a promise of health and strength, which it is not in its vile nature to afford; it mocks us with a gratification that often ends in suffering; it mocks us by stealing away our brains and making us talk and act like idiots; to the pocket, to the stomach, to the head, and to the heart, it is a mockery altogether, and as Solomon very truly observes, "whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise; . . . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

MANLINESS IN RELATION TO RELIGION.*—"What!" asks some one in surprise, "is there anything particularly manly in religion, or anything calculated to form

* Part of an address delivered to the London Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall.

a manly character?" Yes, my friend; at least I, for one, most earnestly believe that religion is the manliest thing in this world, and that without it your manliness cannot be complete. It is very possible that you may have learned to scoff at religion as a superstition, worthy only of the dark ages. Possibly you regard Christians, decided Christians, Christians who mean what they say, as a weak, slow, small-minded class of persons. Much of the popular literature of the present day is calculated to produce and foster such an impression. I wish that writers who hate religion, and only pay a hypocritical respect to its name, would be manly enough to speak out. We can understand a hard-headed, and even a hard-hearted argument; we can admire the courage and respect the sincerity of a man who boldly declares himself the conscientious enemy of religion; but to introduce into works of fiction miserable sneers, and to picture characters that are scarcely to be found in any denomination, to represent these characters as average and normal specimens of religious professors; this, I submit, is a cowardly, a sneaking, and altogether unmanly course.

But I am quite prepared to admit that professors of religion have done much towards confirming the contempt which is felt by many for the religious character. There is amongst them so much rank-worship, so much money-worship; in many cases far stronger faith in the gospel of Mammon than in the gospel of Jesus Christ; a living and working faith in the former, only a dead and unproductive faith in the latter. Then there is no little cant, no little hypocrisy. Christian men of business, whose treatment of those in their employ is worse than that experienced by the servants of men who make no pretensions to a religious character. Members of Christian Churches, who are to the full as avaricious, as mean, as dishonourable, as given to trickery and

fraud, as men who openly despise religion. There is a woful deficiency of the practical evidence of Christianity afforded by the Christian life. We may rely upon it, however, that no other evidence will satisfy this pre-eminently practical age. We have had evidences enough of another kind, critical, historical, philosophical. There is no lack in this respect; but men now ask, and they have a right to ask, that those who call themselves Christians shall, in all matters of business, act with the perfect integrity and honour to which their profession pledges them. You, Christian men of business, have a noble work before you; there is no Christian minister, no Christian missionary, who has a finer sphere for Christian influence than that in which you move. The shop, the warehouse, the office, the market, are the very places in which you can most effectually demonstrate the manliness of the Christian character. By your sterling integrity, by your moderation in prosperity, by your patience under adversity, by your victory over self, you will preach the most eloquent, the most convincing, the most masterly of all sermons, and compel the scoffer to admit that your Christianity tends to make you, in the highest sense of the expression, manly.

But it must be confessed that the Christian ministry has also had its share in bringing religion into disrepute. The ecclesiastical "Nimrods, ramrods, and fishing-rods," are now happily rather rare, but the ecclesiastical coxcomb is common in all denominations. I am told that the getting-up of ministerial dress is a distinct department of the tailor's divine art. There's the M.B. coat, and the cassock waistcoat, and the starch; and when the people see a young Levite decked out in all these proprieties, pulling at the same time a long face, as if the spirit of Christianity was the very essence of sourness and gloom—*don't* the people laugh at him? But this dandyism is a trifle; there are far graver faults;

on the one hand, there is often a lack of earnestness on the part of the intelligent; on the other, a want of intelligence on the part of the earnest. Some have given religion the appearance of a cold, heartless worldliness; with others it has degenerated into screeching buffoonery and spasmodic rant. Some of our places of worship, of all denominations, are nearly empty. Can any man of common sense wonder at this? The only matter of surprise is that anybody at all should be stupid enough to submit to such a dull and wearisome ordeal as awaits him there. The people show their good sense and their religiousness rather by forsaking than by frequenting such temples of inanity, such ministries of insufferable dulness. "Timber to timber," said the conscientious Presbyterian minister, when, at an ordination, his sense of duty preventing him from laying his hand upon the candidate's head, he laid his walking-stick thereon, quietly remarking—"Timber to timber."

There are unmanly Christians; there are unmanly ministers; and it must be further confessed that there is much unmanly religious literature. A cheap press has its advantages: it has its disadvantages also. It affords facilities of which those who are least competent to afford sound and sensible religious instruction are sure to avail themselves. Many of our religious books are mere trash, which never can emit one ray or spark of light, unless committed to the flames. Some of our religious periodicals are simply the Mrs. Grundys of the religious world; and the Mrs. Grundy of the religious world is, if possible, a more disagreeable person than her kinswoman of the fashionable world. She is not by any means so good-tempered or so charitable. I have seen and read not a few tracts which I should be extremely loth to place in the hands of an intelligent but somewhat sceptical mechanic. I should not respect the man's good sense if such arguments as those tracts

contain convinced him of the truth of Christianity. I should only be too thankful if they did not confirm his impression that religion is weakness and superstition. The very names of some religious publications are almost ridiculous, and calculated to provoke a smile of contempt. There are 'Crumbs of Comfort,' one penny each; 'Dew-Drops for the Heart,' twopence; 'A Pot of Manna,' for fourpence; half-a-crown for 'A Draught of Water from the Samaritan Woman's Pitcher;' there is 'Zion's Trumpet,' blown once a month. There is a publication which is meekly styled an 'Earthen Vessel;' but it wishes, by its humble name, to insinuate that it is filled with "heavenly treasure." Some time ago I was startled by seeing in a shop window a book entitled, 'A Boy in the Swellings of Jordan'! We have had so many mornings and evenings with divers persons, that we may now look for mornings with Shem, evenings with Ham, and afternoons with Japhet; days with Tubal Cain, and nights with Methuselah; hours with Huz, and half hours with Buz his brother. One good man in advertising the production of his genius, says coaxingly, "Will you buy my little book, brother?" But the request is not always so modest. An editor plainly tells me that I cannot be an intelligent Baptist, but must be a very stupid Baptist, unless I take in his periodical, or allow it to take *me* in. Not long ago, I received a religious newspaper, with a leading article addressed to all orders and degrees of Christian people, entreating them, commanding them, to do their utmost to enlarge the circulation of the paper; threatening them with the curse of Meroz if they went not up "to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" which going up really means just this—going up to the help of the said newspaper, against every principle of common sense. But of all the specimens of rant or cant, that ever came under my notice, commend me to

the discovery made by a religious newspaper, of the real cause of the accident which unhappily occurred at the first attempt to launch the Great Eastern. What was it? Were the windlasses out of order? Was the slack of the chain not taken in? Were the men a little confused? These were only the secondary causes with which the carnal mind is satisfied; the real primary cause, obvious to the spiritually minded, was the impiety of the Company, in choosing for their vessel such a name as Leviathan, which, says the newspaper, signifies the devil.

Positively, I would infinitely prefer our having no religious literature at all, to our being degraded by such mean, miserable, weak, and unmanly productions as these! Such literature can do no Christian any good, and can only confirm the contempt which a sceptic or a worldling feels for religion. We must treat men as men, and not as children or as fools; we must appeal to their reason; we must speak of religion in the language of common sense. The conscience and the affections can never be approached, excepting by the divinely appointed avenue of the understanding. If we cannot do this, let us hold our peace. Most earnestly do I hope that the glorious cause of religion may be saved from the intrusive and impertinent interference of twaddle.

Well now, gentlemen, you who think that religion and manliness are, if not incompatible, at all events, not closely allied, I submit that I have made a full admission, though I believe not too full, of the unmanliness which, in one way or another, has insinuated itself into religious professors and religious institutions; but you will not, I hope, conclude from this that religion itself is unmanly. I appeal to you as intelligent men, whether amongst professors of Christianity there are not multitudes of men as free from cant, from hypocrisy, from rank-worship and mammon-worship, from weakness, superstition, and silliness, as any men under the

face of the sun. I appeal to you as intelligent men and ask, whether, among the ministers of religion, there have not been and are not numbers of the manliest characters the world has ever seen. Need I remind you of that prince of men, Moses, daring to demand the liberation of his captive people;—of Nathan, in his boldness, saying to David, "Thou art the man;"—of Elijah, in sublime irony, mocking the howling priests of Baal! Where in all the annals of war will you find truer heroism than that of Paul, who, though well assured that bonds and afflictions abided him, could say, "None of these things move me?" Consider the bravery of old Latimer at the stake, cheering his fellow-sufferer, with the assurance that they were that day lighting a candle in England, which by God's grace should never be put out. Whatever might be the faults of the puritans, no one will accuse Hampden and Cromwell, and their troops, of unmanliness. Bold and fearless men too were those Pilgrim Fathers, were not they, when in their unconquerable faith they went and founded a nation which now stands amongst the foremost peoples of the world? And never was greater intrepidity displayed, than that which has distinguished numbers of Christian missionaries in these modern times—Livingstone, to wit! Certainly if manliness is to be tested by courage, resolution, dauntlessness, defiance of unrighteous power, self-sacrifice, contempt of danger, and perfect victory over the fear of death, the history of the Christian Church affords more numerous and more decisive instances of such characteristics than the history of the whole world besides; so utterly untrue is it that Christianity does not foster a manly spirit!

Further, as it respects literature, if we could only present you with such specimens as many of those which, in these times of prolific publishing, press themselves upon your attention, and with mingled impudence

and abjectness clamour to be read, I confess I should feel ashamed. But such books are only the soft and slimy detritus that has been washed and worn from those grand works which tower like mountains to the skies, and rank amongst the noblest efforts of the intellect of man. It was religion, sanctifying the genius of Milton and Bunyan, that gave to the world the 'Paradise Lost,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress'; it was religion, enthroned in the reason of Butler, that produced the well-known Analogy; it was religion, pervading the strong, masculine common sense of Paley, that expressed itself well in the 'Evidences of Christianity,' and expressed itself still better in the 'Horæ Paulinæ'; it was religion, shedding its holy light upon the meditative mind of Foster, that inspired him to compose those essays which will ever be read with admiration and profit by every thoughtful Englishman. Gentlemen, Christianity has no reason to be ashamed of its literature. In its waste basket and its Balaam box you may find no end of puerilities, effeminacies, weaknesses; but, on the shelves of its noble library are ranged, I will not say all, but certainly a very large proportion of the manliest books that have ever issued from the press, to instruct, to guide, to charm, and to ennoble the human race.

My friends, if you are intelligent men, your intelligence teaches you that the capacity to recognise and to worship the Supreme Being, is the noblest faculty of your nature. Your intelligence teaches you that apart from the exercise, the healthy and vigorous exercise of this faculty, you have not risen, and cannot rise, to the true dignity, greatness, and grandeur of a man. I am perfectly certain of this, that if you have fallen in with the too common notion that it is a manly thing to ignore religion, you have not done so with the sanction of your common sense. We act like men only when

we act in strict conformity with our physical, mental, and moral constitution; and the highest law of our moral constitution is the culture of our religious consciousness. Even the phrenologist, who is not always very favourable to orthodox opinions, maintains that there is an organ of veneration. He may be right, he may be wrong, when he places that organ in the very crown of the human head; but such a position, if correct, is no unfair type of the sovereignty which the religious consciousness holds, or ought to hold, over the entire nature of man. Whenever you see an irreligious man, a man who scoffs at sacred things, and laughs at those who, in all humility of heart, bow down and worship at the throne of the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, you may conclude that such a person is deficient in real manliness; he has lost his self-respect; he has denied the dignity of his nature; he has trampled under foot the diadem of honour given him by his God, and he has learned to glory in his shame.

Manliness, then, requires us to recognise and to respect religion. I think it also requires us to be earnest, bold, and free, in our inquiries after religious truth. There are many persons who are ready to accept whatever is proposed to them as religious truth. It may be ridiculous, it may be monstrous, it may be impossible, it may be most derogatory to the honour of the Divine Being, but their faith is perfectly omnivorous, and the more remote any proposition that calls itself religious is from the domain of common sense, the more likely is it to command their unhesitating assent. And if common sense should remonstrate, it is summarily and peremptorily put down. It is presumptuous to inquire, it is wrong to doubt. Reason may exercise itself upon matters of science, politics, or trade; but reason must retire when a question of a religious nature is concerned. And hence we often witness the strange anomaly of a

man of great learning, high scientific attainments, and unrivalled business talents, who in things professedly religious believes the most unmitigated nonsense. He is a man in everything else, but here he is a child. Well, but you say, this childlike spirit is commendable. Christ says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." But it should be most distinctly borne in mind, that the childlike characteristic commended in this and similar passages, is not intellectual, but moral. There is another passage of Scripture which gives us the whole truth on this point. "Brethren, be not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men." We may exercise our reason then, nay, we are most solemnly bound to exercise our reason on matters pertaining to religion. I ask you then to go boldly and freely into all inquiries relating to the reasonableness and truth of Christianity. Boldly interrogate every doctrine, and ascertain the real value of its claims upon your acceptance. I do not even ask you to receive the Scriptures as the word of God, until you have proved to your satisfaction that they do contain a revelation of God's will. A very dangerous doctrine, says some timid soul—you will lead these young men whom you are addressing into infidelity. You take upon yourself a fearful responsibility, when you tell these young men to make their reason the foundation of their faith. My good friend, is not this exercise of private judgment the basis of all Protestantism? And are you afraid that Christianity won't stand the test of common sense? Verily a great many things that have got mixed up with our Christianity won't endure this trial; but, by all means, let the wood, and the hay, and the stubble be consumed forthwith—fear not for the gold, the silver, and the precious stones, they will abide uninjured and uninjurable for evermore.

And once you have had the manliness to recognise, to receive, to honour true religion; to give it its due place in your intellectual and moral nature, you will be in the right path to become manly in every other respect; for the practical manifestation of our holy faith includes all truly manlike properties. Our religion teaches us to be manly in our temper. Here many miserably fail. Indeed one of the popular notions of manliness is that it shows itself in a hasty, fiery, violent, passionate disposition. Now, I believe that there is an anger which is justifiable, that there are times in a man's life when it would be wrong not to be angry. When I see injustice, oppression, cruelty, brutality, I do well to be angry. But still it is at once manly and Christian to have our temper thoroughly under control. A hasty, violent temper is generally the token of a small, weak, unmanly mind. Dean Trench, in his admirable little book 'On the Study of Words,' observes, "We sometimes think of the passionate man as a man of strong will, and of real, though ungoverned energy. But this word (passion) declares to us most plainly the contrary; for it, as a very solemn use of it declares, means properly, suffering; and a passionate man is not a man doing something, but one suffering something to be done on him. Let no one then think of passion as a sign of strength. As reasonably might one assume that it was proof of a man being a strong man that he was often well beaten." I do admire, I do envy the man who has sovereign power over his temper. There is something so grand, so powerful, in the coolness which is not the coolness of indifference, but the coolness of patience and magnanimity. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And if hasty anger, bursting forth into gusts of passion, be unmanly, unchristian, still more so is that revengeful spirit, which calmly

measures and coolly calculates the best modes of gratifying itself at some favourable opportunity. The manliest revenge is forgiveness. Resentment! Any poor creature can show resentment. Tread on a worm, and it will turn. "If your enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Is there not in this something infinitely more manly than in the poor and pitiful spite which retaliates wrong for wrong, and cries: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?" If you retaliate you think you triumph. I tell you, you are vanquished, and the greater your apparent victory, the greater your real humiliation; you are "overcome of evil"; is it not more manly to "overcome evil with good"?

And your religion will teach you, and, what is more, enable you to exercise a manly fortitude in trouble. While most of our troubles are made by ourselves, still we need the discipline of chastisement, the conflict with difficulty, to promote the development of a manly character. The Chinese have this fine proverb, "The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials." There are few sights in the world more worthy of admiration than that of a man "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed." Job is seen to greatest advantage, not when God's candle shines upon his head, when his children are about him, when the prince and nobles rise at his approach; no—if you want to see the man in all the grandeur of his manliness, you must watch him, as messenger after messenger arrives with heavy tidings, and he retains his self-command, "beareth all things, endureth all things," and at last, knowing the full extent of his calamities, rises a beggared and a childless man, and says, in the triumph of his fortitude, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." There is strength, there is manliness. It is this, not

his wealth, this, not the respect that was paid to him, it is this that proves beyond all gainsaying that Job was the greatest of all the men of the east.

Once more, our religion teaches us that manliness shows itself in one of its most glorious aspects in an unflinching homage to truth. To tell a lie in order to gain some advantage, in order to avoid some loss, is one of the commonest of all sins. In many cases, the immorality of untruthfulness is scarcely recognised. The language of courtesy and compliment is often empty and insincere. When a man asks you to dine with him, you may often detect the fact that he would be very sorry if you accepted the invitation. I would advise you, however, always to accept it when you believe it to be insincere. For the man's own good, take him at his word. Good manners and good morals were once identical: it is to be feared that what now are called good manners often involve a large measure of immorality. In fact, the term "good manners" is well nigh abandoned just now: we have etiquette—a very proper word, for it seems to have originally signified a slip of paper, on which were marked down the ceremonies to be observed on any state occasion. A manly man's maxim is to "speak the truth and shame the devil." To "buy the truth, and sell it not;" to sacrifice truth to nothing—everything to truth. Act thus, and you will prove yourselves men indeed. Let conventionalisms, prejudices, party ties, aye, let friendships perish if need be, but stand by Truth. Be her loyal subjects, swear fealty to her; and then, in evil report and good report, come profit or come loss, never forsake her, even though your fidelity cost you ever so much.

"For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game,
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

I do believe, and rejoice to believe, that in the heart of the people of this country there is a deep love of truth. To give the lie direct is the greatest insult you can offer an Englishman. Perhaps you may venture to tell him that he is poor; that his ancestry was mean; that he is selfish; that he is even a fool; but do not be so daring as to accuse him of untruthfulness unless you are well prepared to prove your assertion. We have a common saying which we employ when we wish to state the real and not the unreal meaning of any given proposition:—"The English of it is this." The "English of it" is the truth of it; the English and the truth are supposed to be identical. If this expression be correct, I know of no phrase in all our copious phraseology more honourable to us as a people. May it be correct!—universally correct—for evermore correct! And, in all future time, when men wish to state a fact, to expose a fallacy, to unravel a sophistry, to explode a sham, to lay bare an imposture, may they say, and say with reason, "This is the English of it!"

In all that I have said I can scarcely hope for your concurrence; in all that I have said I may not have been correct; still, in all that I have said, I have honestly endeavoured to state what I believe to be "the English of it." I have thrown out some suggestions which may possibly be of service in pointing out the true characteristics of manliness, and in discriminating the false notions which are so common on this important subject. I would express the cordial hope, and breathe the fervent prayer, that we may all steadily, strongly, triumphantly advance towards the realisation of such a character as shall merit the epithet, Manly—an epithet which many assume who do not deserve it; an epithet which we are far too prone to apply where it is not fairly applicable; an epithet which belongs of right to him only who ever strives to attain the perfection of his

being, and to accomplish the purposes of his creation. In matters of detail I may have been mistaken, but in the great fundamental principles discussed in the earlier part of this lecture I believe that we shall unanimously agree, viz. in the identity of Manliness with Virtue, with Godliness, and with the perfect imitation of Christ. Take, then, these four words; remember that they are equivalent terms; write them on the table of your hearts:—Virtue : Godliness : Christlikeness : Manliness!

SCEPTICISM.

TO YOUNG MEN.—In the Battle of Life many of us, I doubt not, meet with a formidable adversary in the shape of scepticism. It comes against us brandishing weapons which it professes to have taken from the armoury of science, and with which it threatens to destroy our faith in the Bible and Christianity. It quotes the authority of philosophers, historians, and scholars, to prove that the life of Jesus is a myth; that the rapid spread of Christianity is not at all more marvellous than the rapid spread of Mohammedanism; that the Levitical system was borrowed from the ritual of Egyptian temples; that the cosmogony of the Book of Genesis has been exploded by the discoveries of geology; and that the physiologist, philologist, and ethnologist entertain grave doubts as to the descent of the whole human race from one parental pair. Where we allege the fulfilment of prophecy, it alleges curious but not preternatural coincidences. It coolly takes it for granted that miracles are impossible, and speaks of the inspiration of Moses, Daniel, and Paul as similar in kind, though perhaps greater in degree than that which, by a figure of speech and a flourish of rhetoric, we ascribe to Homer

to Dante, and to Shakspeare. With all its strength it sets itself against the principle of an atonement; and very wisely, because it knows that this is the very king of Christian principles, and that, this once dethroned and slain, the battle is decided, and Christianity driven for ever from the field. Not in the language of coarse invective and violent abuse does the infidelity of this age assail Christianity. It is courteous; it is complimentary; it is most profuse in the employment of Scriptural phraseology; it talks of the Divine, the Spiritual, the Eternal. It would have us believe that it is more Christian than Christianity itself. "Its words are smoother than oil, yet are they drawn swords." It can captivate our fancy; it can flatter our pride; above all, it can lull to repose the anxieties of our conscience, and here is the "hiding of its power."

If you have been taken by this system, or rather by any of these systems—(for infidels are quite as much divided in opinion, and indeed more so than Christians; they have their high church and their low church as well as we; their hyper-infidelity, in the forms of Atheism and Pantheism; and, if the expression can be allowed, their hypo-infidelity, in the forms of Deism and Rationalism)—if infidelity, in any of its various developments, has attracted your attention and gained your approbation, let me ask, Whence do your sceptical tendencies arise? Do you wish to find Christianity false? Are you afraid lest it should prove to be no cunningly-devised fable? Is it to you what Micaiah the son of Imlah was to King Ahab? what John the Baptist was to Herod? Do you dislike its humbling doctrines, its stern morality? Does your heart secretly rejoice at every argument which tells, or seems to tell, against its reasonableness and its truth? If this be your case, then I have only to say that you are prejudiced, that you are not dealing with this great question fairly.

Or are you sceptical from sheer vanity and conceit? Excuse me—there is much infidelity which has no better foundation than this. You would fain be thought too intellectual, too profound, to be imposed upon by the shams which deceived your superstitious and unreasoning ancestors. Your soul is too great to be trammelled by the antiquated notions of barbarous ages. You do not dress, you do not speak, you do not travel as former generations did, and therefore you will not believe as they did. You live in an age of progress, and, giant that you are, you have outgrown the clothes you once wore. You have become a man and have put away childish things. With an admirable affectation of humility and simplicity, you look regretfully upon the days of your childish belief, and wish that you could still exercise an unquestioning faith, and restrain the sceptical suggestions of your informed and expanded mind. Now, if your infidelity is the infidelity of intellectual puppyism, allow me to remind you that there is a person whom a man, almost as sagacious as yourself, pronounced "wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason." I would humbly suggest, that the men who have believed and do believe Christianity are not all simpletons; that a few of them are perhaps your equals or nearly so, in an intellectual point of view—Locke for example, and Butler, and Jonathan Edwards, and Calvin, and Bacon, and Paley, and Chalmers, and Foster and Neander, and possibly a few more. These men have recorded their solemn belief in Christianity and their reasons for that belief, but you say that the arguments which satisfied them do not meet your doubts and difficulties. You cannot expect your infidelity to be respected unless it arises from a pure and earnest desire to arrive at religious truth and certitude. If this be its origin, then there is little reason to fear the ultimate results of your scepticism. I blame you not

for being anxious to know that what we tell you is a pearl of great price is really such, and not some specious and spurious imitation, the workmanship of a cunning priestcraft. I blame you not for being desirous of giving an answer, a satisfactory "answer to every one that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." By all means inquire. How often must we say that Christianity, instead of shirking investigation, demands, entreats it? If you are right-hearted, then we have no fears as to the result, believing with Pascal, that "there is in Christianity light enough for those who sincerely wish to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition." If you have entered upon the track of infidelity, I ask you to go on; I will not ask you *now* to retrace your steps, but bid you honestly follow the system to what it requires you to *believe* as well as what it requires you to disbelieve; and when you get into the depths of absurdity, the palpable contradictions, the almost idiotic irrationalism to which it will most logically lead you, then reflect whether, after all, hard as it is to believe in Christianity, it is not much harder to disbelieve it—whether, on a fair calculation of probabilities, the balance is not most decidedly, most immensely, in favour of the Bible.

But you will ask—Are there not difficulties here? are there not many things in the Bible, in Christianity, which greatly baffle and perplex us? Undoubtedly there are, and how can it be otherwise? What is there that we can fully understand? Nature? not by any means; not one fact or phenomenon of nature, not one law or element of nature; nothing in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, in the water under the earth—nothing; for every substance, organic and inorganic, is full of mystery, and it is not yet decided by the philosophers whether there is any objective world at all, or whether the spacious universe is not a mere idea, a

splendid illusion, mysteriously imposed upon the human mind. What do we understand? Ourselves?—no, least of all ourselves, seeing that, so far as philosophy can teach us, it is yet a disputed point whether we are material, immaterial, both, or neither. When we put the question to ourselves what are we?—the mind (to quote the language of an able writer) "takes itself into its own hands, turns itself about, as a savage would a watch, or a monkey a letter, interrogates itself, listens to the echo of its own voice, and is obliged, after all, to lay itself down, with a very puzzled expression, and acknowledge that of its very self, itself knows little or nothing."

> "I tremble at myself,
> And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
> Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
> And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
> Oh! what a miracle is man to man!"

Thus ignorant of nature, of ourselves, of everything; incapable of fully comprehending the most ordinary facts and phenomena of the natural world, and equally incapable of analysing the simplest processes of thought, we must be blind indeed, and foolish beyond all measure and expression, if we expect to unveil the mysteries of Deity, or think to disperse the clouds and darkness that are round about Jehovah, if we are surprised that, with much that is plain, the Bible often leads us to the confines of a knowledge that "is too wonderful for us," thus teaching us, what science ever teaches us, to "be clothed with humility." But, as Butler observes, "The evidence of religion is fully sufficient for all the purposes of probation, how far soever it is from being satisfactory as to the purposes of curiosity." Scepticism often boasts of the testimony of science; but science is a two-edged sword, which cuts this way and that. Infidelity eagerly lays hold of every scientific fact that appears hostile to

Christianity; but science, in its severe impartiality, produces other facts which tell far more decidedly in favour of Christianity. And when the Bible appears in the court of reason it can vindicate itself without any special pleading; it can challenge the most ingenious and determined sceptic at that bar, and it will triumphantly obtain a verdict, when learning, good sense, and honesty are impanelled as the jury by which its merits and its claims are to be decided. If you are troubled by these doubts, face them, fight with them right manfully; "walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof." Do this in all honesty, in all earnestness; it is a life-and-death question with you; and if, in a spirit of fair and candid inquiry, you prosecute this investigation, I do believe, I cannot but believe, that you will come to this conclusion, "We have a strong city, salvation hath God appointed for walls and bulwarks."

To arrive at a settled conviction of the truth of Christianity, to fight your way from doubt to belief, to master that scepticism which, to a greater or less extent, infects us all, to stand your ground, and neither be taken captive by the armed hosts of infidelity on the one hand, nor, on the other, sneakingly retreat to the muddy trenches of superstition (as many do who have not the manliness to face the adversary); to accomplish this is a great and glorious conquest; but it is not all. If there were no schism in man's nature, then the convictions of his understanding would instantly find a welcome reception in his heart. But this, unhappily, is not the case; and the antagonism between our mental and moral nature is one of the great difficulties of our position. When truth has gained the full assent of the understanding it finds the doors of the heart bolted and barred against it. The outworks are triumphantly taken, but the citadel obstinately resists, and indefinitely

prolongs the siege. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." And hence we constantly observe the astounding anomaly of persons convinced that Christianity is true; ready to maintain this against all opponents; vehement, almost fierce, in contending for the faith once delivered to the saints; sworn foes alike of infidelity and superstition; and yet as uninfluenced by the truth for which they are so zealous as if they did not believe in any one of its propositions from the first to the last. But we must urge the assent of the heart to Christianity, the opening of the affections to the truth as it is in Jesus. Until this is gained nothing practically useful is effected. The man's condition is, in fact, far worse than that of the avowed sceptic, for "to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." If we believe Christianity to be true, then, in the name of reason, in the name of conscience, in the name of God, let it be honoured, loved, obeyed, even as it deserves.

And if you have arrived not only at an intellectual conviction of the truth of Christianity, but also, through God's blessing, at a hearty recognition of all its principles and obligations, then we have no anxiety as to your morals. I am not going to discuss the question whether virtue is possible without Christianity: it is enough for me that virtue is guaranteed by Christianity. That Christianity furnishes us with the plainest and the surest rules of action, applicable to all circumstances and combinations of circumstances in which we can be placed; that Christianity presents us with the only perfect example of moral excellence, infidelity itself being the judge; that Christianity brings us under the influence of the best, the purest, the mightiest of all motives—not the fear of punishment, not the hope of reward (both of which the history of the world proves powerless to

guard morality), but gratitude to a Divine Benefactor; that Christianity puts us into communication with a power which we have not in ourselves, and by virtue of which it enables us to conquer temptation, to discern and to prefer the things that are excellent, to master ourselves, and, with ourselves, the world; this I do most earnestly believe, and therefore believe that the interests of morality are never so secure as when under the guardianship of Christianity. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"

With all manliness and fortitude, patience and perseverance, prudence and honesty, prosecute your secular conflict; with all cheerfulness and hopefulness, all painstaking and determination, go on achieving conquest after conquest in the rugged but rich domains of knowledge; but, above all, *do* fight the fight of faith, *do* lay hold of eternal life! And when the struggle shall have ended, and you take your armour off, may this be your peaceful review of the past, your glad anticipation of the future—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not unto me only, but unto all them that love His appearing." On, my brothers, on! The powers of darkness and of death oppose us and laugh defiantly at us poor struggling mortals; but we shall master them, we shall tread them beneath our feet, we shall yet be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us;" we shall shout our triumph in the gates of heaven, and then we shall have fought right bravely and right well the battle of our life.

ON THE MANUFACTURE OF DEVILS.

A WRITER in the October number [1875] of the 'Quarterly Review' begins an able article on Drunkenness by quoting the proverb—"To make a devil you must take an angel." This proverb is suggestive. It speaks of devil-making and leads to many serious reflections. I do not altogether agree with it, because I do not think that angels are the only stuff of which devils may be made. Give your devil-maker human nature of either sex and of any age, character or condition, and he can make a devil of it. I admit that the most perfect devils, the most accomplished, the most mischievous and the most miserable are formed out of the best materials; the greatest of them were angels who kept not their first estate; but, brains or no brains, talents or no talents, attractions or no attractions, human nature can be made diabolical. I do not think that we are wrong in speaking of human devils. We have the highest authority for such an expression. Our Saviour, referring to the man who betrayed Him, said to the apostles—"Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" And we have the same authority for the idea of making devils, for Our Saviour said to the Pharisees—"Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and, when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves." Is not this devil-making? Yes, it is an old, old art, and one that is carried on successfully and profitably at the present day. The staple manufacture of one town may be cotton, of another iron, of another pottery; but in all towns the manufacture of devils goes on, goes on Sunday and week day, the machinery never stops, from sunrise to sunset, from sunset to sunrise, it grinds away all the year round.

There are many devil-factories. The chief of them is the public-house. Not that the public-house is of necessity a devil-factory, nor that in every case it is such. We go to inns, we eat, drink and lodge there for days and for weeks and take no harm, and see nothing like devil-making on the premises. But when the public-house takes the form of the low beer-shop, or the glaring gin-shop, or the grocer's store in which spirits are sold, it does become more or less of a place for the making of devils. Three kinds of articles are manufactured in those mills; for, as the proverb says,—"Drink makes some men fools, some beasts, some devils;" and, very often, the same person is made all three in succession; they are not so much different manufactures as the same in different stages. There men, women, and children are converted into devils, some quickly, others slowly; and, as we have said, it is a profitable trade; it suffers less than any other by depression; it knows less than any other of bad times; and no men make larger fortunes than are made in the public-house department of the devil-making business. Men, women, and children, young men and old men, stupid men and clever men, labourers and mechanics, shopkeepers and merchants, lawyers, doctors, parsons, some of all such, are by strong drink turned into devils. And women too, of all ages and of all conditions in society, single and married, servant girls and ladies,—the process in this case being usually carried on with such cunning secrecy as is a perfect marvel of ingenuity and hypocrisy. And, worst of all, the children, little children carried to the gin-shop by their drunken mothers; accustomed from their infancy to the sight and smell and taste of drink; taken, as we have often seen, from the very baptismal font to the Public over the way, that their christening may be made an excuse for parents, sponsors, and friends to get drunk. I have

known a case in which the baby just baptised was killed in the row which celebrated its being made "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." With the finished articles that in due course are turned out we are only too familiar. They hang about the door of the devil-factory; they are often to be seen at the door of the poorhouse; and many of them find their way to prison. Wretched beings, clothed in rags and indescribably filthy in their persons, habits and speech; their homes, if homes they may be called, scenes of squalor and hunger, and wrath and fury. The dreadful craving for drink burns fiercely within them, and must be satisfied at any cost and at any risk; and they quarrel and rage, and fight and kick, and stab and murder; the man-devil starving his family, the woman-devil pawning every article of furniture, the child-devil setting his parents at defiance; and all prepared for any acts of savagery; all thoroughly furnished unto every evil work.

The public-house, however, is not the only devil-factory, nor is it at all necessary that to be a devil a man should be a drunkard. On opening my newspaper the other day, the first words that caught my eye were these—"Capel court is becoming the greatest gambling hell in the world." This may or may not be true; but the statement calls to mind the fact that gambling is a method of devil-making. When a place is called a hell (and the name has long been given to betting places) we have reason to expect a large development of devilry. Devils are made by gambling, and the principal factories of this particular class are the racecourse and the stock exchange, the latter being perhaps the worse of the two. When we hear of a case of embezzlement, and we hear of some such case almost every day, we at once suppose that the defaulter has been mixed up with some discreditable transactions on the stock exchange, and the

supposition very often proves correct. But there are many other places of business in which the work of devil-making is carried on. Wherever business is done dishonestly, the firm might add to its designation of cotton-brokers, iron-merchants, provision-dealers, grocers, drapers, or what not, the further title of devil-makers, because part of its business is the education in rascality of the persons in its employ; and this is a part of the business in which failure is impossible, whatever becomes of the rest. I would fain hope that there is not so much of this devil-making in houses of business as seems to be commonly supposed. But what are we to think? It is not from parsons in their pulpits that we hear these heavy accusations; it is not from any other class of men unacquainted with trade and commerce that these complaints come; the complainers and accusers are, for the most part, business men denouncing one another; if we judge them at all, we judge them out of their own mouths. Almost every house of business has some evil tale to tell of another house in the same trade. If a man fail, his failure is ascribed to something discreditable; if he succeed, his success is ascribed to something still more discreditable; and, in short, if all that is said be true, there might be written over the door of many a shop and many a counting-house —"Here young men are taught to tell lies and steal." I do not believe in the truth of all that the business world chooses to testify against itself; but where there is so much smoke I fear there must be some fire.

Then there are the home-made devils, a very numerous class; children who are allowed to grow up, as the common expression is,—"perfect fiends," the result in a large measure of parental neglect and parental example. Untaught and uncorrected, treated with foolish indulgence or with cruel severity, positively unable to keep

the fifth commandment, because there is nothing in either father or mother that they can honour, constantly hearing profane and filthy language, accustomed to witness scenes of intemperance, wrath, clamour and violence, their home simply a hell upon earth, what can these children become but monsters of wickedness or brutishness? There were in ancient times those who sacrificed their sons and daughters unto devils; there are people now who do far worse, because they convert them into devils.

Can anything be done to stop this horrid work of marring the image of God and changing it into the image of Satan? Whether anything can be done or not, much is attempted and more is proposed; and, although the attempts often prove failures and the proposals generally end in talk, still it is one good sign of the times, that we are not altogether indifferent to the existence of such a state of things, but very anxious to see it altered. I hope that, in so far as the public-houses are devil-factories, they may be so dealt with that their number will be lessened, and that such as remain will be sharply looked after. As to the devil-making that goes on in the sporting world, the stock exchange, and places of business, I scarcely think that any laws can prevent or, in any great measure, check it. Education may do a little to correct the home devil-making; but he who expects the schoolmaster to cope with the evil influence of careless and vicious parents expects too much. For my part, if I had not the Gospel of Christ I should be ready to despair and think the battle lost. It is this that arrests the work of devil-making in so far as it is arrested. I do not say that even this is everywhere triumphant, but I know of nothing else that succeeds at all. Let legislators, philanthropists, and social science people do their best, but Christianity, more faithfully preached and practised than heretofore, is the sole foun-

dation of our hope: "for this purpose was the Son of God manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil."

"THE RELIGIOUS DEVIL."

"BUT what is this I see? Satan himself with a Bible under his arm, with a text in his mouth!—'It is written, he shall give his angels charge over thee!' . . . . . No devil is so dangerous as the religious devil." So writes Bishop Hall, speaking of the temptation of Christ. There are two classes of devils, the religious and the irreligious,—both in reality irreligious, and the former more so than the latter; but these make no show or pretence of religion, whereas those do. In our Saviour's time the religious and irreligious devils were chiefly represented, respectively, by the Pharisees and the publicans. We perceive a remarkable agreement between both orders of infernal spirits in the fact that the Priests, on the one hand, and Pilate and Herod on the other, were concerned in shedding Christ's innocent blood; and the devil who played the worst part of all in that murder was of the religious sort, Judas Iscariot, a professing Christian and an apostle. St. Paul had to contend with both these orders of evil beings. Irreligious devils mocked him at Athens, raised a tumult against him at Thessalonica, and sought to destroy him at Ephesus; the religious devils followed him from place to place, sowing tares among the corn that he had sown, teaching false and pernicious doctrines, doing vastly more harm to the Christian cause than Athenian sceptics or Thessalonian lewd fellows of the baser sort, or Ephesian silversmiths, whose craft was in danger, could do. And, accordingly, of these religious devils St. Paul speaks much more severely than of their irreligious kindred. Indeed he anticipates Bishop Hall, and describes these

corrupters of the truth in terms not unlike those which the Bishop has applied to the Tempter—"Such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness." And so we find the religious devils in the apostolic age and very busy in some of the apostolic churches. From the time when Christian ministers were so ill advised as to consider themselves priests, the religious devil has been a very well-known character; for the crimes directly or indirectly committed by priests probably exceed, both in number and in atrocity, all other crimes that the world has ever known. They have been dreadful creatures, and dreadful creatures many of them are to this day. The religious devil has often been enthroned as the head of the Church on earth; he has at one time or another enjoyed the emoluments of every Bishopric in Europe; there is scarcely a monastery of which he has not been Abbot; there are not many pulpits from which he has not preached, for he is to be found in every denomination.

Many specimens of the religious devil might be described. For example—the peevish, quarrelsome, pre-eminence loving church member. This sort of devil is often found in Dissenting circles, but not there exclusively; for, as each Easter comes round, we hear of scenes in vestry meetings which show that this species of religious devil is not unknown in the Established Church; but he seems to have rather freer and fuller scope in a Dissenting community where he can make himself of some importance, gather a party, cause a division, and, in a general way, make havoc of the Church.

Very common is the religious devil who makes use of religion to deceive people in regard to business affairs.

A religious devil has been known to join a church and to go from one church to another, from one denomination to another, in order to secure customers in the congregation. This poor creature, however, is perhaps the most harmless of his class; he is not malignant; he does not mean to cheat anybody, although it is sometimes said that your fellow-worshipper is more likely to take than to give the advantage, if there be any, of such a relationship and acquaintance. More serious is the case of the trading religious devil who, as in instances we have heard of, opens his office with prayer and praise, and thus attracts good but stupid people who intrust to him their money for secure investment and never see a penny of it again. I once knew a man whose zeal as a local preacher led several persons to confide in him to the utter ruin of their affairs. Not distantly related to this class of religious devil is he who gets to himself a name for piety and liberality, and withal for wealth, by giving largely to churches, schools, religious societies, money that belongs to his creditors, and then pays a shilling in the pound.

But the very worst species of this genus is that which came to light lately in connection with a movement in favour of holiness, and what is called "the higher life;" in the heart of which movement the appalling discovery was made of an attempt, under the garb of alleged sinlessness, to corrupt, in the most horrible manner, the minds of the simple and the unwary. It is to be hoped that this species of demon is rare; but the creature is known to exist, lurking about at religious meetings, and by sanctimonious arts and airs, gaining undue and almost irresistible influence for evil over weakly, sentimental persons. But very plain talk upon this particular subject would be more plain than decent; so no more about it, save this,—that St. Paul had detected such villainy, as appears from 2 Tim. iii. 6.

As Bishop Hall truly says—"No devil is so dangerous as the religious devil." The irreligious devil is generally repulsive to all excepting persons of his own class, and is not always attractive even to them; his character is plainly seen and clearly understood; his words and works declare openly whom he is and whom he serves; he has comparatively little power to tempt or to deceive. No; the minister of Satan is most dangerous when he has "a Bible under his arm and a text in his mouth."

"IF I HAD MY TIME TO LIVE OVER AGAIN!"

OF course it is a very foolish "if;" as foolish as "if my aunt had been a man she would have been my uncle." But you think that if you had your time to live over again you would spend it more wisely than you have spent it; you would make none of the mistakes that you have made; you would commit none of those faults that you have committed; you would avoid all the troubles that you have run into; you would win back the fortune that you have lost. You wish to begin life afresh, with all the experience that you have gained. Now that is not only impossible, but, were it possible, it would be unfair towards all who are now beginning the race. Why should you have two chances against their one? But, supposing that it were granted you to begin life anew, with all the advantages of your experience, is it so certain that you would live better or more wisely than you have lived? It is likely enough that you would make a worse mess of life than that which you now deplore. Can you tell how you would act under the new circumstances into which this supposed fresh lease of life would be cast? Would your indolence never re-assert itself? Would your pride never rise up to be an obstacle in your path? Would your anger be

incapable of provocation? Would wine have no power to tempt you? Could you resist a promising speculation? Would the follies that have misled you have no power to mislead you again? If the miller could grind with the water that is past he would grind no better unless his mill were in better order. A proverb says, "If things had to be done twice, everything would be done well." It is not true. How many things there are which are done twice, thrice, fifty times, and yet, to the last, are not done well; and probably life as often lived over and over would not be lived well, but might be only so many troublesome and expensive brayings of a fool in a mortar without braying out of him one grain of his foolishness. Instead of these vain regrets and vainer "ifs" let what is left of life be better spent than what is gone has been. It does not signify a cent what you would do if you had your time to live over again; but, if you think your second edition would be a great improvement upon the first, give some ground for such a belief by showing amendment now; otherwise you have great reason to be thankful that you are not to have another term granted you, and that, consequently, bad as you may be, it is, happily, out of your power to make yourself twice as bad by a repetition of the past, or still worse by a future exceeding the past in folly and in sin. Three score years and ten, or four score years; a wise and merciful limit. God only knows what fools or scoundrels many of us would become if allowed to live much longer.

SIN AND ERROR, AS DEALT WITH BY ST. PAUL.

THIS subject is well illustrated by certain passages in the first Epistle to the Corinthians. In the 5th chapter of that Epistle Paul refers in strong terms to a case of gross immorality, which had brought dishonour

upon the Church at Corinth, and, what was worse, had discovered the fact that there was in that Church, generally, a very low tone of morals; "ye are puffed up, and have not rather mourned, that he that hath done this deed might be taken away from among you." He reproves them sharply; he tells them to put away from among them "that wicked person;" and he further says, "I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one, no, not to eat." Paul would have all such evil-living persons excluded from the fellowship of the Church. If they repented, he would gladly welcome them to fellowship again, as appears from a further reference to the offender at Corinth, who repented, and concerning whom Paul, in his 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, writes—"Sufficient to such a man is this punishment (this censure, as we read in the margin), which was inflicted of many. So that contrariwise ye ought rather to forgive him, and comfort him, lest perhaps such a one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow; wherefore I beseech you that ye would confirm your love toward him." Paul was not vindictive; the repentance of the offender was hailed by him with gladness, and the offence was forgiven and forgotten; but, still, observe how careful he was to guard the moral character of the Church by the prompt and unsparing exclusion of all who were guilty of any known sin.

Now let us notice his treatment of such as had adopted erroneous opinions. There is no doctrine in which Paul believed more firmly than the resurrection of the dead; he not only firmly believed it, he regarded it as an essential truth of Christianity—"If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain." The denial of that doctrine was,

according to Paul, the denial of the whole Gospel. But there were members of the Corinthian Church who denied it. How did Paul proceed with those unbelievers? He had commanded the Corinthians to exclude the man who had been guilty of immorality; he had told them that they must not suffer a drunkard, an extortioner, a covetous man to continue in the fellowship of the Church. We might expect him therefore to require the excommunication of those daring heretics who denied the all-important doctrine of the resurrection. But he did no such thing. We find that he discusses the subject, gives information concerning it, adduces the various testimonies to the resurrection of Jesus, and so goes on, building upon the historical fact of our Lord's having risen from the dead, a glorious discourse upon the future life, the spiritual body, the Saviour's victory and His people's victory over death and the grave. Well, when he has done this, what more? Why, nothing more. What! Is there no command that if those deniers of the resurrection were not convinced by that argument they should be excluded? No, not one word to any such effect. And, writing a second letter to the Corinthians, he makes no reference whatever to the subject. Such leniency may appear extraordinary, but there is the fact; an error of the most serious character, an error that struck at the very heart and life of Christianity, Paul meets with instruction and argument, in a spirit perfectly calm and free from all expression of anger, and from all threats of exclusion or of discipline of any sort. What a contrast there is between his manner of dealing with a sinful act and his treatment of an erroneous opinion, serious as the error was. For the most part Churches have reversed Paul's method, have winked at many an immorality, but fiercely condemned such ideas as they considered heterodox. Churches have seldom, if ever, imprisoned men for covetousness, or burned them

for getting drunk. In the worst times of persecution men might live as they liked, revelling in all manner of filthy wickedness, so long as they did not question any article of faith; but any boldness in this direction brought down upon the most devout and virtuous man the thunders of ecclesiastical law. And now, many a Church, which not only shelters within its fold, but appoints to offices of honour and responsibility men who are proverbially greedy of gain, would pronounce unfit for its fellowship the man whose only alleged fault is that he is not quite clear upon the Trinity, upon the final perseverance of the saints, or upon the final destiny of sinners.

One of the objections often urged against Christianity is that it makes error criminal, and deals with an opinion which it judges to be unsound as if it were a scandalous offence against morality; and sceptical writers give great credit to modern philosophy for having discovered that error and crime are not alike, and that it is monstrous to punish men for their opinions. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that this doctrine should be considered a discovery made by modern philosophy; but sometimes a discovery turns out to be nothing original, but the finding of something that has long been lost. More than one thousand years of ignorance, superstition, and priestcraft hid beneath heaps of rubbish and dirt this and many other truths taught by the first preachers of the Gospel. Paul was perfectly well acquainted with the distinction between sin and error, and acted upon it in his treatment of the two cases to which we have, in this address, called attention.

It is a grand lesson of tolerance; not the tolerance of a sceptical philosopher, which generally means total and scornful indifference to all religious opinions, and is only the tolerance of Gallio, who "cared for none of those things;" but the tolerance of a man who felt that the

doctrine denied was everything to him, everything to Christianity, everything to the world. You will not find one angry word in all that he says upon the subject, keenly as he felt the injury which those who denied the resurrection were doing to the cause of Christ. Thus he acted on the rule that he gave to Timothy, a rule which it were well for all to follow,—"in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth."

THE EFFECT OF SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

"*For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are Eternal.*"—2 CORINTHIANS iv. 17, 18.

No one can read these verses without observing the remarkable contrasts which they present. In the former of them we have on the one hand *affliction*, on the other *glory;* on the one hand *light affliction*, on the other *a far more exceeding weight of glory;* on the one hand *light affliction which endureth but for a moment*, on the other *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*. Then, in the latter verse, the things that are seen are strongly and strikingly contrasted with the things that are not seen: "*for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.*"

This text, so beautiful in its construction, is far more so in its meaning. It is full of wisdom, consolation,

power, and grandeur. It may be that it is not translated to perfection. It is doubtful whether Paul himself could find, in the glorious language in which he wrote, words capable of giving full expression to his thoughts; for the earthen vessel of human speech is often too small to contain all the heavenly treasure of divine truth which the Holy Ghost gave to the minds which he inspired. Human language is, for the most part, "of the earth earthy," and of earthly things it can speak with something like exactness; but the poverty of the richest language is soon clearly seen and painfully felt when it is called upon to be the medium of expressing the thoughts that soar to the spiritual and the heavenly. The original, probably, fails of expressing all that the Apostle thought; the translation, perhaps, fails of expressing all that is expressed in the original; but, although many other translations have been attempted, there seems to be none that, either in force or accuracy, surpasses, or even equals, these fine old words; therefore, let us take them as they are, thankful that we are free from the task of entering upon verbal criticism; and may that Spirit who directed Paul thus to write open our minds to understand and our hearts to receive these gracious truths.

It seems to me that, in this passage, the Apostle speaks of a certain cause which, under a certain condition, produces a certain result. That cause is affliction; that condition is the looking at the things that are not seen; that result is glory, even "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"

I. The cause which, on the observance of the specified condition, produces this grand result, is *affliction*. There is no need to define the meaning of this word. He who does not understand it has not lived long—has not seen much. This, or some equivalent term, is one

of the first words that all men learn, either by observation or experience; and what a host of words synonymous with this we have, words that considerably outnumber those expressive of happiness! In this, as in so many other things, our speech bewrayeth us. The dictionary, as well as the Bible, bears witness to the fact that "man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." Affliction is a thing so comprehensive that it might be divided into orders, genera and species. All that a man is; his mind with all its powers, his heart with all its affections, his body with all its organs; all that a man has; his family, his friends, his property,—may at any time prove, in various ways, sources of affliction to him. It is startling to think at how many points we are vulnerable, and that the greater and more numerous our joys, the greater and more numerous may be our sorrows. And from affliction, in some shape, no human being is exempt; sooner or later it overtakes us all. The most eminent piety by no means guarantees freedom from affliction. In the days of Job some good men thought it did, and not only regarded all suffering as so much evidence of sin, but also looked upon freedom from suffering as so much evidence of righteousness. But the clearer light of the gospel has corrected these foolish mistakes, and shown us that, in the world, God's saints, like other people, and even more than many other people, shall have tribulation; so that, whatever the affliction be, we are saved from that interpretation of it, as unphilosophical as it is unchristian, which regards it as an expression of God's indignation.

"But," you may exclaim, "this man Paul speaks of affliction in a strange way: 'Our light affliction, which endureth but for a moment.' Perhaps his affliction was of this sort—trifling in its amount, brief in its duration—but ours is not so. What he says of his affliction does not apply to ours." But come, let us see what Paul's

affliction was. Who is it that speaks thus? A young man who, as yet, has tasted none of life's bitter experiences, endured none of life's hard blows; a man who has lived a smooth and undisturbed existence, who has all his days enjoyed robust health, possessed ample means, and been surrounded with every kind of comfort? If such be the writer of these words, let us dismiss him from our thoughts; he is not the man to talk about affliction; his words are a mere impertinence; it is not his function to comfort those who have drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow. But no! The man who thus writes is one who has probably spent some sixty years in this world; and how has he spent them? More than half of them he has spent in the labours, privations, perils, and sufferings of apostolic service. He is not a man of robust frame, for his "bodily presence is weak;" he is a poor, homeless wanderer, who has seen much trouble. Let him tell us the story of his sorrows. "Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness, in painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." Now, will you say that this man knows nothing of affliction? Can you, can I, can any man of our acquaintance unfold such a tale of sorrow as this? Our afflictions have differed from his in kind; we may have suffered what

he never suffered; but we should all be ashamed of putting the sum total of our trials side by side with the sum total of his.

"Well," you will say, "now that we have seen what the man has gone through, it seems far stranger than it did before that he should speak thus: 'Our light affliction, which endureth but for a moment.'" We think our affliction heavy and protracted, whereas it really is as nothing, either in amount or duration, compared with that which he pronounces light and momentary—"Our light affliction." But all things are light or heavy by comparison. Water is heavy when compared with air, light when compared with lead; the loss of sight is heavy when compared with the loss of a night's rest, light when compared with the loss of reason. Thus, the light may be heavy, and the heavy may be light, according as each is viewed in relationship, on the one hand, to what is less, or, on the other, to what is greater than itself. The terms are not absolute, but relative. This rule applies to affliction as to other things. Our affliction is heavy or light, according to that with which we choose to compare it. Our affliction is light compared with that which many others endure. There was only one who could safely utter that challenge: "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." Our affliction, light when compared with that of many others, is light also when compared with our deserts. The affliction of the best man in the world is rather the withdrawment or the non-bestowment of something which he never deserved to have, than the infliction of anything proportioned to his demerit. Weighed in the balances of God's justice, our heaviest affliction is very light indeed. Our affliction is light when compared with the sufferings of Christ. There is only one "Man of Sorrows;" only one who drained to its last dregs the cup of grief; only one who could truly say, "All thy

waves and thy billows are gone over me;" and when we hear him exclaim, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" and when we tearfully watch His agony, and see the bloody sweat; and when we listen to that last utterance of anguish on the Cross—is not ours a light affliction after all? And you will observe that Paul speaks as a Christian man; he does not say that every person's affliction is light, but that *our* affliction is so, because we have Christ's own strength to bear it withal; for His sympathy and His help wonderfully lighten the affliction. If, by His all-sufficient grace, He make His strength perfect in our weakness, then our affliction cannot be otherwise than light to us, whatever it be in itself. But Paul not only pronounces his affliction light, he also says that it endureth but for a moment. A long moment! It had lasted more than 30 years; and there was no sign of its soon coming to an end, unless it might come to an end in death. Well, words expressive of time, like words expressive of weight, are comparative, at least this word *moment* is so, for it is indefinite; it means a movement, and is as applicable to the movement by which the planet Neptune, in one hundred and sixty years, accomplishes his revolution round the sun, as to the movement by which the pendulum of a clock measures the eighty-thousandth part of a single day. And most of our words expressive of time, such words as hour and day, for instance, are often understood in a sense far larger than is compatible with literal exactness. Thirty years; and yet Paul calls that period a moment only! To him it did seem as but a moment. Did you never notice this fact, that when men are experiencing enjoyment, they complain that time passes so swiftly, but when they are suffering, they complain that time moves so slowly? They feel that their pleasures are but momentary, their troubles long and tedious. But Paul, while suffering, did not find the

time hang heavily; to him, in his trouble, the flight of days and weeks and years was quite as rapid as to any votary of pleasure. Periods of time are long or short by comparison. An hour is a great deal in a journey to London, it is neither here nor there in a journey to Calcutta; a year is much in the life of some plants, but little in the life of an oak; a thousand years are much in the history of a nation, but in God's sight they are "but as yesterday, or even as a watch in the night." So, when our immortality is taken into the calculation, our whole earthly life is but as a moment. There is a sense in which, to the Christian man, as to his God, a thousand years are as one day. Admit the reality of that eternal life in which the Christian believes, and Paul's affliction, though it lasted for so many years, is seen to have been "but for a moment."

II. Thus this man, well schooled in adversity, teaches us to regard our affliction. And now let us carefully notice the condition, on the observance of which our affliction worketh out the great result, the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Mark well, affliction does not and cannot, under all circumstances, produce this result. Very often affliction has a most terribly hardening effect; if it do not make men better it makes them worse; therefore, my friends, do not lay to your soul the flattering unction, that because you suffer much in this world you shall have all the more glory in the world to come. Observe what affliction does for some. It drives one man to drink, another to despair, another to infidelity; or, if it do not produce such direful effects, it benumbs and deadens men's sensibilities, it makes them callous and unsympathising; for none can sympathise with a sufferer more, and none can sympathise with him less, than a man who has suffered much himself. I dare say you know

men who have suffered most awfully; and yet they are the very last to whom you would think of going for sympathy, as they are the very last who would think of coming to offer it. For many, therefore, affliction works out no good, but rather harm. "The sorrow of the world worketh death." Only think of the hardness, the insensibility, the peevishness, the discontent, the selfishness, the murmuring against God, the drunkenness, the desperation, the suicide, that spring from affliction, and you will see that there must be some peculiar condition, on the observance of which it depends whether our affliction is to be beneficial or the contrary.

There is such a condition, and it is stated in these words:—"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." In this grand generalisation, Paul sums up the universe: the things that are seen and the things that are not seen; the things that are temporal, and the things that are eternal. A mere truism! you exclaim. Not such a mere truism in practice, whatever it may be in theory; not such a mere truism as a law of life, whatever it may be as an intellectual proposition. For, does not all the world give itself up entirely to things that are seen, forgetting, and, in its atheistic philosophies, denying the things that are not seen? Oh, gross delusion! delirious folly! to think that the things that are seen, are all the things that are! Let materialists say what they will, here is the true philosophy, which not only believes in the things that are not seen, but regards them as of infinitely greater interest than the things which are seen; for these are temporal, those eternal. Yes, the things that are seen are temporal. There is in them no continuance; they are subject to irresistible laws of con-

stant change; and, temporal as they are in themselves, they are much more so to us; as a piece of solid land, the estate you now own may continue for ten thousand centuries, before the sea rolls over it again as it rolled over it in periods long gone by; but what will that estate be to you in less than a hundred years, perhaps in less than a hundred days? The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen —God, Christ, heaven, the soul—these are the eternal realities. All philosophy, worthy of being called philosophy, confesses that the things that are seen, which it calls the phænomenal, are not real; that the essential being is unseen, and that this alone is eternal. Would to God that, whether by Scripture or by philosophy, we could impress upon men's minds this—which you say is a mere truism—that there are things not seen and eternal, as well as things seen and temporal!

"Yes," you say, "there are things not seen, but what can Paul mean when he speaks of looking at those things?" Is it not absurd to speak so? Not at all absurd. We look with the eye of the mind, as well as with the eye of the body; and, with the eye of the mind, we often look at things which the eye of the body cannot see. The mariner turns his prow towards his native land, and thinks of his home ten thousand miles away. Is he not looking at the things that are not seen? The scholar, poring over his books, is stimulated by the thought of the honours and rewards of intellectual power and acquirement. Is he not looking at the things which are not seen? So we can look at those unseen things that are eternal; we can contemplate them, or rather, as the word used by Paul signifies, we can make them our scope and aim. Looking at the things not seen, means this: regarding the future, the eternal realities of the world to come, as the main object of interest, of desire, of effort.

III. This is what we are to do if our affliction is to work out for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But still you may find it hard to understand how affliction, though endured in this state of mind, should work out such a result.

Is glory the result of affliction? Is it not rather the result of Christ's redemptive work? Truly enough, Christ's affliction hath wrought out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; but this having been thus accomplished, what can our affliction have to do with it? Is not Paul putting affliction in the place of Christ?

Paul do this! Paul is the last man in the world to do any such thing. Than he, no man could more firmly believe that salvation is the result of Christ's sufferings, and not at all of ours. But what is glory, in the scriptural sense of the word? In the glory spoken of in Scripture, in the glory that distinguishes the saints of God, there are many glories: the glory of pardon, the glory of justification, the glory of adoption, the glory of a title to enter heaven; and all these glories have been wrought out by Christ alone. But there is also the glory of sanctified character. The glory of being in heaven is indeed but little, apart from the glory of being in ourselves heavenly. The glory of sanctified character; who sees not that this is an essential element of true glory? All right-minded men recognise this, that it is a more glorious thing to be an honest, sober, wise, generous, and pious man, than to sit upon a throne, or to lead an army on to victory. Lazarus at the rich man's gate—not merely Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, but Lazarus at the rich man's gate—is a far more glorious being than the other, who is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day. There is then the glory of sanctified character; there is also the glory of heavenly occupation for which such character

makes us fit. While he to whom authority was given over ten cities, and he to whom authority was given over five, were both saved by the same grace, the occupation of the former was more glorious than that of the latter. Therefore, over and above that glory which Christ has wrought out for His people in common, there are at least these two glories, the glory of sanctified character and the glory of heavenly occupation, which are not wrought out exclusively by Christ, but for which certain subjective preparation is required.

And here we find the sphere of affliction's glorifying operations. Affliction is, I do not say the sole producer of sanctified character, but an important factor in the production of such character. While he only looks at the things which are seen, the afflicted man's character is not likely to be in the least improved. In the things that are seen he will either forget his affliction, or be filled with fretfulness, and unbelief, and despair. Looking at the things that are seen, he will either "despise the chastening of the Lord, or faint when he is rebuked of Him." But let him look at the things which are not seen, and then, recognising the hand of his loving God in all his affliction, his piety, his humility, his patience, his prayerfulness, will all be increased; many graces that were latent and slumbering before, that had no stimulus to arouse them, will now come out and be exercised; new and holy properties will be developed; the affliction will tend to make the sufferer's Christian manhood complete. Do you ask, "Where is the exceeding and eternal weight of glory wrought for us by affliction?" In the case of him who ever looks at the things which are not seen, a part of that glory you may perceive now. Observe the man's sublime confidence, hear him as he says, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" observe his profound submission; hear him as he exclaims, "The Lord gave and the Lord

hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;" observe, and you will see that he is a more gentle man, a more loving and tender-hearted man, a more heavenly-minded man than he was before. In the silence of his sorrow he has heard that still small voice that is too still and small to be heard amidst the noise and bustle of ordinary life; in the wilderness of woe God speaks to him more comfortably than he ever did in the fields of prosperity and the gardens of joy; in the dark night of his adversity a thousand stars of promise, that could not be seen in the glare of worldly happiness, have been beheld by him and have shed their consolatory influence upon his heart; the man's character has been wondrously improved, provided always that he has faithfully looked at the things which are not seen. But, further, there is work to be done in heaven; there is high and noble occupation there; and for such occupation God fits His people, chiefly by the teaching of His word and the influence of His Spirit, but partly also by the discipline of tribulation. By the things that we suffer we learn that perfect obedience which the service of heaven requires.

What then shall we say to these things? Shall we not say that the afflicted one, who steadily looks at the things which are not seen, is to be envied as much as he is to be pitied? As a suffering man, he calls for your sympathy; as a suffering saint for your congratulations. "It has been given to him, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for His sake." Yes, my companions in tribulation, let us look at the things which are not seen, and we shall not sorrow with the sorrow of the world; we can say to our friends—weep with us, yet rejoice with us also, because "our light affliction worketh for us," in the shape of sanctified character and preparation for heavenly service, "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

DARE WE TELL THE HEATHEN?

DARE we tell them the state of religion in our own country? Of course there is much anent our religion that we can not only dare, but be very happy, if not even proud, to tell them; much in relation to the doctrines of Christianity, and much more in relation to its effects, in all that it has done for us as individuals, and as a people. But dare we make a clean breast of it, and tell the heathen all?

Dare we tell them, for example, how many sorts of Christianity and of Christians there are among us? We have, I suppose, rather over than under 100 sects, who all profess to be Christians, but who more or less widely differ from each other. These differences extend to almost every point, both of belief and of worship. What one sect holds to be essential truth, another declares to be damnable and soul-destroying error. That which, to this Christian, is the most solemn of all religious observances, is, to that fellow-believer in Christ, a piece of ridiculous and contemptible superstition. And these people are not content to differ in a peaceable and charitable manner. They are, in many instances, on exceedingly bad terms with each other, wrangling, calling bad names, all but fighting. Dare one tell the heathen all about our Sectarianism?

Dare we tell them that, in the Church established by law in this country, there are two, if not three, parties who hate one another with perfect hatred, and are almost ready to fly at each other's throats? Dare we tell the heathen that while two out of the three agree in charging the third with infidelity, they agree in scarcely anything else; that they hold meetings for the purpose of denouncing each other in the most violent and bitter language; and that they bring their wretched squabbles

into the courts of law? Dare we tell the heathen all that has occurred in connection with the Ridsdale case? Dare we tell them that many of the most learned and long-headed men in England were seriously engaged for days and weeks in trying to decide the fashion and colour of a priest's garments, and the side, north or west, of a table at which he should stand or kneel in the performance of his office? Dare we tell them the whole history of Mr. Tooth's adventures, and how he and his friends broke through the church window on a Sabbath morning and held a solemn sacrament, while policemen came to enforce the observance of the law, and the communicants were ready to knock anybody down who interfered with their violation of it? Dare we tell them of what I myself have seen—a body of Protestant rowdies taking possession of a so-called Ritualistic church, and their leader—a most filthy-looking blackguard—standing in his dirty boots upon the communion-table, and, after cursing and swearing until he was black in the face, roaring out the 100th Psalm?

Dare we tell the heathen all about the burial question? How should we feel if, taking an intelligent and inquiring savage to see the sights which this country presents, one led him to a cemetery, and, in answer to his questions, had to confess that one part of it had been made holy while the other had been left in its natural state? What are those three churches? asks our heathen friend. Well, one is for the Church of England people, another for the Roman Catholics, and the third for all sorts of Non-conformists, who at least have so much common sense as to be willing to use the same chapel; but the others must carry their sectarianism to the grave, and believe that, at the general resurrection, the poor wretches who have been interred outside of the consecrated patch will be consigned to eternal torment, while those who rise from that patch which has been blessed will rise to glory

everlasting. Roughly, but not inaccurately stated, this is the gist of the burials question—this, with the fees; and I must say I should not like to tell it to the heathen.

Nor should I like to tell the heathen all I know about Nonconformity. I should not like to tell them what a hard struggle for a bare existence life is to some Nonconformist ministers. I have known a few meetings of Nonconformist Churches which are very sensibly held with closed doors, and to which I should be very loth to introduce a Pagan friend, lest he should ask in surprise, —Is it not a main principle of your religion that you love one another even as your Saviour, who died for you, loved you? I should also feel queer, and should wish to change the conversation, if my friend from China or Fiji, observing the number of dissenting churches, were to inquire closely into their origin. Perhaps I might say, in general terms, that all these places had been built by good men whose one object was the glory of God; and I hope that the inquirer would be satisfied with that, and not press the question further; for it would be very painful and humiliating to have to say,—Well, the fact is that the people in King-street fell out upon the question whether the place should be heated with hot air or with hot water; and so there was a secession, and the hot water people went to build this place in Queen-street.

There are some other things which I think we should scarcely dare to tell the heathen. Knowing how much many of them give for the support of their religions, I should be loth to tell what many of us do for the support of ours. A clergyman in the West of London complained some time ago that a considerable number of counterfeit coins were found in the collection made at the sacrament;—that was a fact which it would never do to let the heathen know. It would be rather an

awkward thing, also, to have to discuss with a heathen friend our Monday's drunken list, and how it comes to pass that so many people professing Christianity choose the day especially devoted to Christian worship as the day for getting into a condition of special intoxication. Indeed, of drunkenness altogether, the less we tell the heathen the better. I, for one, dare not tell them what I see on three occasions out of four of my travellings, whether by land or sea; I dare not tell them of what I once witnessed on a Clyde steamer on the day of the Glasgow fast, or of the brutishness and intemperance that have met my gaze, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway, on the day which commemorates our Lord's crucifixion. Once more—dare we tell the heathen that, with all our national profession of Christianity, a large proportion, estimated variously at from 50 to 80 per cent., of the people never enter any church or chapel, and, so far as can be judged, never engage in any act of Christian worship?

I shall not say at what conclusion our heathen friends ought to arrive on being fairly, freely, fully told all that might be told them, concerning the state of religion in our country; but I could not feel surprised if, furnished with such information, they should hesitate to accept what would appear to them little, if at all, better than the religions, such as they are, which they have received from their benighted forefathers. Christians, zealous for the conversion of the heathen, will do well to remember that in many parts of the world the advancement made in secular knowledge will tell unchristianised tribes these disgraceful and damaging facts. The report of the Folkestone and Hatcham cases, as given in our papers, is enough, if widely circulated, to make all India and China laugh Christians and Christianity to scorn. Such is the progress of the age that, before long, the heathen, at any rate the Eastern non-Christian

nations, comprising more than one-half the human race, will have a large knowledge of us and of our ways; and if we do not so improve that, making allowance for inevitable failings and shortcomings, the information concerning us, and our religion, that goes forth shall convey a better impression than such information would convey at the present time, we must expect, upon the principle that a tree is known by its fruits, a general, an almost universal refusal on the part of the non-Christian peoples of the world to forsake their ancient creeds and to embrace one upon which its own adherents hold such contradictory opinions, and to which they render so very little practical obedience. It is to little purpose that we send missionaries abroad if we do not set a good example at home.

NO THANKS FOR SMALL MERCIES.

TOWARD the close of last year, at a meeting of Christian ministers and laymen held in the northern part of Great Britain, a proposal was made to the effect that harvest thanksgiving services should be held in the various churches, presided over and attended by the gentlemen assembled at the meeting. The proposal was made with extreme caution. The Rev. Divine who brought it forward is reported to have said that "there had been some conversation in Committee as to the precise terms in which this resolution should be drawn up; inasmuch as there were many of their people, in different districts, who had been very much humbled and subdued on account of the disastrous weather that had led, to a certain extent, to the destruction of what had seemed a somewhat promising harvest. Even in these circumstances there was cause for thankfulness; but, at the same time, in view of what had occurred, he proposed

that the resolution be very general, and that ministers be left much to their own discretion." In this safe form the motion was unanimously carried. Now this procedure is highly suggestive. What harvest is and what is not good enough to be worthy of a thanksgiving service? Shall the length of the service be proportioned to the yield per acre? If, after a good crop of cereals, the potatoes be found deficient or defective, ought this circumstance to be taken into the account, and a drawback be granted to the extent of, say, half-an-hour in the duration of the service? If the barley harvest be very abundant are any thanks to be given, seeing that so much of the stuff will certainly be made into malt, to the increase of intemperance, misery, and crime? If bad harvests elsewhere send up the price of bread, are the farmers in the more fruitful places to be especially thankful, and to attend an extra diet of praise? I have often heard farmers spoken of as a class of men given to grumbling, and this, I suppose, is the meaning of the very becoming phrase "humbled and subdued;" but I really never thought them so churlish and cross-grained as to be capable of refusing to give thanks for a harvest because it is not all that they could wish. I think that children should be thankful for such food as their father chooses to give them, though it be no very sumptuous fare. These agricultural gentlemen tell their Father, through their ministers, that He ought to have sent better weather, and that, since He did not send it, they are not going to thank Him for His beggarly gifts. It may be said that we should draw the line somewhere, and I have heard of a man who, at his own table, drew the line between a hot dinner and a cold one. This may seem shockingly profane; and so it is; but it is no worse than the proposal moved, seconded, and carried unanimously by those good Christian people. I hope that they may have a better harvest next year, though I do not think that

they have taken the wisest course for securing it. If we must draw the line somewhere, let us draw it between anything and nothing; for the barest subsistence is quite as much as most of us, perhaps quite as much as any of us, deserve. If St. Paul had been present at that meeting, he would probably have said to the ministers and their farming friends what he said to the Ephesian Christians, when he told them to "give thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.

PASSING along the streets of Liverpool a few days ago, I observed, on hoarding after hoarding, a bill which announced certain religious services, and concluded with the words, "Publicans and Sinners are invited." I wonder whom the authors of the bill meant in kindly asking publicans to attend their meetings. The publicans of whom we read in Scripture were tax-gatherers. The persons among us whose business most closely resembles theirs, are the officers connected with the customs and the excise, with whom we may join the collectors of the parochial and municipal rates. The invitation given on the bill referred to, implies that whoever the publicans may be, they are deplorably ungodly persons who, never going to church or chapel, and never thinking about their "never-dying souls," must, if possible, be reached, enlightened, and reclaimed by these special services. Now I am not aware that the gentlemen who collect the revenue and the rates are at all worse than their neighbours. In my time I have known among them many most excellent men, many of the most earnest and useful Christian workers with whom I have ever met. And,

therefore, if I knew the authors of that bill, I certainly should ask them what they meant by so audaciously insulting a class of my fellow citizens and fellow Christians, whose very office, of itself, is at least presumptive evidence of honesty. Will the authors of that sanctimonious bill, in their next edition, interpret the word publican and say, as men of courage ought to say, —"The collector of Her Majesty's customs and all who are in office under him, together with the clerks in the inland revenue office, the borough treasurer and his subordinates, and the collectors of the poor rate, are invited to attend!" It would also be but fair that these great sinners should be informed by the bill that, as they are all thieves who defraud the Queen, the corporation, and the parish, they will be taught their duties, and that they are specially invited that they may be converted to honesty.

I suppose, however, that if one of our custom-house officers were to ask the authors of the bill what they meant, they would immediately disclaim all intention to reflect upon the character of such officers, and would say —I cannot imagine what else they could say—that they used the word publican in its now commonly accepted sense, as denoting the keepers of public-houses. It is the practice with some people to denounce the whole class of licensed victuallers as men of downright immoral character; steadily, stupidly, and wickedly ignoring the fact that among our inn-keepers there are multitudes of men who in diligence, sobriety, honesty and kindness, are not a pace behind the best of their fellow citizens. As the bill so clearly implies that those whom it calls publicans, and by whom I suppose it means inn-keepers, are exceptionally vile persons, it thus indiscriminately and unjustly assails some of the worthiest men in England.

But, now, suppose the publicans were all that the

spirit of this wretched bill insinuates, if it do not assert, do the authors of this new gospel invitation think that they are adopting the best method of doing good to those whom they profess to pity and whose salvation, they say, they so earnestly desire? Without at all denying his faults, freely acknowledging himself to be no better than his neighbours, I think that a publican might be expected to decline an invitation which, in so marked a manner coupling him with sinners, is evidently designed to insult him. I would say to these foolish zealots—whatever your intentions and your wishes may be, if you desired to keep every publican from your services, if you desired to repel him from all religious influences, if you desired to exasperate him against all professors of religion, you could not have gone more cleverly about such a design than in this precious invitation, this transparent hypocrisy, which holds the Gospel of Christ in one hand, and in the other a dagger poisoned with malignity against the very persons whose salvation you profess to have in view.

If classes are thus to be singled out and thus held up to scorn in "religious" placards, the publicans are not the only men on whom such a distinction should be conferred. I would suggest that in the next bill of this kind the word publicans be omitted, and the following form of invitation be adopted:—Gentlemen, merchants, ship-owners and others, who, after taking prominent parts in great religious and philanthropic movements, smashed up and swindled their creditors, are cordially invited, with the smaller fry of sinners, to attend, and hear an address upon the 8th, 9th, and 10th Commandments. The service to commence with the well-known hymn,

"Free from the law, Oh! happy condition;"

a hymn sweetly applicable to those who ought to have

been sent to gaol, but by their clever dodging, which they call "the good hand of their God upon them,"—escaped. Hallelujah!

ON THE SALE OF ADVOWSONS.

MUCH is said against the practice, and, undoubtedly, the manner in which the business of the Church market is done is often very indecent; the present incumbent old, the population of the parish small, the duty light, the fishing in the neighbourhood good:—these are the temptations generally held out at the benefice auction mart; and such advertisements are, for respectability, about on a par with those which set forth the advantages of a "Free public-house in a capital drinking neighbourhood, incoming £500." But with all that is said against the sale of Church livings, or of presentations to them, it is a great deal easier to find fault with the present system than to propose a better in its stead.

To whom shall the right of appointing the parson be intrusted? Will you give it to the bishop of the diocese? If so, you will invest him with far more power than it is well for the parishioners, for the clergy, or for himself that he should possess; and, whatever his views may be, if he have any, he will probably, in the course of time, have everywhere in the diocese his High Church men, Low Church men, Ritualists or Rationalists, according to his own school, and to the inevitable displeasure and discomfort of a large proportion of the people. Should the appointment to a vacant living be left to the clergy of the diocese, or to them with the bishop as their president? Then it is too likely that over each such appointment, and, in a large diocese, vacancies are of course constantly occurring, there would be a wrangle among their reverences, a trial of strength between the

theological or ecclesiastical parties in the diocese; and the Church could scarcely bear the scandal of such contentions. Perhaps some will say—Give the appointment into the hands of the parishioners. But then comes the question—Whom do you mean by the parishioners? Do you mean all the inhabitants of the parish, the majority of whom *may be* Roman Catholics or Protestant Dissenters, and a large number of whom in very many parishes *are* unconnected with the Established Church? Is the election of the parish minister to be intrusted to such a mixed medley of people—Roman Catholics, Swedenborgians, Plymouth Brethren, Jews, Spiritualists, and Atheists, together with Churchmen? What sort of a creature is a majority of such a motley gathering likely to choose? Or do you mean, and can you get the people of the parish to accept your meaning, that the parishioners are the Church people in the parish? Well, then comes the question, who are the Church people? Answered in a moment, in so far as many very worthy persons are concerned; but there are many in the parish who are not dissenters, who avow themselves Church people, and yet hardly ever go to the church; not anything like so often as some good methodist or some devout independent deacon, who drives into town to his chapel in the morning, and, wishing to be all things to all men, goes to what he very sincerely and respectfully calls "our church," to hear "our vicar," in the evening. You cannot, in all cases, feel sure that your church attendant or even communicants are Churchmen. What will you do with these conforming nonconformists, these Christian hybrids? Are they to have no voice? And by what right are you going to exclude from a share in the election the landlord of the 'Hare and Hounds,' who, though generally too drunk to go to church, is there occasionally, and takes the sacrament at Easter if at no other time? It is difficult to hit upon

any meaning of the word parishioner on which all would agree, or which would not be either too wide or too narrow to afford such a constituency as it were fit to trust with the appointment of the pastor of the entire community. A short time ago a vacancy occurred in a London living, the appointment to which is in the hands of the parishioners; and the Church of England certainly does present this advantage, that, within its pale, there is almost every variety of practice in this matter of pastoral appointment, from the *congé d'elire* of the Crown that makes a bishop, to the vote of a few parsimonious poor-law guardians, which gives a chaplain to a workhouse and pays him workhouse wages. Well, that London living fell vacant; and the papers told us that there were two candidates who appeared to plead for themselves in the presence of their patrons the parishioners; but there was such an uproar that neither could be heard. Now there is neither sweetness nor light in such work as that. Probably, however, in most instances, the vote of the parishioners would be directed, controlled, and managed by the squire, and the appointment would be his just as much as the choice of his coachman or his butler.

Among Protestant dissenters, such as the Congregationalists and Baptists, the minister is appointed by vote of the congregation, or, more generally, indeed in almost all cases, by the communicants—the members of the Church. Against this method, perhaps, little can be said; it seems perfectly fair that those who built the chapel, or who, whether they built it or not, own it, and sustain the ordinances of worship in it, should choose their own pastor, especially when the general congregation is consulted, as, in such cases, they almost always are; the Church knowing, if it had any sense, that it cannot afford to offend the well-to-do non-communicants who attend and pay a large proportion of the pew rents.

Fair enough is this congregational method of appointment; but many of the most candid, experienced, and well-informed men in the Congregational Churches would frankly admit that this method, with all its fairness, is not a very great success; that it does not always secure for their Churches very able men, or even men of high moral character. And there is a very strong suspicion among both Independents and Baptists that this universal suffrage, as it may be termed, discourages and even disgusts many of the best of their young men, and prevents their entering the ministry; that, in fact, this system tends seriously to the deterioration of the ministry, as repelling young fellows of culture and independent spirit. Nor is this to be wondered at when such things can take place as the following, for the accuracy of which we have very strong testimony:—A pastorate being vacant in a small provincial town, the Church for some years could not make up its great mind in favour of any of the gentlemen who went to supply the pulpit. At last it was thought that they might venture to try one of the most learned, able, and successful ministers of the denomination, a man who had occupied an eminent position for more than twenty years. So a meeting was held, at which the men, the women, and the children, after a long discussion, agreed to send a resolution to the Rev. Dr. ————, informing him of the fact that, in their opinion, he was a fit and proper person to be called to come and preach to them for two Sundays on probation.

Perhaps Methodism, Presbyterianism, or some other ism may, by its practice, suggest wise methods of dealing with the question of advowson—advocation—calling to (a church)—but the popular vote does not succeed so well, even in the limited constituencies of nonconformists, as to encourage its introduction into the Established Church; and, bad as the system now practised un-

doubtedly is, we think that, after all, it places in the livings of the Established Church ministers who, taking them all round, are, not only in learning and general culture, but in earnestness, in piety, and in all exemplariness of life, quite upon a par with any other ministry in whatever way appointed. But, it will be said, the merchandize of the cure of souls is atrocious. So it is; and yet, perhaps, not very much worse than some of the feelings called forth and some of the practices resorted to in the congregational elective plan. In every method that can be devised there will be defects; but, monstrous as the advowson business is, judged by its practical working, judged by the men whom it places in pulpits and in parishes, it will stand in very fair comparison with any other method by means of which pastors and public are brought together.

"NOT TO BAPTIZE, BUT TO PREACH THE GOSPEL"

OF baptismal regeneration and all other exaggerated notions regarding the importance of baptism, nothing can be more condemnatory than the manner in which Paul speaks of his mission: "Christ sent me, not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel." It is worthy of notice that while, according to the Evangelists Matthew and Mark, the other apostles were charged to baptize those to whom they preached, and who believed their word, no such instruction appears in the command which Jesus gave to Paul. Of that command we have three distinct accounts, and in none of them is there any allusion to baptism as an ordinance which Paul was to administer. Well, now, if baptism were what the advocates of baptismal regeneration believe it to be, it is very strange that Paul should not have been sent to baptize, strange that the other apostles should be sent on a

mission which, though it did not leave out baptism, made it quite subordinate to the preaching of the Gospel. If by baptism the soul be regenerate and its sins be washed away, if in baptism the baptized be made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, then it was a cruel thing on Christ's part to send Paul "not to baptize." The wise course, the merciful course, the soul-saving course would have been to baptize every human being he could lay his hands upon. "Not to baptize." Most extraordinary, most inexplicable, nay, most barbarous ferocious, murderous, damnable, if baptism be what most Christians are taught to believe. There are some Baptists who would do well to consider St. Paul's words; and, in the consideration of them, to abate somewhat from the extravagant value which they assign to this institution, for they really appear to make as much of this one sacrament as papists do of all their seven; all progress in religion being measured by them according to the number of persons baptized, and baptized by immersion on a profession of faith. This is, with not a few Baptists, the test of conversion, the condition of communion, the standard of success. On this matter, as ritualistic as any Ritualists, it were well for them to remember where St. Paul places the whole subject when he says,—"Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel."

THE LATE DR. BROCK.

THE grave has just closed over one of the best of English preachers, one of the most successful of English pastors, one of the most genial of English men. A native of Devonshire, a county distinguished above most others, not only by the beauty of its scenery, but, still

more, by the famous men it has given to our country, William Brock, born in the year 1808, received his training for the Christian ministry in the Baptist college then at Stepney, and recently transferred to Regent's Park. In 1832 he became the pastor of St. Mary's Baptist Church, in the city of Norwich, and in that city he lived and laboured for sixteen years. In 1848 he went to London, to undertake the work of the ministry in the then newly-erected chapel in Bloomsbury, built, I believe, if not solely, chiefly by the generosity of Mr., now Sir Morton Peto. There he continued for twenty-four years, when the infirmities of age led him to resign that important charge; after which, relieved of the pressure of pastoral duties, his health improved, and although, in winter, kept almost a prisoner, he spent the greater part of the year in preaching to congregations in many places, being a very welcome visitor wherever he went. One of his last Sabbaths so spent was the 19th of September in the present year [1875], when, greatly to the delight and edification of his hearers, he occupied the pulpit of Myrtle Street Chapel, Liverpool; shortly after which, returning to his winter quarters at Hastings, he was suddenly attacked by his old enemy bronchitis, and, on Saturday November 13th, peacefully finished his course, and entered into the rest that remaineth to the people of God. His ministry therefore extended over a period of forty-three years.

I did not know him in his Norwich days, but I have heard residents in that old city speak of him with much affection and admiration, as having been a tower of strength to evangelical religion there; and I have been told of the active, courageous, and effective part taken by him in the great questions of that time. Our friend's ministry in London was one of unusual power and success. I well remember my earliest visits, paid about a quarter of a century since, to many of the Baptist churches in the

metropolis, and the remembrance is, for the most part, anything but pleasant. The coldness, deadness, emptiness of some of those churches were most discouraging. Country brethren, going up to preach in London churches at the anniversary services of the Baptist Missionary Society, were amazed and confounded. Going with great expectations, having spent weeks in meditating, writing, polishing their sermons, feeling very nervous at the thought of having to appear before a large intellectual, fashionable audience, they might find some seventy to one hundred old men and women, including three or four grave deacons, dressed like undertakers. The country brother's eloquence might draw a collection of a couple of guineas; but, as a rule, the apostolic command to "use hospitality without grudging" was quite set at naught; neither without grudging nor with it did those cold and formal old churls use hospitality, and the country brother was left to turn out into the streets and find himself a lodging as best he could, and he returned to his "Salem" in Yorkshire or his "Zion" in the Black Country with the conviction that the metropolitan churches were miserable humbugs. But at that time Bloomsbury Chapel was setting a fine example. There was life there, and movement and power. There was a man there with a good head and a better heart, who, in a plain, straightforward way, preached with warmth and earnestness the Gospel of Christ; and to his influence, in a great degree, is to be ascribed the change, the very large change for the better, that is now to be seen in the Baptist denomination in London. It should be understood that I now speak of a time that preceded by some years the beginning of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry; and the glory of the Metropolitan Tabernacle cannot cause us to forget the man to whom, and the place to which, a revival amongst the London Baptists was, in the first instance, chiefly owing.

Than Dr. Brock no man in England believed more firmly, loved more ardently, or preached more faithfully what we commonly understand by evangelical religion. You had only to look at his genial countenance to be convinced that he was no narrow-minded bigot; you had only to contemplate the man's whole deportment to feel sure that he was no child "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine," and many a wind of strange doctrine did, in his time, sweep and whistle and howl around him there in the heart of London. Ritualism here, neology there; men on all sides and of almost all churches, dissatisfied with the Gospel and falling away into no one knows what new-fangled notions and crotchets. Sufficiently Liberal, not to say Radical, in his politics, our friend was a strong Conservative in his religion. He had, not without examination, not without reflection, not without conviction, embraced the evangelical creed in its entirety; he had experienced and observed its power, and knew full well that "modern thought," as the cant phrase goes, did not supply anything to be compared with the truth which he had received. I believe that if ever the Gospel, the whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel, was preached, since the days of the apostles, it was preached by William Brock, for that quarter of a century, in London.

I hoped that he might live for many years, if not to resume the duties of a pastoral charge, to do a work that would perhaps have been still more useful; to be, by the common consent of his younger brethren, a travelling Bishop, preaching, as to the last he did preach, with so much of the fervour and power of his best days, and giving many ministers and churches the benefit of his sound and sensible counsel. With all our objection to Prelacy, and all our love of Independency, to some of us nonconformists, both ministers and laymen, such a

modified episcopacy as should secure for young churches the wise and kindly offices of a man like our departed friend would be a great boon. There comes a time in the life of many a minister when, by years, and it may be infirmity, unfitted for the constant wear and tear of an active pastorate, he is, by his knowledge and experience, and by the affection felt for him and the confidence reposed in him, all the better fitted to be the friend and the adviser of his brethren. This, to a certain extent, Dr. Brock had become; and, in this capacity, had his life been prolonged, he might have made the last period of his ministry as remarkable for usefulness as those which he spent in Norwich and in London. In his case that hope no longer exists; but there are others who perhaps, might take up the work that he has just laid down.

We bid our friend farewell until we meet again, and the fellowship that was so good and pleasant shall be renewed never to be broken. We mourn the loss which we have sustained—which, indeed, all the evangelical Churches of this country have sustained—but let us be thankful that our honest friend was given to us for so long a time, to do a work so good, to set an example so fine, and to leave a memory so beloved.

APPENDIX.

NOTES ON H. S. BROWN AS A LECTURER TO THE WORKING MEN OF LIVERPOOL, BY HENRY YOUNG.

ALMOST every one in Liverpool has heard of Hugh Stowell Brown's lectures at the Concert Hall. Many thousands have heard them delivered, more have read them since, with pleasure and profit. His experiment was bold and novel, his success in this particular line was almost unique. Religious prejudice looked with suspicion on Sabbath secular lectures, even though based upon religion, and augured but a dead-letter morality and little good as the result. The lecturer, with characteristic boldness, disregarded such opinions, and threw himself heart and soul into the work; and if he has not lived them down, he has at least the satisfaction of having falsified the prophecy.

Some years since, Mr. Nathaniel Caine engaged the Concert Hall, with a view of attracting that large portion of our working population who attended no place of worship, to hear an occasional Sabbath address, delivered by various eminent preachers of the Nonconformist body. I do not know the precise reason why this arrangement was afterwards changed, but presume there was sometimes a difficulty in getting suitable lecturers, who would present subjects, and treat them in such a manner, as were adapted for the promoters' objects. Be this as it may, however, Mr. Brown, about two years after they commenced, I think, took the whole of the

work on himself, and resolved to introduce such subjects as he had, on other occasions, proved to be attractive and profitable.

I heard most of the lectures delivered by Hugh Stowell Brown. I saw little difference in the character and demeanour of the audiences on any occasion, so that my description of one will apply pretty generally to all I have attended.

The lecture commences at a quarter past three, and being aware of the necessity of being early, in order to procure a proper position, I arrive at the door at a quarter to two. The doors are already open, and a cab, full of young men, drives up in hot haste. At the door I find Sunday trading is not an interdicted thing in the Concert Hall, for a number of Mr. Brown's lectures are offered for sale at the foot of the stairs. On entering the hall, I find a number of people already seated, fresh comers continually arrive, and at about half past two the building is densely filled. Looking round, I observe the people are nearly all unmistakably of the working class, all decently dressed, with here and there a checked shirt and fustian trousers. Men of all ages, youths, women, and children, compose the audience, and they are employing themselves in various ways. Many are reading newspapers, several reading Mr. Brown's lectures, and a few have religious magazines. One working man behind me is reading the 'Life of George Stephenson,' another has a volume of Macaulay's 'Essays,' another 'The Book and its Story.' Before me is one intent on Paley's 'Evidences,' another with a Bible, and another with the 'Penny Magazine.' Beside me is a woman with a well-worn copy of Watts' Hymns, and a man with a part of the 'Christian Treasury.' Books and newspapers, however, predominate. The hum of conversation is pretty loud. Two operatives before me are talking of their work; and two more behind me are discussing the Earl of Shaftesbury's speech at a great meeting, which had been held the previous week. By-and-by there is a general laugh, which we find to be occasioned by a man attempting to scramble on the platform, and being capsized in the attempt. This sort of thing continues till ten minutes past three, when a cab is distinctly heard to drive along the street, and stop at the hall. Immediately there is

a general bustle, "people do their coughing," a man remarks, and they do it amid some laughter thereat. Hats are taken off, and the same speaker remarks, "It's best to bring a cap here," that "it's hard, sitting so long," and wonders what the lecturer's "chief points will be." At a quarter past three Mr. Brown steps on the platform, and our loquacious friend further remarks that "the people all look with bright faces on him." And he is right: they do, indeed, look with "bright faces" on him, and each one returns his smile of recognition with one quite as hearty and unmistakable. The lecturer at once begins his remarks—this time with a little preface of welcome on the commencement of a new course of lectures. It is marvellous how still the people are—how anxious and intent they look. Not a sound but the lecturer's voice is to be heard, and that is heard distinctly throughout the hall. Seldom have we seen anything so impressive.

Mr. Brown reads his lecture, and there is scarcely any bodily action. But the modulation of his voice is equally effective—vehement in reproof, persuasive in exhortation, and irresistibly comic in jocose passages. By-and-by comes an almost necessary relief to the intensity of the people's attention in the shape of something funny, when there is a general titter—then comes a succession of jokes, and the audience universally bursts into one loud and hearty "guffaw," the general merriment being sometimes heartily shared in by the lecturer. This is not to be wondered at, for in addition to the knowledge of having said a really good thing, is super-added the sympathetic and genuine cachination of two or three thousand people. But they are entirely under command, and, when the next sentence is begun, they are as quiet and intent as before. The lecture being finished, a hasty movement is made for the doors, and happy are you if you let the crowd pass first.

Mr. Brown entitles them "lectures" because, though they have religion for their basis, they deal chiefly with the common every-day life of men, and he adopts Sabbath afternoons because on no other day would he be likely to draw together so many of those whose time is chiefly taken up with hard

manual labour. I say this as my impression of his motives, not with actual authority.

Be it observed, he entitles his lectures, 'Lectures to the *Men* of Liverpool.' This is significant. Mr. Brown has many ugly practices to speak of, and he is not the man to speak of them in drawing-room phraseology. If women will attend his lectures (and they will, it is pretty clear), so be it; they must hear what he has to say. He has given them fair warning in several ways, and they have only themselves to blame for going where they are not wanted. The title also is universal as applied to the male sex, and therefore he has to address others than the men of the working classes, for though these form the bulk of his audience, it is evident he does not regard them as "the chief of sinners." In fact the lectures are intended to be read, if not heard, by all men of Liverpool, and they are at least suitable for a great portion of them. Protestant or Catholic, Churchman or Dissenter, may alike be interested, and perhaps instructed, for there is nothing sectarian or exclusive about them. They deal with truths having no reference to mere theological dogmas, and the lecturer's positions may nearly all be substantiated by natural phenomena, for they are founded on every-day experience, and are such as cannot be denied with truth. From Moses to Æsop, from the New Testament to Benjamin Franklin—all are made to contribute to the general substance of them. As literary compositions, they are excellent examples of pláin, straightforward writing. They are emphatically "easy reading." The sentences are never involved or complicated, and if this arises (as it does) from the fact that they never go deeply into abstract principles, and therefore little difficulty can be felt in the choice of proper expressions, yet we suspect few, if any, of our clergy would be so happy in their choice. Any man of large culture and well-disciplined mind, if inclined to be captious, would be likely to say they are most amazingly commonplace; that there is little but old saws and truisms in them; that there is not even the ghost of an idea in them, but what is as old as the hills; that they deal in the most ordinary surface-matter; that there is not a single attempt to originate

great principles, or to trace those which are well known to their source; that the deductions are bald and trite; that there are some clap-traps and more platitudes; that certain incongruous subjects, having no earthly connection with the matter in hand, are introduced, apparently for no other reason but that of saying something "smart" about them; that nothing can be more easy than to deride the follies of mankind; and that there is nothing in them but what passes every day between men of ordinary intelligence in their colloquial intercourse. Well, there may be some truth in such remarks, but *this in part is their great merit.* The lectures must not be regarded from any such intellectual point of view. Let the gods descend from Olympus awhile, and place themselves in the position of comparatively uncultured men; let them be like ordinary mortals; and, regarding the lectures from such a point of view, instead of their own, what was meant as condemnation will, under these proper influences, be changed into approval—qualified, it may be—yet, on the whole, a large and well-merited approval.

Certainly, if inclined to a mere psychological study, I might find it amusing to test the calibre of Mr. Brown's mind, as manifested in these lectures, trace out from them the books he reads, and observe the effect they have upon him. One might be struck with the immense capacity he has for small things; how thoroughly penetrated he is with police-reports, newspaper literature, and scraps of 'Punch.' How these lectures are composed almost entirely of such materials, with a "garnish" from the excellent morals of Æsop's 'Fables.' How he has read and noted a work called the 'Language of the Walls,' devoted to an exposition of the tricks of trade, and how he is indebted here and there to Dean Trench. How thoroughly this sort of reading has made him a "ready man," as well as a "full man;" and how, as a consequence, he can so readily discover and seize upon those subjects which are significantly termed "taking." But apart from all this comes the overpowering fact that here is a man who can draw together two thousand working men; that he can so interest them that they will patiently sit for an hour and a half previous to the commence-

ment of the lecture; that some of these men read Macaulay and Paley; and I say it matters little where he gets his materials —there must be something in them which no other religious lecturer at present gives, and I am satisfied.

At one of the late Social Science meetings, I heard a clergyman lament that neither he nor his fellow-clergymen could get at the working classes in large towns, and that there is scarcely one who can number twenty working men among his congregation. The fact was disputed by bringing forward an exceptional case, but, as a general rule, we believe the statement is substantially correct. The clergyman lamented this, but could not account for it. I think the enigma can be most easily solved. Most clergymen, it is said, cannot get twenty working men to attend their ministrations. Here is a man who can get two thousand. Let them compare his lectures with their sermons, and I suspect they will have a glimmering consciousness that the fault is their own. I have reason to believe that many working men have been influenced by these lectures, to attend Mr. Brown's chapel regularly. Perhaps if my friends would "*come down*" a little, the same effects might be produced.

Mr. Brown's lectures have been published, and have a very large circulation. They richly deserve to have it. Nearly every page is filled with shrewd practical sense, which every man, and the working man above all others, may apply to the regulation of his actions, and, perhaps, to the correction of his opinions. Many men have a loose and general notion, that chance more than wise or foolish conduct makes some prosperous and keeps others poor. Mr. Brown thus pertinently disposes of the fallacy:—

"Fortune has no power over discretion," says Solon. Some men complain of their bad luck; they have no reason to complain; the luck is bad because the man is bad; the luck is always as good as the man; the luck, whatever it be, does in most cases represent the value of the man. If we are not industrious and frugal, diligent in acquiring, and economical in spending, I should like to know what right have we to expect good luck? If "there is no luck about the house" it's because there is no common sense, no industry, no economy

about the house. Every man may have good luck, if he will, but he must work for it, and he must deny himself for it, and he must wait patiently for it; good luck does not come all of a sudden, it gradually and quietly grows up around us; it is what we reap, and we reap according to our sowing; if we sow idleness, extravagance, prodigality, we must reap bad luck; if we sow diligence, prudence, frugality, we shall reap good luck.

It may gratify an intellectual person to observe that here is no critical analysis of the term, nor any profound explanation of the doctrine of chances to show that these events occur according to recondite laws, and that the term "chance" is given to an event when we are ignorant of the cause of it,—but he will perhaps observe that the lecturer proceeds in a practical way, which can be understood by any one, to give well-known illustrations of the every-day operation of laws which have produced the effects he describes. His audience are not philosophers, but working men.

There is a growing conviction among social reformers that the surest way, if not the first step to improve our working population, is to provide them with good dwellings, and to instil into their minds the necessity of sanitary measures, and a wholesome horror of filth. Some people resent any interference in these matters as improper. The objections are thus happily disposed of:—

But what shall we say of the working man's dwelling? I am afraid that, with every precaution, there will, there must, be dirt and disease, unless a better class of houses, better situated, be provided for the people. There certainly has been some improvement effected of late years. Many of those cellars, which are no better than preparatory graves (they cannot even be called, in the language of the Necropolis, "tidy graves"), have been shut up—are at all events no longer used as human habitations; it was quite right to put a stop to such a nuisance. Perhaps a man may exclaim: This is an encroachment on personal freedom; have I not a right to live where I please? what is it to you? It is a great deal to me; you have no right to live in such a manner as to poison me with the filth that accumulates in your horrid den. The owners of such property have no right, no moral right, to let it

for such purposes; to let a cellar or a house that is unhealthy, is as great a crime as to sell putrid meat.

The want of economy and self-denial among working men is almost proverbial. A great deal of sweeping assertion, and unnecessary harshness, are often manifested concerning the alleged evils, and the advice to amend them is very apt to be rejected accordingly. Nothing can be in better spirit than the following:—

The desirableness, the very great desirableness, of laying up for a "rainy day" will be admitted by all; the possibility of doing so, I know, will be denied by some. However, there is nothing easier than to say I can't, but I can't often means I won't. There is a little word which contains much wisdom, that word is *try*. Let me ask the man who pronounces it impossible to save anything, whether he has honestly and perseveringly tried to save, and if he says, I have tried it and found it out of the question, I would further ask, What sort of a person is your wife? for a great deal depends upon that, I must admit. If we will but deny ourselves luxuries, and do away with other artificial wants, few of us, in good health and constant employment, will find it impossible to live at least a little within our means. And even in providing the necessaries and comforts of life, there is an extravagant, and there is an economical method; one great point is ready money; no going on tick. People must pay more, and ought to pay more, when they get things on credit than when they pay cash down; the things are in fact lent, and the tradesman is a fool if he does not charge for the loan; he, as well as the customer, has a right to take care of "number one."

Equally excellent is his advice concerning the way in which the working man should cultivate his mind; and this advice is specially noteworthy in Liverpool, for the statistics of our Free Public Library show plainly enough that the generality of the people who take the books out do not "read to think" so much as to be merely amused. This is a species of mental intoxication which I hope will diminish with growing culture. The following might very appropriately be placed in a conspicuous place in our library, or be printed so as to be put in the inside cover of the books lent out:—

The ability to read is now very general; but the question—Can you read? being answered in the affirmative, there is another, of equal importance—What do you read? A man may read from morning to night, get through volume after volume, and yet acquire no information, become no wiser, do himself no good; on the contrary, he may do himself a great deal of harm. The trashy sentimental tales, which form so very large a portion of the people's reading, have a decidedly injurious effect; they fill a man's head with very foolish notions; they very often pander to his worst passions; they consume a large amount of time, and they altogether unfit the mind for those manly books which alone are worth reading, which alone can yield information worth having, which alone can discipline the intellect, and have a humanising and moral influence upon the heart.

Here is a lesson on intemperance—fearfully descriptive; yet true to the life:—

Well, never mind, the "jolly good fellow," in the morning, when he is not "jolly," but more the other thing, knows very well what I say is true—that he has been making an ass of himself; and he knows that it's time for him to "turn over a new leaf;" that the old leaf is a very dirty one, with very bad writing on it; how can a man write when his head is ready to split, and his hand trembles as if he had the palsy? Yes, splitting head-aches—trembling hands—blue devils—a purple nose—business going to ruin—one customer after another dropping off—debts increasing—home neglected—poverty coming on apace—the pawnshop resorted to—health shattered—mind enfeebled—a craving, burning, unsatiable appetite for "liquid fire and distilled damnation." My friend, you know it's time to "turn over a new leaf;" have pity upon your family; have pity upon your poor miserable self; what will those jolly companions of yours care for you when all is spent? They will be the first to spit upon you, and turn their backs upon you; talk about good fellowship altogether, a miserably bad fellowship, that needs to be cemented with intemperate conviviality. Better have no fellowships at all, than such fellowship as this. "He who lies down with dogs, will rise up with fleas."

Nothing can be in better taste, or more consonant to a truly enlightened Christianity, than the following remarks on Sabbath enjoyment. I heartily commend them to the attention of Sabbatarian exclusives, and Sabbatarian latitudinarians:—

Once more, let me address those who have not been in the habit of spending the Sunday in a wise and profitable way. I am not one of those stern and rigid Sabbatarians, who frown upon a Sabbath walk as a dreadful sin. So far as a Sunday walk in the country is beneficial to the health of the working man, who has been pent up in a shop all the week, and who lives in some dirty den, which the light and air of heaven can scarcely reach, I say, by all means enjoy your Sunday walk; I believe it will do you good, in body and in soul; it is a most rational and a most Christian manner of spending part of the Sunday; *what* part, it is not for me to prescribe. But the care of the body is a religious duty, and there are thousands in this great town, to whose health a walk in the country, or on the shore, practical on no other day, is an invaluable blessing. Instead of asking God's pardon for taking it, rather thank Him for His goodness in enabling you to take it. But your soul requires religious instruction, and therefore let me entreat of you to frequent the house of God, where such instruction is administered, and where you may unite with others in the delightful work of prayer and praise. I make no attempt to proselytise you to my church, or to any other in particular; I leave this entirely to your conscientious convictions, and do not wish to bias you either one way or another.

Mr. Brown has said many witty and truthful things, but nothing can be more in the genuine spirit of wit and sound sense, than the following capital definition of gambling:—

The essence of gambling is, that there shall be a rascal and a fool; a rascal without money—a fool who has some. One sees plainly enough that the fool is likely to get nothing but "devil's meal."

I might continue my extracts until I had nearly reprinted the whole of the lectures. I cannot resist, however, extracting the following, since I often hear "contentment" advised by many people whose beau-ideal of that virtue seems to be that it should keep a man in the position in which he happens to have been born. Here it is placed in the proper light:—

There is a contentment which is praiseworthy; but there is also a contentment which is to be condemned, which is to be

despised, which is to be scouted. Contented to live in a hole from which light and air are excluded; contented to exist in the midst of filth and uproar and confusion; contented to take up one's abode in a place which must be the centre of disease, and in which every species of immorality flourishes and grows strong and rampant—I could not be contented with this; I should think it sinful to be contented in such a state, as long as my brains and my hands could put forth their energies to set me free from it. Contentment is a lesson often inculcated upon the poor, but I wish that in one sense they were discontented; I wish that they felt an unspeakable repugnance to the filthy habitations in which they are huddled together. I would say—Don't be discontented with the Constitution, for there's not a better under the sun; don't be discontented with work, for work is the wise and benevolent ordinance of God; don't think of agitating for the Charter, for Socialism, Communism, and all that nonsense; but be discontented with dirt, and darkness, and foul air, and bad smells, and undrained streets, and jerry-built houses, and set to work resolutely to free yourselves from this wretchedness.

I should be only too glad to see these lectures in every working man's house, and to know they have been carefully read. I am sure Mr. Brown must have taken immense pains, and bestowed much thought upon them. If any think otherwise, let them try to produce anything like them,—so full, so minute, so clear, so vigorous,—and they will find themselves egregiously mistaken. If I do not advise every one to read them, it must be because I expect they are already educated, and moral and religious persons. This, however, I can do—advise every one to live according to the instructions contained in them, and greater commendation it is not possible to give. Taken for all in all, and *in a popular light*, they are among the best contributions to the religious and social literature of this country.

A SERMON PREACHED AT MYRTLE STREET CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL, BY DR. ALEXANDER M^CLAREN OF MANCHESTER, IN MEMORY OF HIS OLD FRIEND HUGH STOWELL BROWN, ON SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 28TH, 1886.

"Remember them that had the rule over you, which spake unto you the word of God; and, considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, yea, and for ever."—Heb. xiii. 7, 8. (R. V.)

As has been said,

"The silent organ loudest speaks
The master's requiem."

If we could have met to-day simply to pray, and to look at this empty and silent pulpit, that would have been the best funeral sermon. Empty and silent it must indeed be now, for no other voice can ever speak as did he who so long filled it.

Your pastor's ministry, brethren, was unique, for it was the transparently natural utterance of a unique personality. He sought for no graces of oratory or eloquence, he fed you with no curious speculations, but no minister that I know put more, or more conscientious work, into his sermons, or tried more earnestly to make them truly expositions of the Word and Will of God. He wrestled with his text till he had satisfied himself about its meaning, and then he set himself, with all his might, to make that plain to the popular apprehension, and to drive it home to the popular conscience.

His style of speech was all his own—admirably simple and direct, the very perfection of manly, colloquial English,

with many a sparkle of quaint humour, with many a homely proverb and epigram; not seldom touched with the honest pathos of a big strong heart, and always ringing out clear and full in generous enthusiasm for righteousness, and scorn and loathing of everything that was mean and low.

"The common people heard him gladly," and in his case it was once more proved that he whom the multitudes will go out to see must be no "reed shaken with the wind," but a strong, sturdy man; no courtier in silken raiment, and dealing out smooth platitudes, but a vigorous champion who can strike hard blows and use great plainness of speech; a prophet inspired with that certitude of conviction and enthusiasm for the right which were characteristic of the old Hebrew prophet, and above all, one who knows himself to be a minister and a messenger of Jesus Christ.

Such was Hugh Stowell Brown, for forty years, in the knowledge of all England. But we who came closer to him know how much of gentleness there was below the strength, a gentleness which looked out of the eyes so kindly as well as keen, and played in many a sweet and gracious curve about the mobile lips. He was strong in his friendships, and he was faithful to them. Ever ready to help, to sympathise with a fountain of tenderness in his heart; all the more precious because it was seldom allowed to express itself in words, he has left a gap in the hearts of us who had his friendship, which can never be filled by anything but by the memories of himself.

But my task this morning, brethren, is not to praise. It is rather to try and give voice, as well as I can, to the emotions which fill all our hearts now. And I have thought that I shall best and most simply do that by turning your attention to these words which I have read, which set before us the lessons appropriate to the departure of Christian teachers. They begin with the dying servants, they end with the undying Lord. They start on the comparatively low level of remembrance, which may be sorrow and pain, and they climb steadily up through contemplation of the present outcome of the past life, and practical imitation of the faith

which is now bearing so rich fruit, to the vision of the unchangeable Lord by Whose side all grief may be soothed, and in Whose presence all losses are repaired.

So I only ask you to follow with me for a few moments the course of thought that lies here. And I select as keynotes to my remarks simply the central words of each clause: Remember, Consider, Imitate. Look away from the departed teacher to the present and immutable Lord.

I. First, then, Remember!

How needless that injunction seems to us to-day! Nobody can ever, to many of us, be what he was; and his strongly marked and singular individuality has stamped too deep an impression upon us all to be ever obliterated. But cares and duties and sorrows, in which he had no part, will come. No public men are so soon forgotten as we preachers. When the evanescent voice is still, and no permanent memorial is left, nothing but a fast-fading tradition remains, and unless the handful of the faithful hearts' keep a minister's memory green, it withers very soon. Liverpool has had great preachers before Hugh Stowell Brown; but to how few of you is the name of Thomas Spencer significant! What a comparatively small and narrowing circle remember, with any depth of affection, Thomas Raffles, John Kelly, Charles Birrell; and as for our brother, who filled so large a space in the public mind of this community for eight-and-thirty years, his name too will become dim. Do you, that owe to him much of what is best in your lives, see that you keep his memory in your hearts.

It is the last service that love can render. To be remembered by the multitudes is nought, a hollow delusion at its best; but to live in loving hearts is somewhat, and the Master Himself felt that it was when He said, "Do this in remembrance of Me."

Such remembrance, brethren, has a wonderful power of revealing to us the true lineaments and essential greatness of those who, when they stood beside us, were perhaps misinterpreted, or, at least, not judged to be as great as they really were. We all entertain angels unawares, and it needs

that they go away from us for their "likeness to the great of old" to be manifested to our startled eyes. When we are up amongst the Alpine peaks we neither rightly appreciate their magnitude nor see their relations. But when we get away across the plain, and look back upon them all, lying there in the purple light of mellowing distance, with the roughnesses and the barren places and the white snow and the grim rock, all veiled in the transfiguring glow, then we can measure their magnitude, and see how near to the heavens their topmost peaks arise. So the blessed light of memory reveals the man to us as the light of daily intercourse did not. Failings and limitations and commonplaces are mercifully veiled; and it is expedient for us that our dear ones go away, that we may read them for what they are.

Such remembrance, brethren, is also the condition on which your pastor's ministry may be perpetuated yet awhile. The memory of him may do more than the presence of him did. Words remembered may be more mighty to influence conscience and conduct than when they were spoken. A life recalled may be more operative than the same life while it was being lived at our sides. So keep the memory green! The pain of the remembrance will grow less, and the soothing will grow greater. And in the lapse of days, by memory's gentle ministrations, you may come to understand how deep a truth lies in the simple words of the Apostle about another matter. "Perhaps He therefore departed from thee for a season that thou mightest receive Him for ever. Remember them that have the rule over you."

II. Now let us pass to the higher and subsequent stage. The second injunction here lies in that phrase, "considering the issue of their life."

By "the issue of their life" I cannot suppose that death only is intended. Scripture never so honours it as to regard it as the outcome of a Christian's life. But neither is it excluded. Both death, and that to which death is the portal, are fairly included in this remarkable and significant phrase —the issue or outcome of their manner of life. And we may well include both in our thoughts this morning.

If our friend could have decided it, do you not think he would have chosen just such a death as God gave him? Taken away from a world that had been sadly darkened to him by the great sorrow of two years since, he left behind him a long day's task, well done. He was spared all the pain of failing powers and of protracted sickness, which to him, of all men, would have been so irksome. Our last impressions of him, blessed be God! are of unabated vigour. He finished his week's work. The sermon that he was never to preach lay ready upon his desk. Characteristically it was an exposition of the 138th Psalm. And here are the last words about which his thoughts were busy. "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me. Thy mercy, O Lord! endureth for ever. Forsake not the work of Thine own hands." He laid down his pen, little dreaming how near the "perfecting" was. "God's finger touched him and he slept."

Some of us find it hard not to envy him. To work on till the last moment of consciousness, and then, by a brief and painless passage, to go home, and not know that you are dying till you find yourself living the immortal life of Heaven, is surely a crowning gift of God. "Let my last end be like his."

But we do not need to confine ourselves to death as the meaning of these words. The "issue of their manner of life" surely includes that present condition of the dead in Christ of which we know so much and yet so little.

The expression suggests that the future life is but the prolongation of the present, homogeneous, all of apiece, the logical and natural result of it; that the straight line runs in the same direction on both sides of the great cleft; that the dominant, or rather, I should say, the deepest, tendencies in a man's nature will determine his future beyond the grave. So we can think of our brother, with "his few faults shut up like flow'rets," as being more consistently, truly, constantly what he was in his best and deepest moments here. The life beyond is the natural, though it be the supernatural result of the life here.

And surely the Heaven of such a man can be no idle Heaven. He has been "faithful over a few things"; he has gone, be sure, to the mastership over many things. As upon earth, so in the transition from earth to Heaven God's reward for work done is more work, with enlarged powers and in a nobler service. Characteristically, he wrote to one of our friends, engaging to take a service in this coming month, in another part of the country: "Small thanks to me for working; not to work would be the trouble and the weariness to me." He has gone where there is neither trouble nor weariness. Be sure that God does not put His children to an apprenticeship here, and take them to Heaven and give them no work to do. He does not polish and perfect His weapons here on earth, and then take them and break them across His knee, or hang them up to rust in idleness in Heaven. The outcome of the strenuous toil of earth is unwearied and constant and nobler service in the heavens.

So, do not let us say, "he was," but "he is." Do not speak about "the dead." There are no dead. They are the living who have died, and therein are happier, in that the dread enemy is behind them, and the great secret known, and the fuller life of immortality theirs. Let us link the remembrance of the past with the contemplation of the present, and the hope of the future! Memory and hope are, as it were, the twin wings of the spirit; let them beat in unison, and lift our thoughts to the "things that are above, where Christ sitteth," and with Him His servants also. "Remember" and "Consider."

III. And now, take the next step, "Imitate their faith."

Memory and contemplation may be so indulged as to enfeeble and unfit for work. Sorrow, like all our emotions, is meant to be a spring of action, and to issue in practical results. This is too busy a world for any man to indulge in the luxury of feeling which does not do anything. So my text braces us by bidding us turn these two currents of remembrance and contemplation to some practical purpose. Do not let them run away like waste water over a mill-dam, but guide them into the channel, and let them drive the wheels

of life. "Remember." Yes. "Consider." Yes. But do not let yourselves be paralysed, even by the sanctities of sorrow; or made to feel that work is distasteful, even by hallowed recollections.

"Imitate their faith." We tread on dangerous ground when we talk about imitation. But the writer of this epistle knew better than to tell any Christian man to imitate any other Christian man's character. It is not the character that is to be imitated, but that which was the productive cause of the character. Character is incomplete, full of limitations and weaknesses, in all of us. You cannot imitate a man without sacrificing your own individuality, which is better than all imitative virtues. A strongly-marked character like our friend's is least of all susceptible of imitation. How he would have scorned anybody that held him up as a pattern to be imitated. But you can imitate the faith, which is the root of the life, the secret of its power, and which will produce in each of us, according to our own dispositions and circumstances, diverse effects; but all for God's glory and for man's good; like the bottom heat in a greenhouse, which will make all sorts of plants bring forth their flowers and their fruit, each after its kind. There is only one Man Whose character it is a sufficient law of life to imitate, and Whom it is perfection to resemble, and that is Jesus Christ. As for all the rest of us, the furthest extent to which imitation may safely and honourably go is, "whose *faith* imitate."

And the life which has closed had for its basis a faith which in many particulars we may well seek to copy. You know how real it was, how eminently manly and "reasonable"; how free it was—some of our brethren sometimes thought it was too free—from cant and from sanctimoniousness, and dogmatical narrowness; how it never lost itself in mysticism, nor wasted itself in mere feeling; how it was the parent of strenuous toil, and the ally of all righteousness; how it never frowned upon any human pleasure nor deadened him to any human interest. Such a faith, so broad, wholesome, practical, we may well try to make ours.

For nearly forty years our brother has gone in and out.

before this great community of Liverpool, commending Christianity, by his words and by his life, to many who had small sympathy with more ordinary types of religious character. Many of you have listened to him for years, and owe him the greatest obligation that one man can owe to another. Some of you have long heard him, and failed to give your hearts to Jesus Christ Whom he preached. I beseech you, let the death preach more effectually what the lips, now dumb, would have faltered in saying, and take as his last message, "Be ye imitators of me, as far as I was of Jesus Christ. Imitate their faith."

IV. And now, lastly, let us look away from the dying teacher to the undying Lord.

My text rises, as by natural motion, from the low levels of remembrance and of sorrow up to the height. The passing away of all that can pass should carry our thoughts to the unchanging Christ. He sends forth the teachers, He recalls them, the many disappear, the One abides.

The true lesson of death is life. The true lesson to be drawn from the experience of change is a deeper impression and a firmer hold of the Unchangeable. The great Builder sometimes clears away a space, as we do in our cities, levelling the homes that stood there; but it is only to let a greater arc of the sky be visible. He thins out the trees round about us, but it is only that we may look through a clearer vista to the further distance, and see the stars. The voice that sounds to us from all sorrows, changes, death, and griefs is the great voice that says: "Come up hither,"—from man to Me, from the cistern to the Fountain, from the lights kindled, and therefore shining, to the One self-originated, self-sustained, unwavering Light, from all the dearest that can die, to the dearer, of Whom it is witnessed that He liveth.

That unchanging Christ will be to us all that the departed have been. Is there any name to designate earth's sweetest and tenderest relationships which He has not claimed for His own? "Thy Maker is thy husband." "The same is My brother and sister and mother." "I have called you friends." And for a bereaved Church He "is the Shepherd

and Bishop of their souls." So He will take upon Himself all relationships which by His providence He terminates, and will be to us even more than they were. The lips that spoke of Him are silent; He will speak. The mirror is shattered, but the Sun which it reflected still shines. The leader has fallen on the march. Aaron died on Horeb, Moses on Pisgah, but the pillar of fire and cloud goes before us still. Our friends and helpers pass away into the land of light, leaving their tasks unfinished; but their last words to us, if we have ears to hear, are the words of the departing patriarch to his children: "Behold I die, but God is with you."

So, my brother, in all our changes and our losses the thought of that unchangeable Christ should be the solace and the stay of our spirits. Oh! if we could get near to Him, and keep near Him, our sorrows would not be less deep, but they would be sublimed into solemn submission, and our loving memories would not be the less faithful, but they would be lit with the calmness of a great hope.

For it is to be remembered that the contrast of my text melts into likeness; and that the immortal Lord makes the servant immortal; and His unchangeableness is the guarantee of the unchangeableness of all relationships which are "rooted and grounded in Him." So when we say, "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," we proclaim that they who have departed in His faith and fear have passed out of the transient into the immutable state. We shall find them there.

> "And with the morn those angel faces smile,
> Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

THE END.

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